



BCS.



CONANS



BCS 1971

the magazine of bishop's college school, lennoxville, pq.



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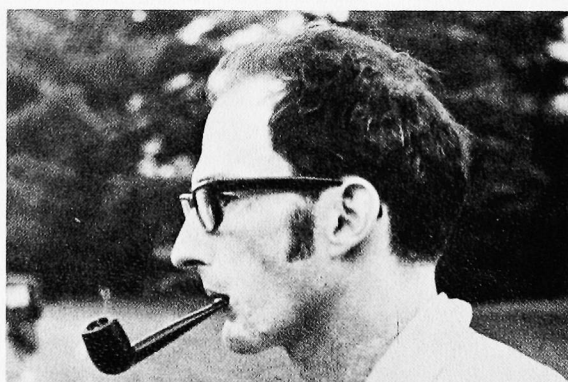
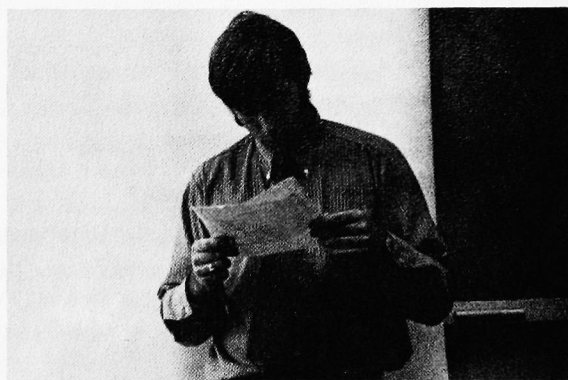
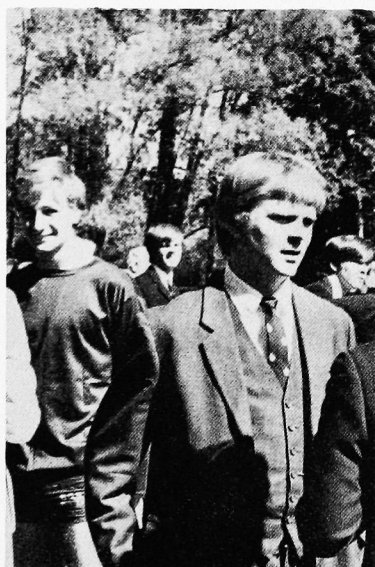
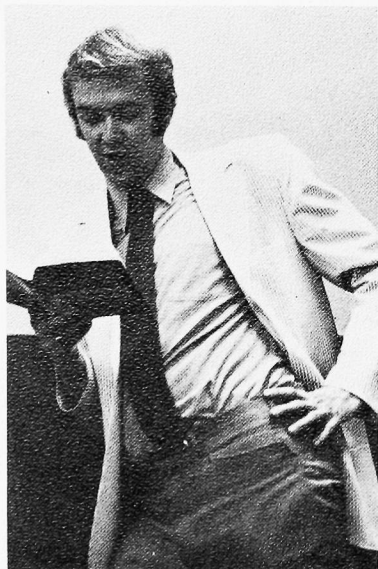
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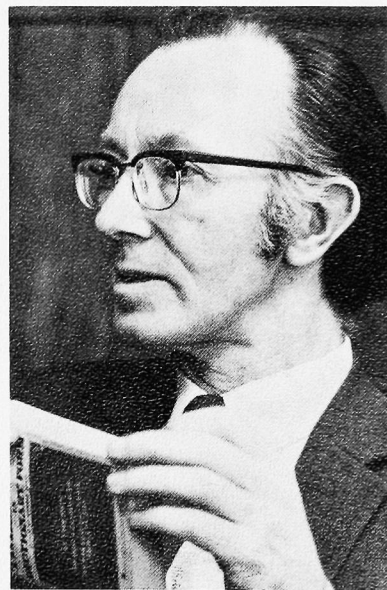
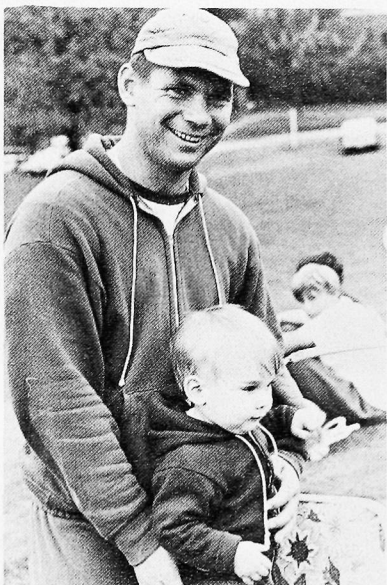
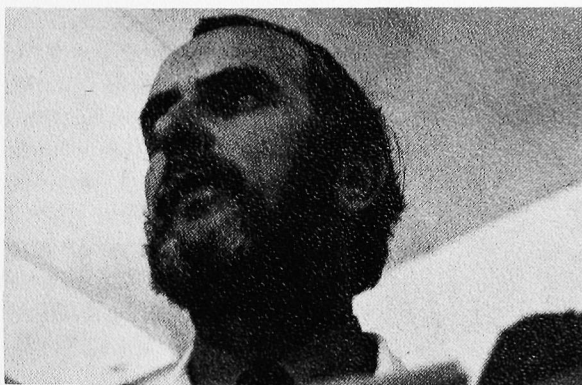
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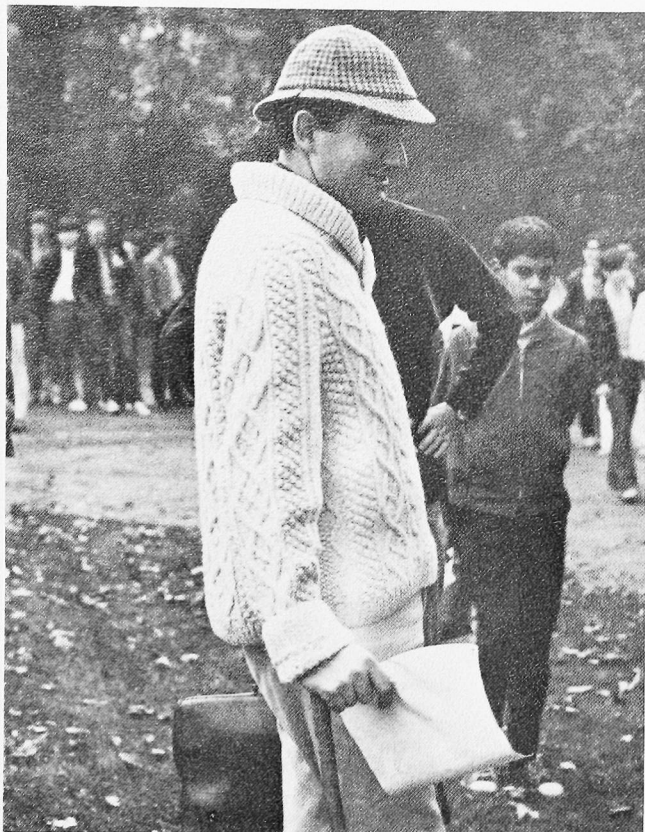
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salvate



Mr. Stuart Bateman, bringing a little English humour to the Bishop's College School faculty, made his entrance in September, 1970. "The Bate" came to us with a great deal of boarding school experience hailing from St. Paul's School, England. He brought with him his charming wife and son James, and they have taken up residence on the third floor of School House. Master Bateman received his M.A. at Trinity College at Dublin, Ireland. At B.C.S. he teaches geography.

During the year, Stuart started up a new squash crease and it met with great success; the season was highlighted by a trip to Montreal to play in a tournament. He also gave assistance in the running of AGORA, and was a creasemaster for both soccer and cricket. At Smith House, he shared the duties of master-on-duty, where he could be found beating two boys in badminton, indoor tennis, or anything else with which they might challenge him.

Mr. Bateman, with his continuous smile, has made his mark at B.C.S. and is a friend of masters and boys alike. Here's hoping that he will let his roots deepen some more and stay awhile at the school.



Mr. Detchon joined the school teaching staff this year under a definite handicap — he was just newly married. This did not stop him, however, from pursuing a good job as a French master and Ski team coach. Mr. Detchon was also very active in the stage crew which made both the sets for the two Lennoxville Players' productions.

Eric came to us after teaching at King's College School near Halifax, Nova Scotia. He has a B.A. from Bishop's University and a French Studies Certificate from the University of Grenoble, where he spent the summer of '68.

Mr. Detchon was coach of the Junior Soccer league, and had the first B.C.S. Junior All-Star Soccer team which played other teams. He also organized the first stage crew which enabled boys to help in the making of scenery for stage productions.

We are happy that Mr. Detchon came to us by God's blessing and we hope he will stay in "la Belle Province" for a good long time.

An old boy at Trinity College School in Port Hope, Neil Campbell came to the school after considerable work in the educational research field. He graduated from Queen's University with an Honours B.A. in history and geography, and began graduate work at the Institute of Canadian Studies at Carlton University.

Here, at B.C.S., Neil has made up for the problems he has caused at the Master's Common Room dutch-doors through his interesting lectures in the class room and his "fair ball" on the playing fields — having coached soccer, hockey, and cricket. Neil has been very successful in "running" the top floor of the Grier House Mad-House and his enthusiasm and good-spirit are well-established trademarks of his character. Perhaps the only thing that Neil is missing is his white Volvo — it seems to disappear every once in a while.

Unfortunately, during the last two weeks of the academic year, Neil left us temporarily to go into hospital for an operation. Everything has turned out favourably and he returned in good health. A nature-lover and an avid traveller, Mr. Campbell may look forward to many fruitful years at B.C.S.

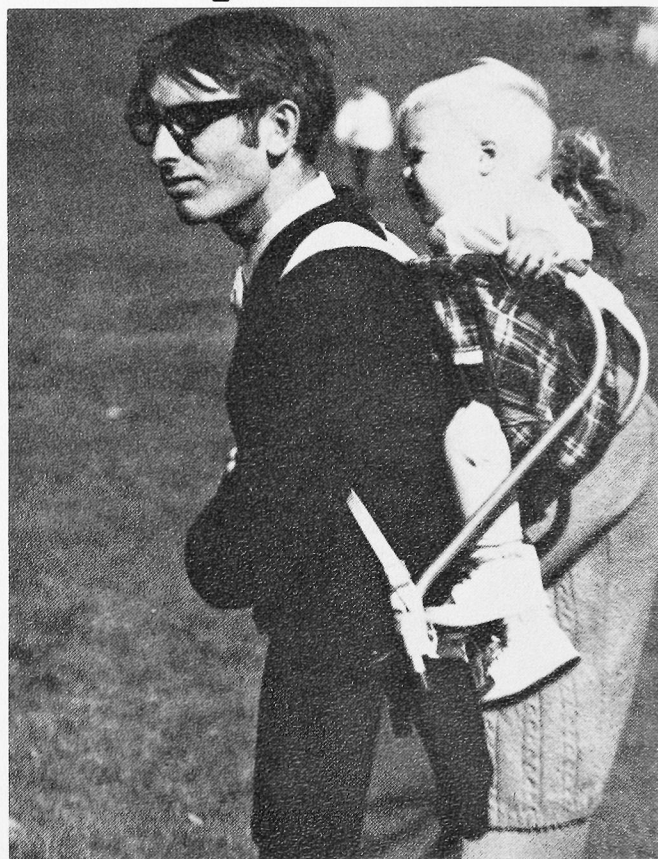
The school bids a reluctant adieu to Roger Henderson who's returning to his native Ontario in search of new accomplishments at Crescent School, a private day school in Toronto. During his four years at B.C.S., he has been prominent both athletically and academically, and his friendly informal relations with the boys have made him one of the more popular masters in the school.

Roger's main contributions to the school have been academic. His English classes, taking advantage of the independent study system, presented the opportunity for learning but left the actual "work" up to the student's own initiative. His involvement and leadership in discussion groups added a new dimension to communication between people, masters and boys alike in the school. His evening duties in the school presented an opportunity to any boy to talk to a sympathetic and understanding listener, who responded, not as a teacher or an adult, but rather as a friend.

We wish Mr. Henderson the best of luck in his new role at Crescent School, and we hope he will be as successful there as he was here. For all he has done, a grateful school thanks him.



atque valete





After four years of devoted teaching at Bishop's College School, Gerald Kelly is moving on to pursue his interests across the Atlantic. Having already mastered Latin, Greek and French, he has spent the past two years studying German and next year will occupy a teaching position at a private school in Castrop-Rouxel, West Germany; quite a credit to his linguistic abilities.

Herr Kelly maintains a great interest in classical music and this year took charge of an activities group in cadets to share his knowledge of music with them. He has coached a challenging and enjoyable snowshoe crease every winter during his stay at B.C.S. In a teaching capacity, he has instructed every form in Latin and just recently has taught History to the Junior School.

But Gerald was more than just a teacher or sports master, he was a true friend, a person who cared for the welfare of his students. You could go to him at anytime with your problems and he would try to help. He bridged the master-student gap for many boys.

We would like to wish him all the best in the future and good luck in finding a fraulein.



Mr. Milligan has been with us for ten years, giving us loyal and faithful service. He sacrificed time in all spheres of school life. Very involved in the schools' sports programs, being head coach of first team football for three years, he also coached a number of hockey teams, while being co-ordinator of the Phys. Ed. classes and coaching the Track and Field Team.

Acting as Housemaster of Chapman House for two years, he served the boys of the house with fervent enthusiasm. He will also be remembered for his house parties and team celebrations. Last year Mr. Milligan led the house to the winning of the schools' baseball pennant.

Mr. Milligan's plans are to move on to Lakefield College in Ontario, where he will join Mr. Terry Guest. We would like to offer congratulations on the new arrival to the Milligan household, Donna Milligan. We wish him and his family the best of luck, with sincere thanks from all the students of B.C.S.

The golden tuft of hair, the green blazer and green tie of our Irish Leprechaun will be missing from B.C.S. next year. Mr. Napier, who came to us from Belfast via Queen's University where he graduated with an honours degree in Physics, has just finished his fourth year of teaching at the school. It is with deepest sorrow that we see him leave our ranks.

Both as a teacher and a sports coach his services were invaluable to the school. As head of the Physics Department and as a Math instructor Mr. Napier displayed an enthusiasm for his work which was infectious among his students.

But his energy was not restricted to the classroom; every day after classes in the fall term, you could see him on the soccer field directing a group of boys in drills or scrimmages. He has had his share of winners too. Last year his team was undefeated and this year they were the champions of the Eastern Townships league.

Mr. Napier got along well with everyone and was a guiding influence for many boys. We wish him happiness and good luck in his future placement as Principal of a High School in the Gaspé and thank him for all he has done to make B.C.S. a better school.

John Whitmore will be starting a new job as master at King's College School in Nova Scotia, but it will be some time before we can adjust to his absence. John came to Bishop's in 1967 to teach physics and mathematics, in a sporty green MG, which has since been replaced by a blue Ford van. He immediately involved himself in all the electronics work around the school and was so efficient he could nearly catch Jack Grimsdell running up centre stairs.

Those boys who knew him at all found a person they could talk to, get advice from, and have their hair cut by, all at the same time. John has always been known as someone who decides on something and does it, not letting anything get in his way. Thus he has chalked up numerous achievements at the school. He founded Radio B.C.S., originated the Curling Club, and coached the Bantam Soccer team to a championship. John has also done lighting for a great many school plays and productions of the Lennoxville Players. He has been an inspiration to many, always willing to help and to give his point of view.

We will miss John next year, but we know he will be giving everything he has to his new job. From all the School, Good Luck!



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SCHOOL RECORD

magazine staff



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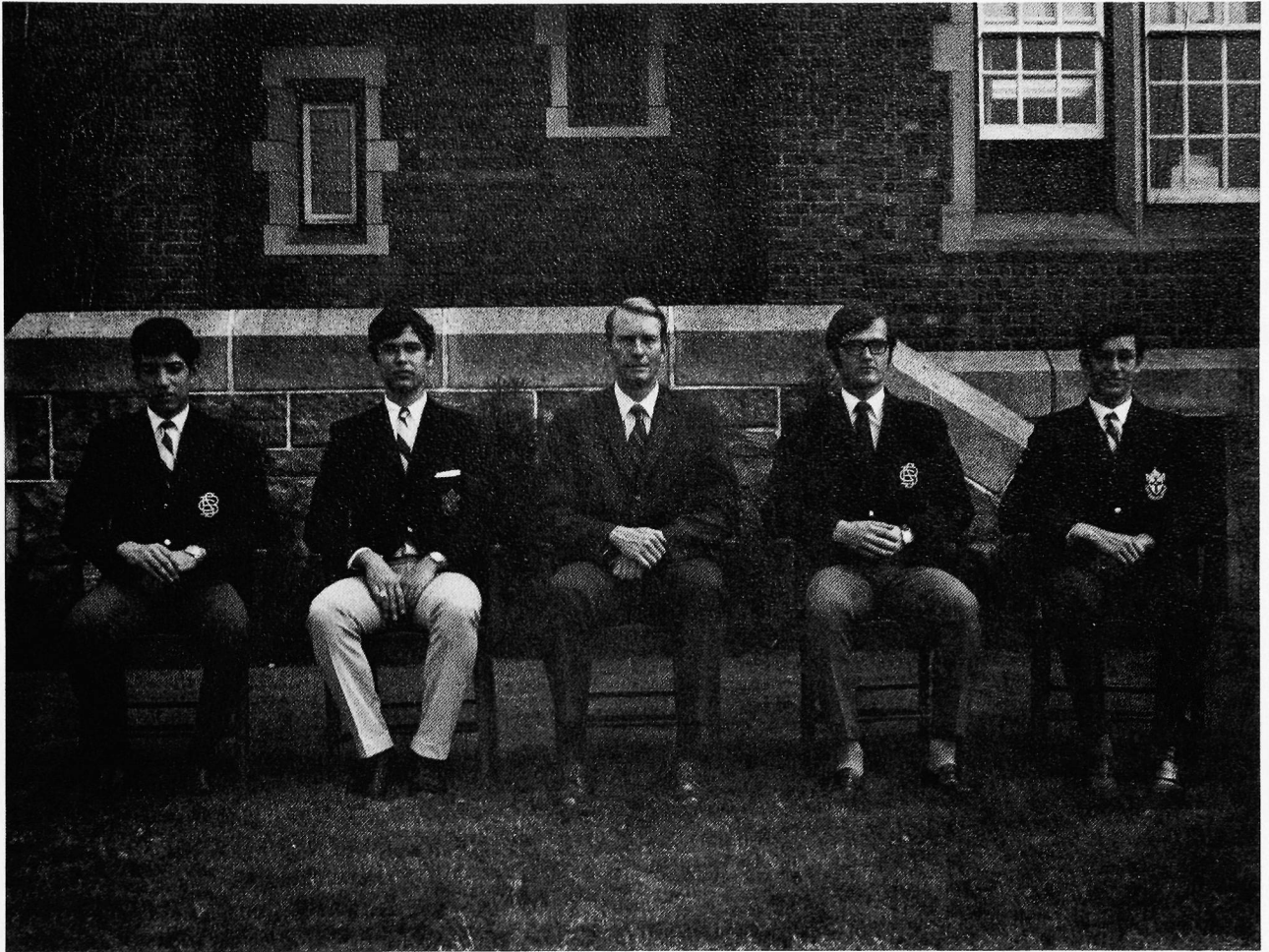
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prefects



D. Marzban; A. Montano; The Headmaster, R. Sewell; M. Lacasse

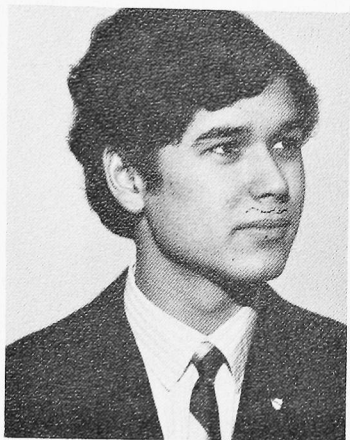
Perhaps the most important thing which helps the prefect system to function properly is cooperation. At all times the student body must cooperate with the prefects to help them, and the prefects should cooperate to achieve the intentions of the masters. This year the spirit of cooperation was very much in evidence, and we hope that in the future this spirit can grow. By pulling away from the police state of yesteryear the prefects have had to find a place within the school where they can have authority based on this cooperative spirit. This has been the transition that we have tried to make, and the general direction that seems to have resulted is the appointment of House Prefects, who will be responsible within their houses.

Mr. Cowans has been an invaluable aid to us this year and we would like to thank him

for the long hours of patience and advice that he has given us to weather our various troubles. By having next year's prefects appointed before the end of the spring term it allows them a chance to speak to both the masters and the prefects leaving the school. That proved to be a great help to us this year because of the obvious advantages gained by being a little better prepared for the coming year.

Being a prefect at B.C.S. has a definite influence on the people who are chosen for the job, and at times the going gets very rough. But we have faith that the group who will make up the prefect body in the coming year will be able to work out any obstacles which appear. We wish them the best of luck in their year and we hope that they live up to our expectations of their combined abilities.

seventh form



HEAD PREFECT

Andrew Montano (Monty) — 1965

"I'm not lazy, I was just born tired."

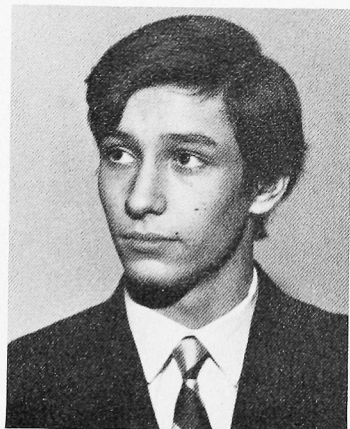
AMBITION: To be an athlete

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Anchor man on a relay team with Valeri, Artiss and K-bomb

PET AVERSION: Warm weather

CLAIM TO FAME: Getting perfumed letters from girls he doesn't know

ACTIVITIES: Second football, colours; First football, colours; Cadet Major; Librarian; Players Club; Student's Council Chairman; Choctaws; Track, colours; Choir Head; Censor Board.



PREFECT

Michael Lacasse (Côté) — 1967

*"My object all sublime, I shall achieve in time,
to let the punishment fit the crime."*

AMBITION: Roller Derby Jammer

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Sharpening roller skates

PET AVERSION: Being a member of the Choctaws

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "ROLLER Derby"

ACTIVITIES: Snowshoeing; Second football; First football; Choctaws; Intermediate cricket; Cadet Adjutant; Censor Board; Lennoxville Players.

PREFECT

Dinyar Marzban (Din) — 1967

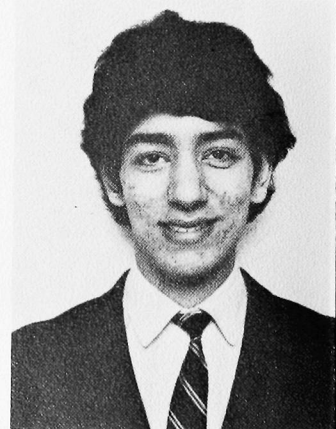
AMBITION: President of Seagrams

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Alcoholic

PASTIME: Barbara

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "I don't care"

ACTIVITIES: First cricket, second class colours; First soccer, colours; Cadet Lieutenant.



PREFECT

Robert Sewell (Froggy) — 1967

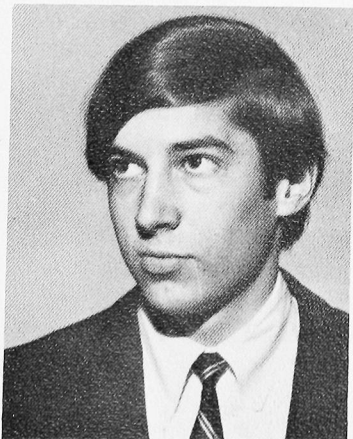
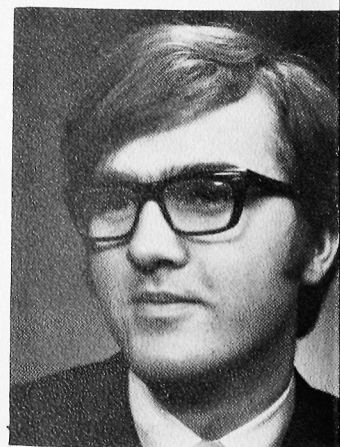
AMBITION: Being accepted to U.B.C. (Baie Comeau)

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Skid row skating champ

PROTOTYPE: D'Artagnan

PET AVERSION: Fast skaters

ACTIVITIES: Second football, captain; First football, captain; First hockey, captain, colours; First cricket, colours; Players club; Social services; Cadet Captain; Censor Board.



Craig Bishop (Crig Crog) — 1964

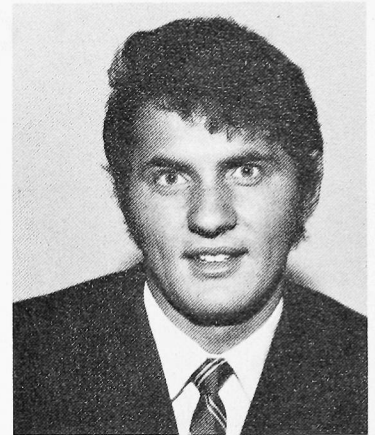
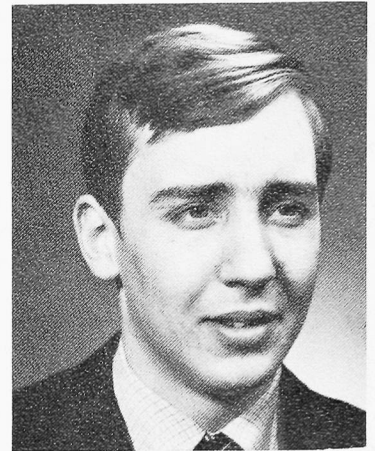
FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: Bloton

PROTOTYPE: Don J.

PET AVERSION: Donuts

PASTIME: Writing "Dear John" letters which backfire

ACTIVITIES: Soccer; Curling; Choir; Cadet Lieutenant; Water safety instructor.



Ed Buckle (The Belt) — 1970

AMBITION: Being rich with three ski-doo's and two outboards

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Hockey star for "Duplexis Dynamites"

CLAIM TO FAME: Talkative nature

PROTOTYPE: Lone Ranger

ACTIVITIES: Soccer; First hockey; colours; Lacrosse.

Marcel Etheridge (Hound Dog) — 1968

"In this world you gotta grab for all the gusto you can get."

AMBITION: Bootlegger in Braddor Bay

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Co-pilot for the flying Parson

PET AVERSION: E.B.

PROTOTYPE: Road Runner

ACTIVITIES: Second football; First hockey; Soccer; Track, colours.

Pamino Farakuki — 1970

AMBITION: World renowned playboy

CLAIM TO FAME: Athens College T-shirt

PET AVERSION: People in his room

ACTIVITIES: Oiling squeaky doors in Smith House.

Eliot Frosst (Z) — 1965

*"Labour not for the meat that perisheth,
But for the meat that endureth unto everlasting life."* St. John 6:27

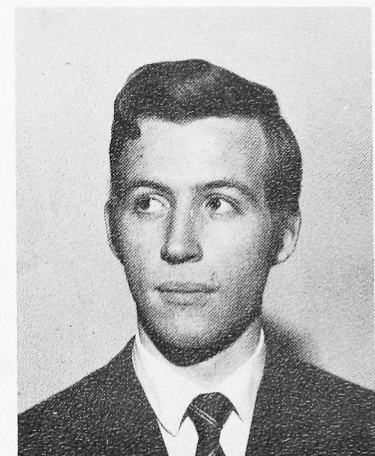
AMBITION: Obstetrician

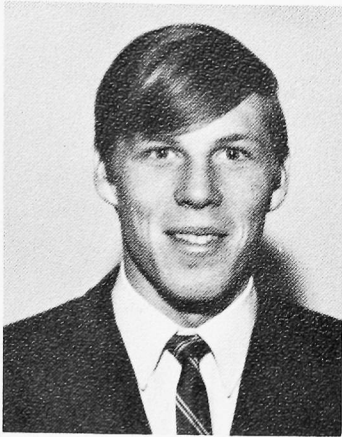
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Unemployed mid-wife

CLAIM TO FAME: Size sixteen shoes (and hands)

PASTIME: Working in the kitchen

ACTIVITIES: Whit-TV; Cross-country ski; Computer club.





Bill Howson (Rocket Bill) — 1968

"None" to speak of.

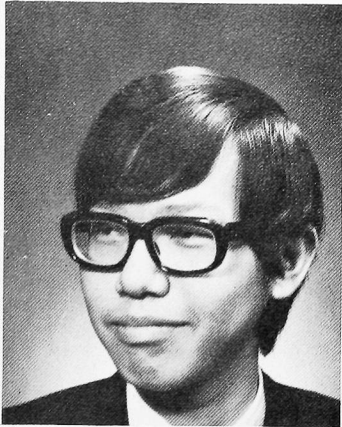
AMBITION: Rich businessman with women falling at his feet.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Candy store owner with jungle mouth.

PASTIME: Williams House tuck shop.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Smoked Meat, 35¢"

ACTIVITIES: First football, captain; Whispering Pines club; Seventh Form Class President.



Steven Kan (The Amazing Man) — 1970

"Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum, I smell the stench of an Inca Man".

AMBITION: To eat an eraser.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Working his way back to Singapore in a fortune cookie.

PET AVERSION: Smiling.

PROTOTYPE: Burnt Onion Sandwich.

ACTIVITIES: Choir, Band, Rec Ski.

Michael Kirkwood (Rock) — 1966

"Now that women are engineers, scientists and executives, do you think that they could someday learn to parallel park."

AMBITION: Engineer.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Tester of Labatt's

PROTOTYPE: Sgt. Rock of Easy Company.

PET AVERSION: Juniors in Grier House.

ACTIVITIES: First soccer, colours; Track; Film club; Choir; Computer club; Golf; Censor Board; Cadet Staff-Sergeant.



Colin McIver (Cecil) — 1968

"Committees are the escape of the mediocre"

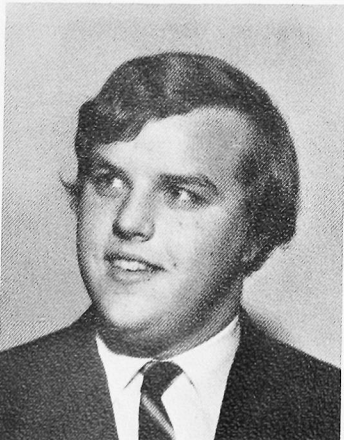
AMBITION: Medicine

PROBABLE DESTINATION: The only witch doctor in Jamaica with a muskrat coat.

PASTIME: Leading demonstrations against the church.

CLAIM TO FAME: Year round Jamaican tan

ACTIVITIES: First cricket, colours; First soccer, colours; Camera club; Players club; Squash.



David Male (Smiles) — 1969

"Music is love in search of a word" S.L.

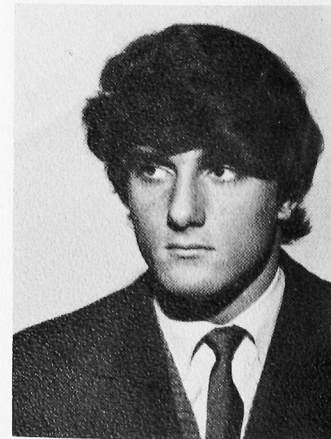
AMBITION: Official B.C.S. hockey photographer.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Professional rink rat.

CLAIM TO FAME: Stereo System.

PASTIME: Exterminating cheeky little Fourth Formers.

ACTIVITIES: First football; Camera club; Censor Board; Skiing.



Ronald Marchuk (Ron) — 1965

"Ah, but a man's need should exceed his grasp" R.B.

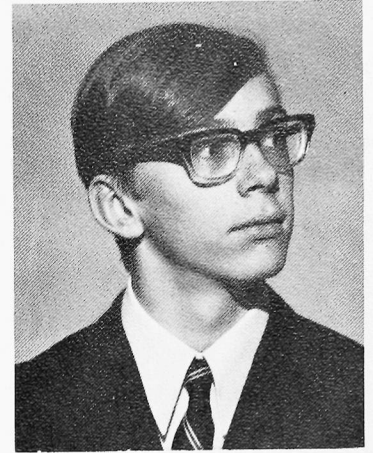
PET AVERSION: Criticism.

CLAIM TO FAME: Scholar's tie.

PROTOTYPE: Don Juan.

PASTIME: Feeding geese.

ACTIVITIES: Choir; Soccer; Skiing; Cricket; Cadet Corporal; Choc-taws.



Guy Mayer (Guy-doo) — 1968

"Can you believe it? Free at last, free at last"

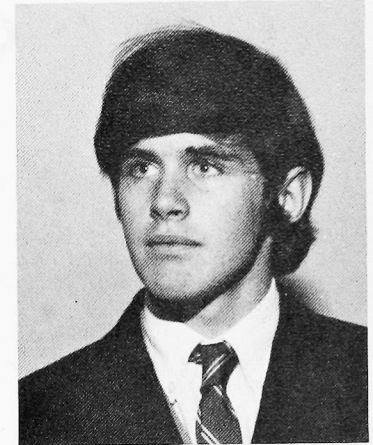
AMBITION: ?

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Local dog catcher

PET AVERSION: Finding "04" busy

CLAIM TO FAME: His suits

ACTIVITIES: First soccer, Cadet Corporal; Censor Board; Agora; Compton; First ski, Track.



Douglas Ross (Rass) 4 B.C.

"Man's impuissance is epitomized in his basic inefficiency to collude extemporaneously in the most exterminating constingency."

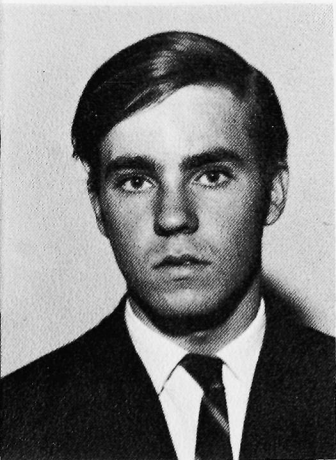
AMBITION: Wall Street Tycoon

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Selling hot dogs at Shea Stadium

PET AVERSION: Agreeing

PROTOTYPE: Old Man Adams

ACTIVITIES: First football, colours; Censor Board; Golf; Players club; Agora; Choir; Cadet Lieutenant.



Stephen Simkovits (pecko wits) — 1967

*"Whet we are . . . is God's gift to us,
What we become . . . is our gift to God."*

PET AVERSION: People who don't say Hi!

CLAIM TO FAME: Flashy gold microsuit

PROTOTYPE: Elmer Fudd

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Hi"

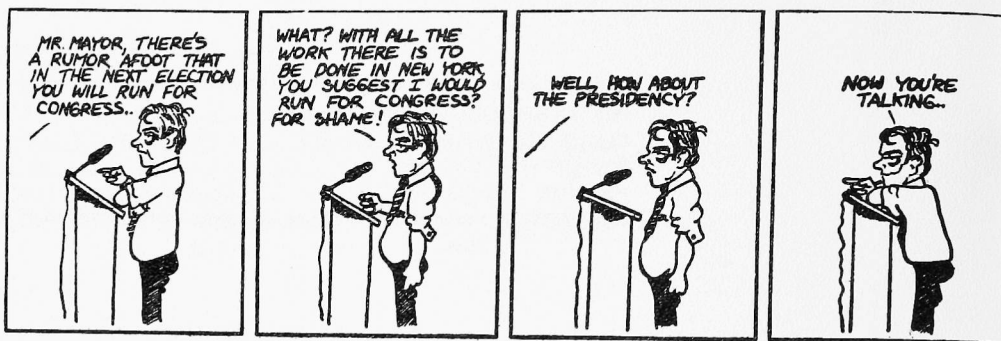
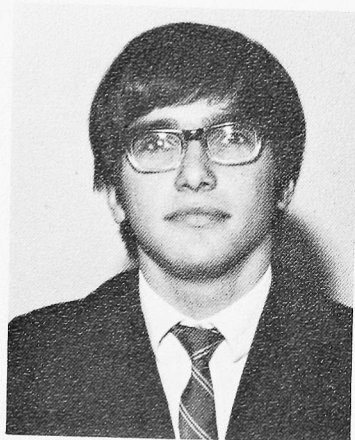
ACTIVITIES: First football; Choir; Astronomy club.



. . . also Peter Keating — 1968

sixth form

Rick Blickstead (Blick) — 1969



Richard Acres (Wicky) — 1967

"Ability is of little account without opportunity"

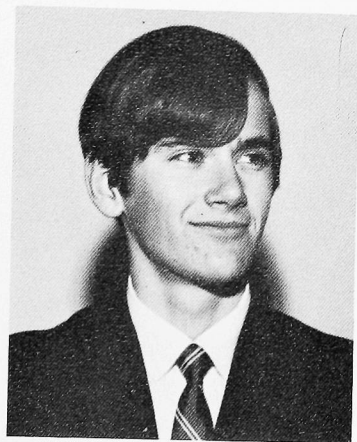
AMBITION: To be president of the women's P.G.A.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Caddy

CLAIM TO FAME: Inviting friends to the Bahamas who can't afford it

PROTOTYPE: "Big Brother"

ACTIVITIES: Soccer; Choctaws; Choir; Film club; Cadet Sergeant; Golf.



John Apostolides (Le Grec) — 1966

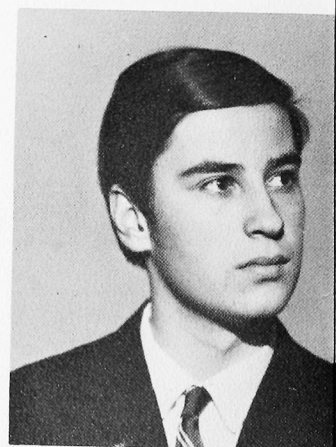
*"Drop acid on your soul
and the Greeks shall inherit the earth."*

AMBITION: To explain himself

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Still figuring it out

CLAIM TO FAME: Never listening to what he says

PASTIME: Soccer; Hockey; Rec. ski; Choir.



Tim Atkinson (Atkinsmoke) — 1969

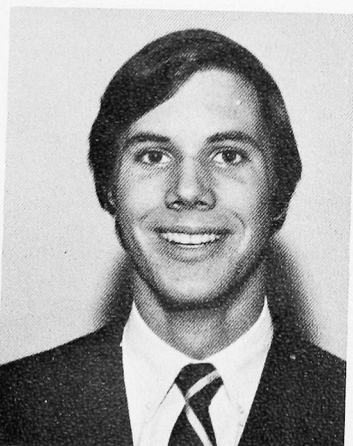
AMBITION: Journalist

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Newspaper boy on the corner

PASTIME: Going to see his brother at B.U.

PROTOTYPE: A telephone pole

ACTIVITIES: Second team soccer, colours; Rec. ski; Lanscaping; Riverside chalet.



Peter Brooke (Flatman) — 1968

*"Some men see things as they are and say why;
I dream things that never were and say why not."* R.F.K.

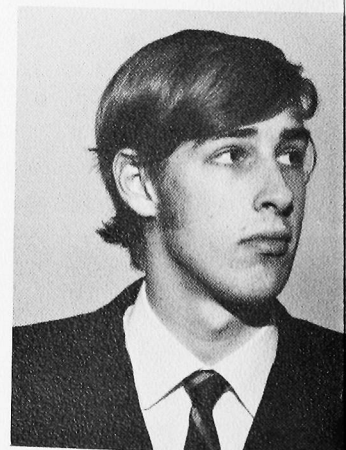
AMBITION: Doctor

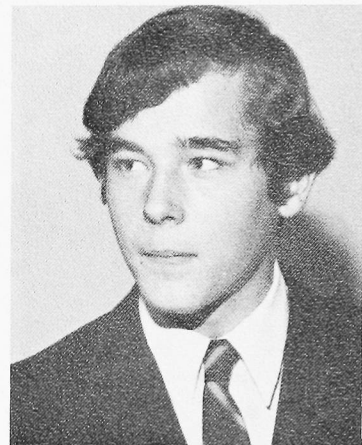
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Candy stripper

CLAIM TO FAME: His burners

PASTIME: Leaves on weekends. To where, Pete?

ACTIVITIES: First football; Snowshoe; Curling; Camera club; Range.





George Bruemmer (Zoomer) — 1969

"What I need is a holiday"

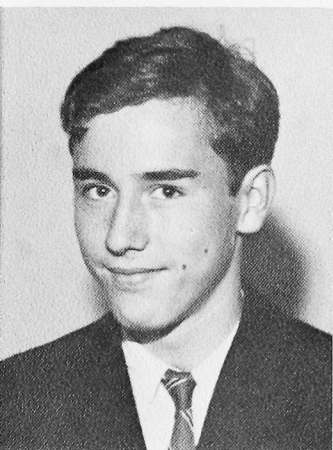
AMBITION: Freelance writer

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Chatanooga, Tennessee

CLAIM TO FAME: Purple peace shirts

PASTIME: Southern belles

ACTIVITIES: Soccer; Rotary club; Squash; Skiing; Social services.



Michael Bull — 1969

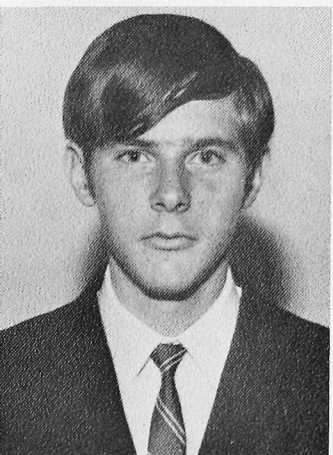
AMBITION: Doctor

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Tadpole producer

CLAIM TO FAME: Amphibious qualities

PASTIME: Catching flies

ACTIVITIES: Second football, colours; Skiing.



Pierre Clermont — 1970

"Most of our education is given, not by our parents or teachers but by the people we stick with."

AMBITION: To be vice-president of Clermont Motors

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Model for eighteen hour girdle

PASTIME: Competing with Bull in a T.V. Quiz

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "He went that way."

ACTIVITIES: Second football; Hockey; Skiing.

John Daughney (Scatback de Gaspé Tech) — 1969

"We never knew he was drunk until we saw him sober."

AMBITION: Phys. Ed. Teacher

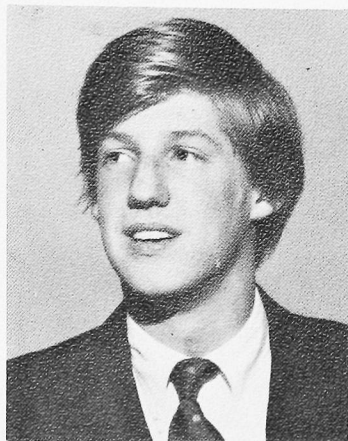
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Hunting pygmies in the Amazon

PET AVERSION: Paul's and Guy's breath

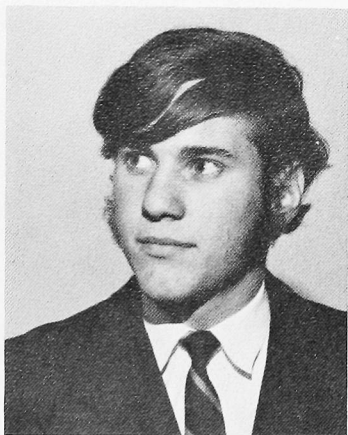
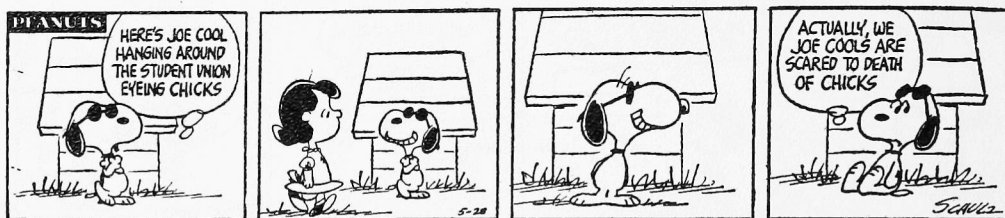
CLAIM TO FAME: Sept Isles

ACTIVITIES: Track, First football; Cricket; Riverside chalet.





Richard Glass (Crick) — 1964



Lyall Davies (Rod) — 1967

"To drink is nothing, it is to be drunk that counts." Hemingway

AMBITION: 14-3/4"

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Owner of a pawn shop on Craig Street

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Look what I can do!"

CLAIM TO FAME: Trips to Sherbrooke

ACTIVITIES: Second football; First football; Skiing; Cricket; Burners club; Lennoxville Players.

James Davis (J.O.) — 1968

"Life is full of pitfalls —

*Whether you look down and avoid them,
or whether you concentrate in looking ahead,
will determine the path of your existence."*

AMBITION: Chemical engineer

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Drink mixer at a high-class British Pub

PET AVERSION: Having to open the second-hand shop, and hag-
gling over prices.

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Look, just because I come from Pan-
ama."

ACTIVITIES: First soccer, colours; First cricket; Skiing; Squash
team; Band W.O. 1; Players club.



Roderick Dodds-Hebron (Dodds) — 1968

"I never think of the future, it comes soon enough."

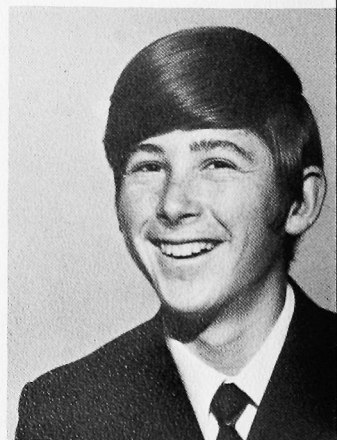
AMBITION: To be adopted by Mr. Milligan

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Bench warmer

CLAIM TO FAME: His stupid smile

PASTIME: Playing with Stevie

ACTIVITIES: First football; First hockey; Cricket; Golf team; Cadet
Corporal.



Dean Dogherty (Duke) — 1970

*"It is nice to get up in the morning,
but it's nicer to stay in bed."*

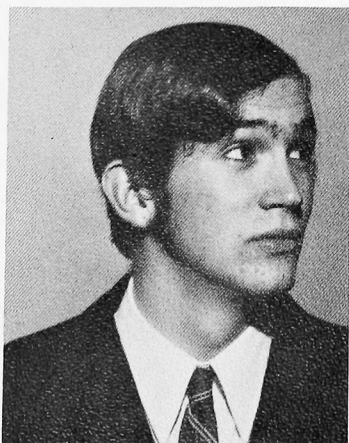
AMBITION: Owner of a hockey school

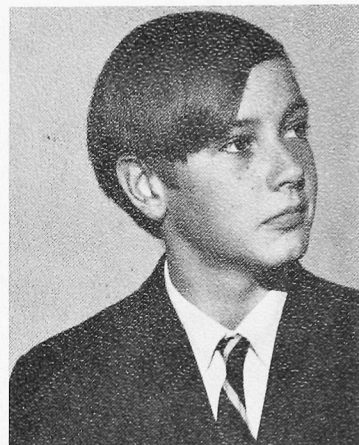
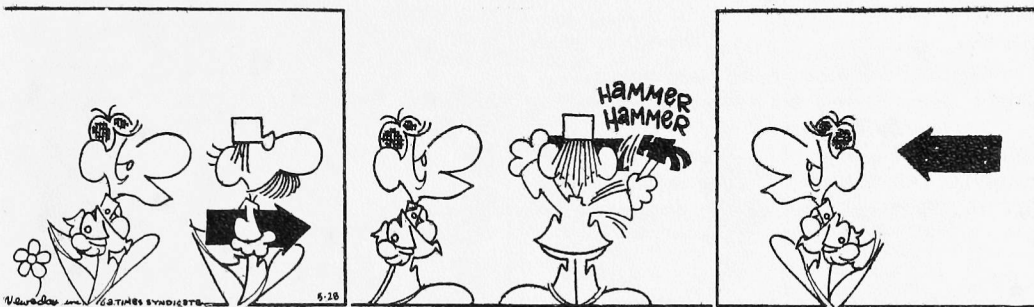
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Tightening skates for little league
hockey players

CLAIM TO FAME: His nickname

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Ah, come on guys!"

ACTIVITIES: First football; First hockey; Track; Social services;
Band.





Alan Evans (AI) — 1964 (1954)

"How all occasions do inform against me."

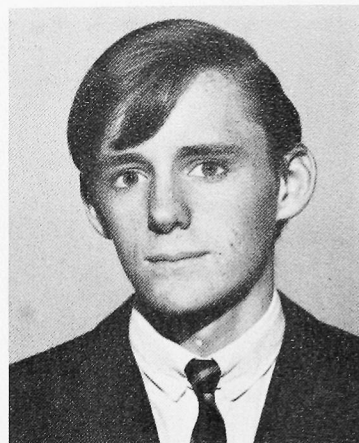
AMBITION: Ship builder

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Making model ships out of toothpicks

PET AVERSION: People who knock Tadoussac

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Bish, Bish let's go"

ACTIVITIES: Second soccer; Choctaws; Choir; Lennoxville Players; Librarian; Cadet Sergeant; Players club.



Scott Fraser (Fras) — 1966

"It's better to rule in hell, than serve in heaven."

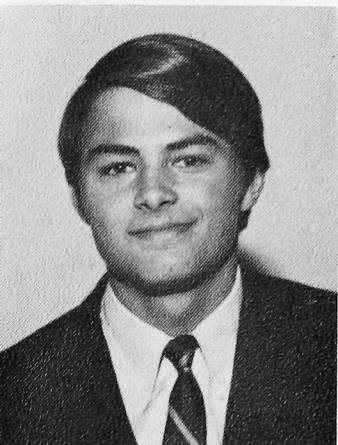
AMBITION: Engineer

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Pit stop mechanic

PET AVERSION: Something that we can't understand

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "SO"

ACTIVITIES: League soccer; Rec. ski; Agora; Band; Magazine staff; Cricket; Track.



Glenn Goodfellow (Chinaman) — 1967

"Worry is a circle of inefficient thoughts, whirling about a point of fear."

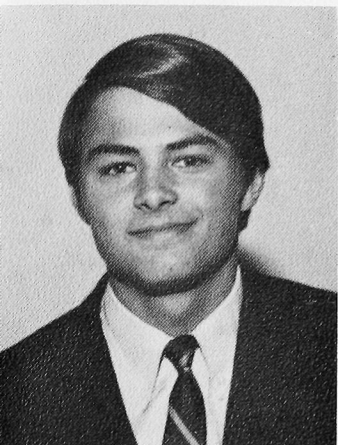
AMBITION: Running an Elite Club in the Tropics

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Night manager of a Howard Johnson's motor court

PET AVERSION: People making fun of others who are trying to make an effort

CLAIM TO FAME: His magnetic personality.

ACTIVITIES: Skiing; Soccer; Track; Cricket; Choir; Camera club.



Richard Haskell (hands, hippy, happy, hot-lips, smokey, monorail, bumblebee) — 1969

"Farming in one of the finest occupations in the world, if it is taken in moderation."

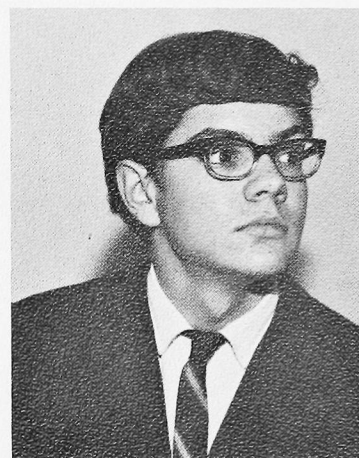
AMBITION: To be outstanding in his field

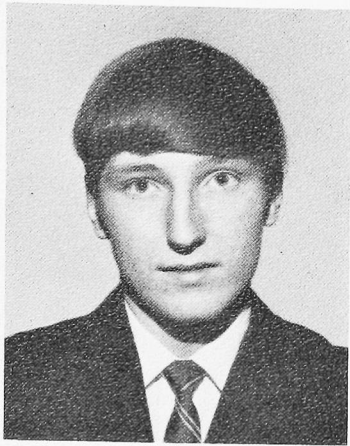
PROBABLE DESTINATION: A farmer

PET AVERSION: Cathy Pig

PASTIME: Being woken up at night

ACTIVITIES: Soccer skiing; Track; Librarian; Lennoxville Players.





Bill Horricks — 1970

"This is true."

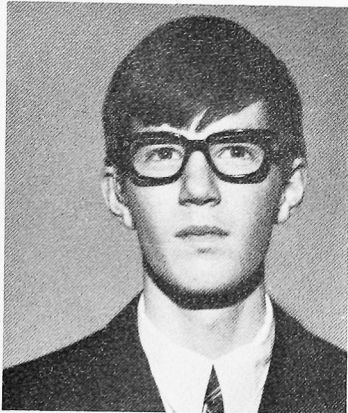
PET AVERSION: Someone stealing his math test

PASTIME: Trying to find his math test, and ordering 7-Up when everyone wants a beer.

PROTOTYPE: The Grump

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "... but back in La Tuque."

ACTIVITIES: Second football, colours; Choctaws; Lacrosse.



Robert Ilsley (Rob) — 1969

"Er... pardon me, but who was that?"

AMBITION: Scientist

PROBABLE DESTINATION: R.C.M.P. Snowshoe team

PROTOTYPE: Paul Bunion

CLAIM TO FAME: Orange shirt

ACTIVITIES: Soccer; Snowshoe; Landscaping; Computer club; Art club.

Sass Khazzam (Kaboubie) — 1968

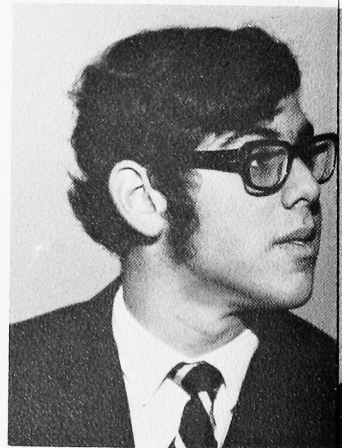
AMBITION: Banker

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Having lots of cents

PROTOTYPE: Omar the tentman

PASTIME: Smith House cheer leader

ACTIVITIES: First football; Curling; Cricket; Camera Club; Film club; Riverside chalet.



Tim Kirkwood — 1967

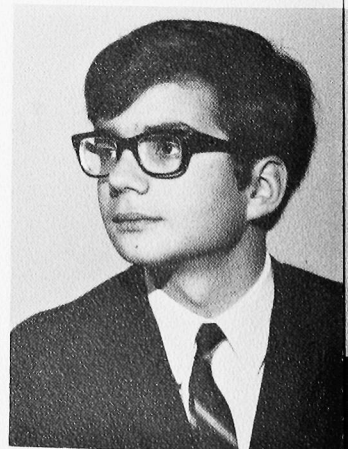
CLAIM TO FAME: Major Mature

PASTIME: Fixing his glasses

PROTOTYPE: Dr. Kung-Yuk

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "... up."

ACTIVITIES: Second soccer; Choir; Film club; Librarian; Lennoxville Players; Survival.



Danny Lalonde — 1966

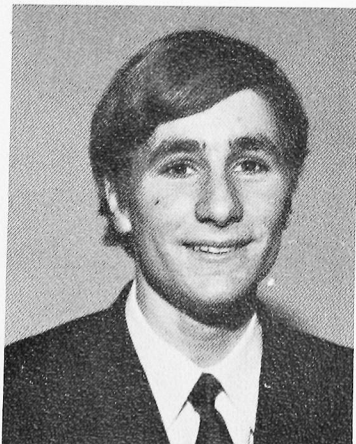
AMBITION: To play for the Montreal Canadiens

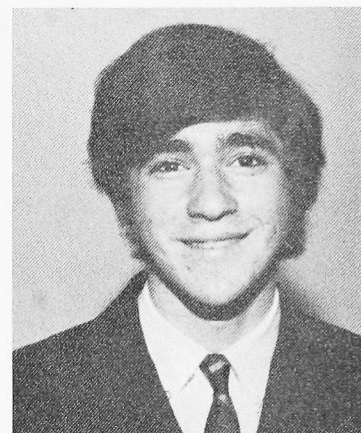
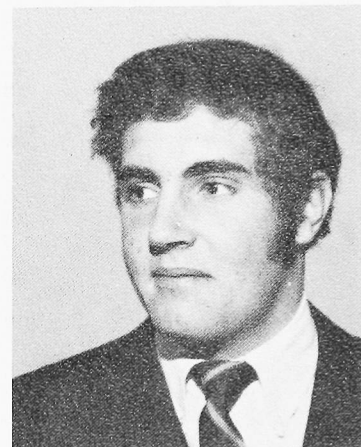
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Scraping the ice in the B.C.S. Rink

PET AVERSION: Men with beards

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Bullit."

ACTIVITIES: Choir; Camera club; Soccer; Cadet Corporal; Abenaki, captain; Magazine staff.





Phil Lawee (Low) — 1968

*"You should not take a fellow eight
and make him swear never to kiss the girls."*

PET AVERSION: People without burners

CLAIM TO FAME: Red hair

PASTIME: Taking pictures of himself

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Davis."

ACTIVITIES: First soccer, colours; Track; Camera club; Cadet
Sergeant; Magazine staff; Student's council.



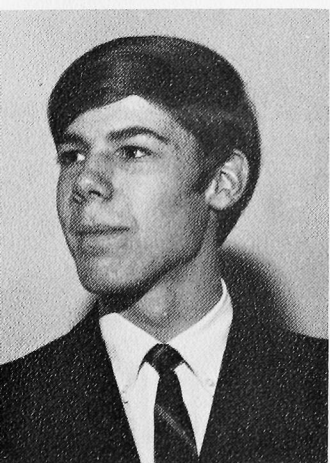
Jacques Leblanc (Co-Co) — 1968

AMBITION: Architect

PASTIME: Ski-booze

PROTOTYPE: A plainclothes hippy

ACTIVITIES: Cricket; Soccer; Riverside chalet.



John Andrew Lindsay (Mayor) — 1967

"Experience, the name men give to their mistakes."

AMBITION: To reach the ceiling

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Working on a ship with the Newfies

PASTIME: Talking about himself

PROTOTYPE: A seven foot goon

ACTIVITIES: Abenakis; First team hockey; First soccer, colours;
Cadet Sergeant; Golf team; Second soccer.

Gordon McGee (Jock) — 1969

"Unreal."

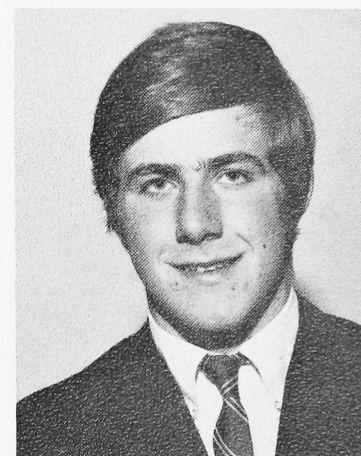
AMBITION: Law degree

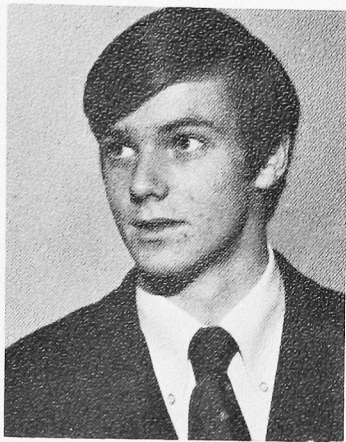
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Grounds keeper of Harvard's football
field

PROTOTYPE: Angelo Mosca

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "C'mon baby let's move right out
o'here." "How 'bout another slab of
beef."

ACTIVITIES: First football; Track, colours; Agora; Social services;
Librarian; First ski.





Alistair Martin-Smith — 1968

AMBITION: Oil millionaire

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Riding shotgun on a chuckwagon

PASTIME: Fourth Form

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Good morning, Mrs. Allison."

ACTIVITIES: First soccer, colours; Choir; Head Librarian; Cadet Lieutenant; Players club; Tennis team; Student's council; Magazine staff.



Kevin McGowan (Gow) — 1969

"Constipation of the body is curable, that of the mind is not."

PET AVERSION: Microwitz

CLAIM TO FAME: Bone nose

ACTIVITIES: Agora; Radio B.C.S.; Second football; Abenaki; Players club; Social services; Band; Cricket.

Richard Menzies (D.P.L.A.H.) — 1968

*"Life is easy when you think about it,
all you have to do is accomplish the impossible,
go without the indispensible, and bear the intolerable."*

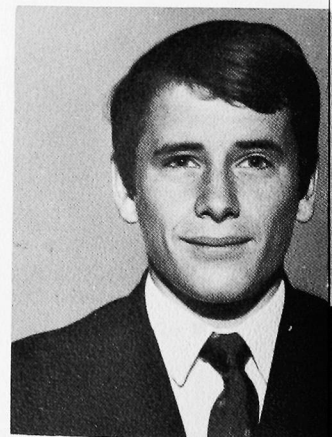
PET AVERSION: People who like money

CLAIM TO FAME: His suits, tanks, and socks

PASTIME: Beating Fraser

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "What a boot in the ...!"

ACTIVITIES: Choir; Librarian; Second football; Choctaws; Cadet Sergeant; Survival.



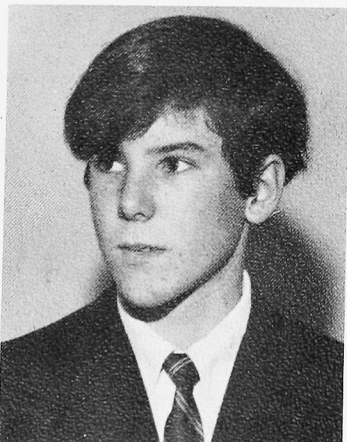
Frederic Mevs (Afro) — 1969

AMBITION: Engineer

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Scouring pad in Wilt Chamberlain's kitchen

PASTIME: Teasing his hair

ACTIVITIES: Track Skiing; Social services; Choir; Second football, captain, colours.



David Murchison (Murch) — 1967

*"Be happy while yer living,
for you're a long time dead."* Scottish motto.

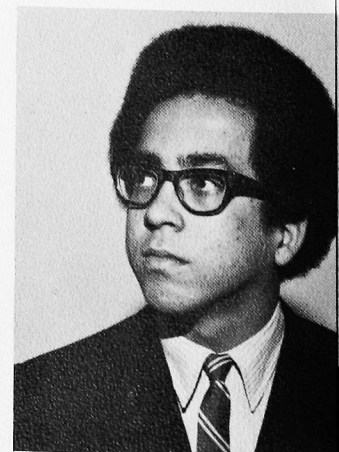
AMBITION: Atlantic college

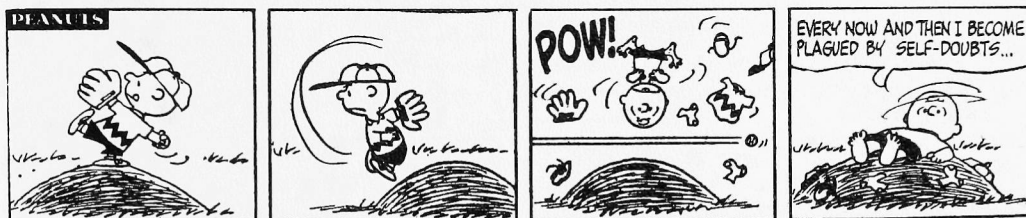
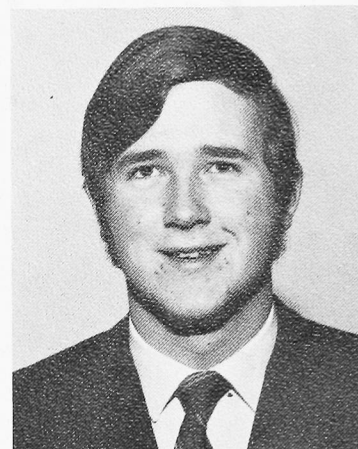
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Cleaning barnacles off Brazilian freighters.

PET AVERSION: Being called Murch-o-matic

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "———, are we proud of you."

ACTIVITIES: Second soccer, colours; First soccer; Skiing; Pottery.





Tobias Norwood (Toby) — 1969

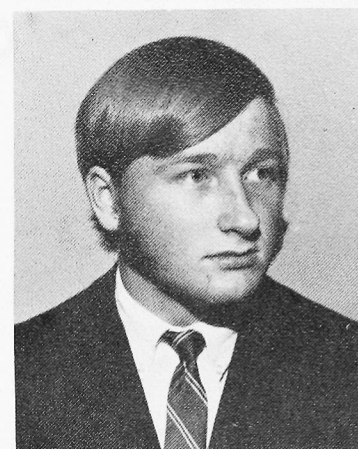
AMBITION: President of a large fishing fleet

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Working at Olands

CLAIM TO FAME: His voice

PASTIME: Hitting Sherbrooke on the weekends

ACTIVITIES: Choir; First ski colours; Lacrosse; First soccer, colours; Second soccer.



Peter Ostrom — 1968

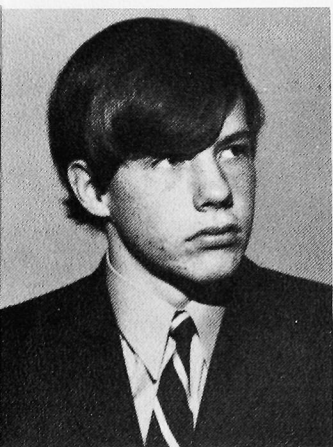
AMBITION: Professional Marksman

PROBABLE DESTINATION: B.C.S. range from 1968 to 1988

CLAIM TO FAME: His slapshot

PROTOTYPE: Sugar Bear

ACTIVITIES: First football, colours; Abenakis; Lacrosse; Camera club; Cadet Staff Sergeant.



Bill Pantry (Binky) — 1968

"God bless Julius Schmidt"

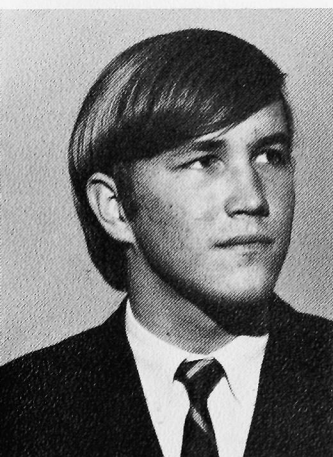
AMBITION: Outdoorsman

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Waiter in an outdoor tavern

PET AVERSION: Saran wrap and elastics

PASTIME: Sleeping and playing ball

ACTIVITIES: Intermural hockey; First cricket; Soccer; Whispering Pines club.



Kenneth Reardon — 1968

"Man is the hunter, woman is his game."

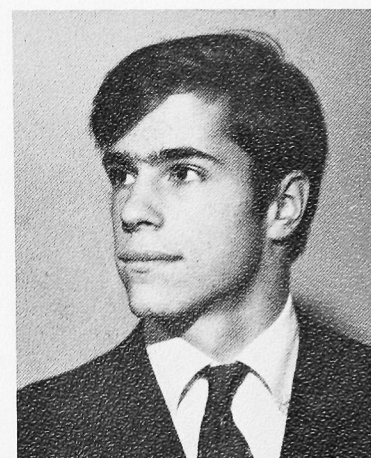
AMBITION: Construction worker

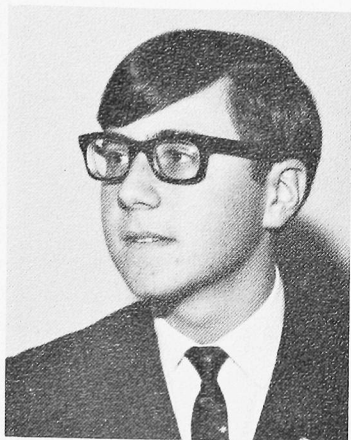
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Construction worker

PET AVERSION: People who confuse him

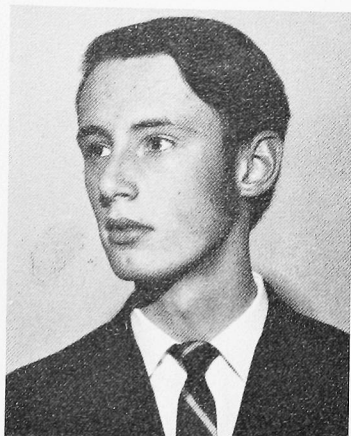
PASTIME: Eating marmalade

ACTIVITIES: First football; First ski; Second football; Track; Cadet Sergeant; Lennoxville Players; Magazine staff.





Harvey Simkovits — 1967



Michael Rider (Mitch) — 1968

"In achieving excellence, ability is of little account without opportunity."

PET AVERSION: Acres

CLAIM TO FAME: Choctaws

PROTOTYPE: Friends of telephone poles

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Get lost, Acres!"

ACTIVITIES: Hockey; Cricket; Soccer; Curling; Cadet Corporal; Pottery club; Classical music.

Gordon Ritchie (Ski-Doo) — 1967

"Up lad, when the journey's over there'll be time enough to sleep."

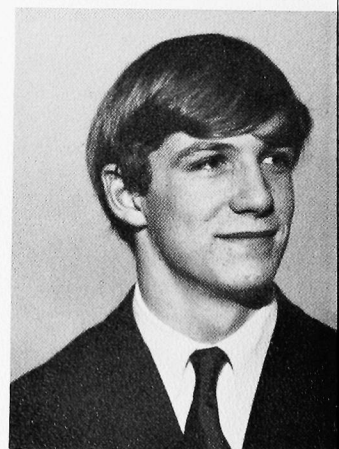
AMBITION: Ski-Doo salesman

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Drill Sergeant at Compton

PASTIME: Recovering from a long day of sleep

PROTOTYPE: Mr. Magoo

ACTIVITIES: First football, colours; Curling; Lacrosse; Choir; Magazine staff; Lennoxville Players; Cadet Sergeant-Major.



Peter Smith (Smitty) — 1966

"But what is a woman? —

only one of natures agreeable blunders." — H.C.

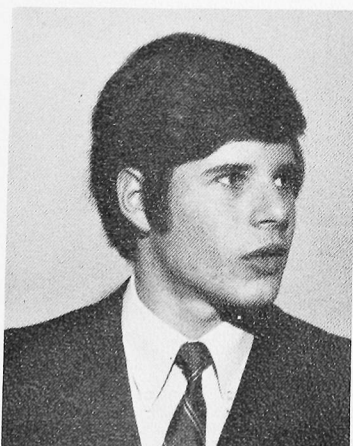
PET AVERSION: Seven foot goons

CLAIM TO FAME: His overpowering size

PROTOTYPE: Topo Gigio

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "F.I.C."

ACTIVITIES: First soccer, colours; Abenakis; Cricket; Agora; Student's council; Cadet Sergeant.



Mark Stephen (Brigadier Bahamas) — 1967

"If you have an elephant by the hind leg and he is trying to run away, it is best to let him run." Abraham Lincoln

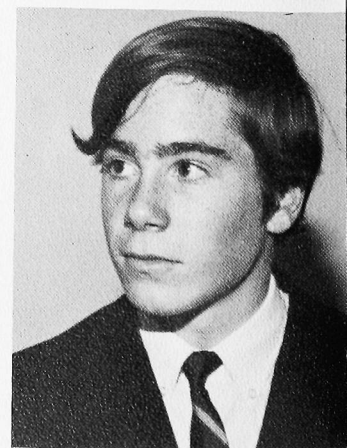
PET AVERSION: People who borrow things

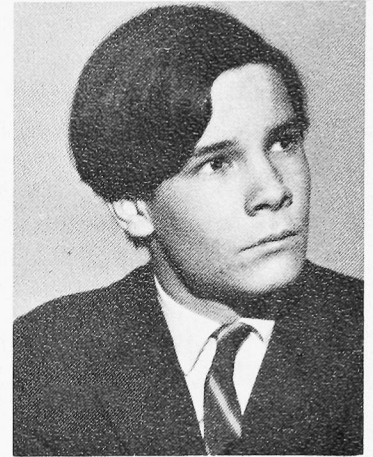
CLAIM TO FAME: Best equipped man on campus

PROTOTYPE: Carcus Welby

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Give 'em a hand."

ACTIVITIES: First hockey, colours; First soccer, colours; Lacrosse; Choir; Magazine staff; Librarian; Student's council; Cadet Sergeant.





Ian Stephens (Rocket) — 1967

"It's been a long, long fight and it seemed to me like eternity."

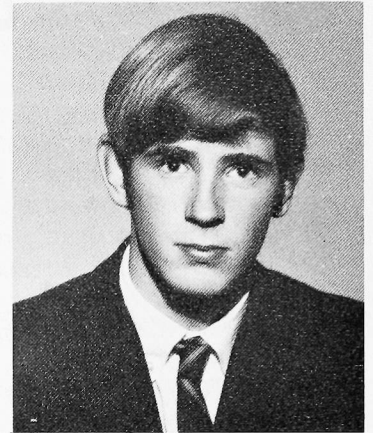
AMBITION: Season ticket holder at Parc Jarry

PET AVERSION: Smokey Haskell and his constant needlings

PASTIME: President of the Ian Stephens fan club

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Hi, I'm Ian Stephens and I'm the most handsome man in the world."

ACTIVITIES: Second football, colours; Second soccer; colours; Abenakis colours, Tennis, Choir; Players club; Cadet Corporal.



Richard Tetrault (Rich) — 1969

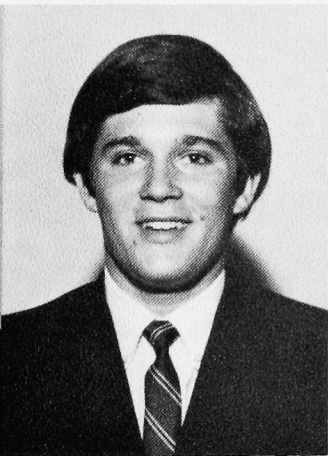
AMBITION: Hockey star

PROBABLE DESTINATION: First team hockey — L.C.C.

CLAIM TO FAME: Superman T-shirt

PASTIME: Debbie

ACTIVITIES: Second soccer, colours; Abenakis, colours; Tennis team; Band; Librarian.



Andrew Wojatsek — 1967

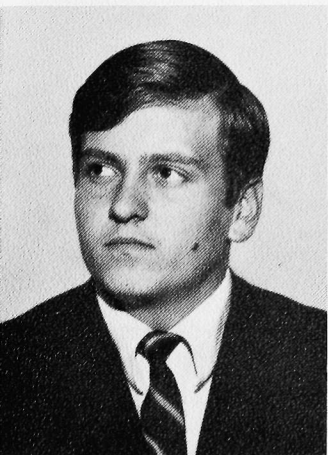
"Where there's marriage without love, there will be love without marriage."

AMBITION: To finally master the semantics of the criteria

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Apple picker in an olive orchard

PET AVERSION: People who can't say his name

ACTIVITIES: Choir; Second football, colours; Choctaws; Assistant right markers.



Nicholas Woodsworth — 1969

"Life consists of getting used to not getting used to it."

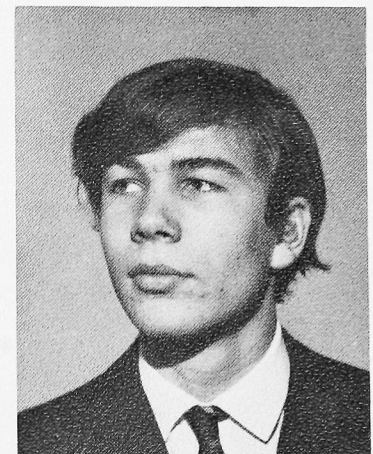
AMBITION: Writer

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Written-off

PASTIME: Ethiopian females

FAVOURITE EXPRESSION: "Oh! Pooh."

ACTIVITIES: First cricket; Second football; Social services; Pottery; Players club; Skiing.



Chapman House, to outsiders, is a small little house, very far away from the school, and very dull. To reply to these accusations, I would like to say that it is a small house — which adds to the *character* of the house and it is certainly not dull, because of the *characters* in this house.

As far as events go, the cross-country soon rolled around and Chapman House made its mark. "Hounddog" Marcel Etheridge chugged through the finish line first and we still haven't heard the end of it. Other stars in this event were Marcel's Brother, Aird Barwick, and "Cecil" McIver. "Smokey" Côté did surprisingly well considering. . .

Carnival time crept up on us and our plans for winning began. When it came time to make the announcement of the winner, Smith and Williams were sure they had won, but we just sat there (because we thought they had won too). However, we were crowned the victors of the Carnival.

With the excitement of hockey, spirits were so high that one night, "The Great Fight" took place. Our Prefect Bob Sewell



ganged up on Barwick and "Bino" Salt. The clash was quite exciting and no one had to shave for three weeks. The battle was interrupted by Mr. Milligan who gave tips for future encounters.

Various happenings were quite exciting to us in this term. We lost Denis Gagnon; believe it or not he managed to get up early in the morning. There was a house party for the Carnival victory and we listened to "Pit" Martin tell us of his philosophy of revolution, while Dodds was playing with Mr. Milligan's "Question Machine". Other attractions: Rick McIntosh bought the phone, Alan Argue took a little vacation, Tony Graham won the McGill Debates, Larry Kredl won the "Wigget" Hockey Trophy, and Richard Haskell played the organ in Chapel.



house

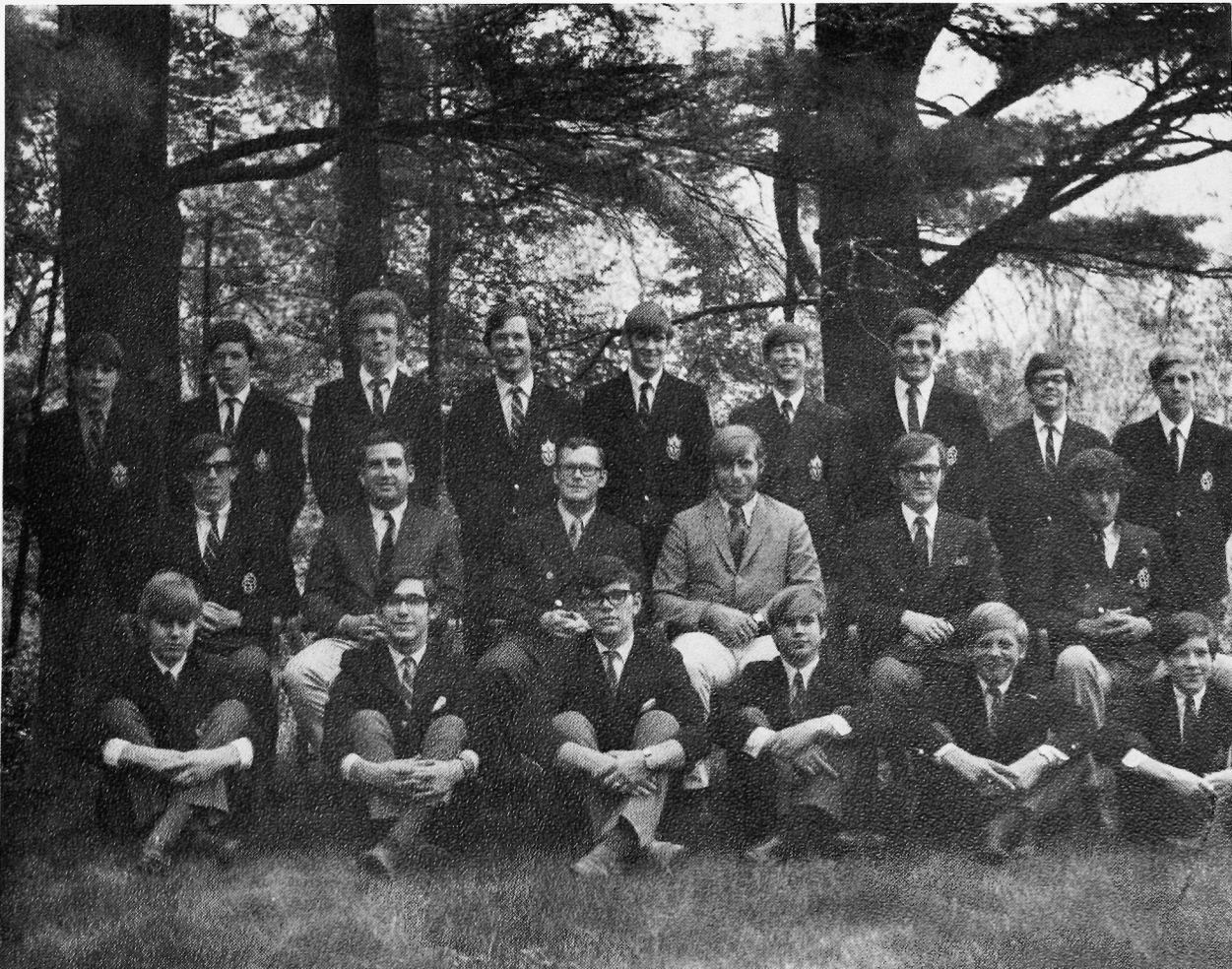
The Third Term brought new sports too. Boyd Graham and Dodds-Hebron (the Sammy Snead and Arnold Palmer of the house) soon hit the courses and the hallway! Spring in North America also means baseball and Brian "the Mooch" Sewell (also our House Rep.) and Ian Stephens (also plays "The King" and "The Archbishop") were playing baseball and listening to the Expos.

The Tuck Shop was operated by Tony Graham, and it helped pay for the cable T.V. Meanwhile, Chapman Housers were also paying for the Radio Bish speakers that James Thatcher ("The Alarm Clock") was collecting for. But none of this was bothering Andrew "Fuzzy" Graham who was blissfully sleeping all the time.

There are many thanks that the boys of Chapman House would like to make: to

Roma Pizzeria for all the time they have spent with us, to the Cable T.V. Company for their important service to the house, to the men of Hockey Night in Canada who brought "Les Canadiens" to us, and to our cat (Sylvester) who cleaned any pizza left on the floor. Thanks also go to Mr. Cowans and Mr. D. Campbell for all their help in keeping us quiet during Prep.

The house had a new member this year, a girl, Donna Milligan. At the end of this year, Mr. and Mrs. Milligan will be leaving for Lakefield College and we thank Mr. Milligan for his devotion to the house and to Mrs. Milligan who did not let a birthday go unnoticed. We wish them and Stevie and Donna the best of luck in the future!

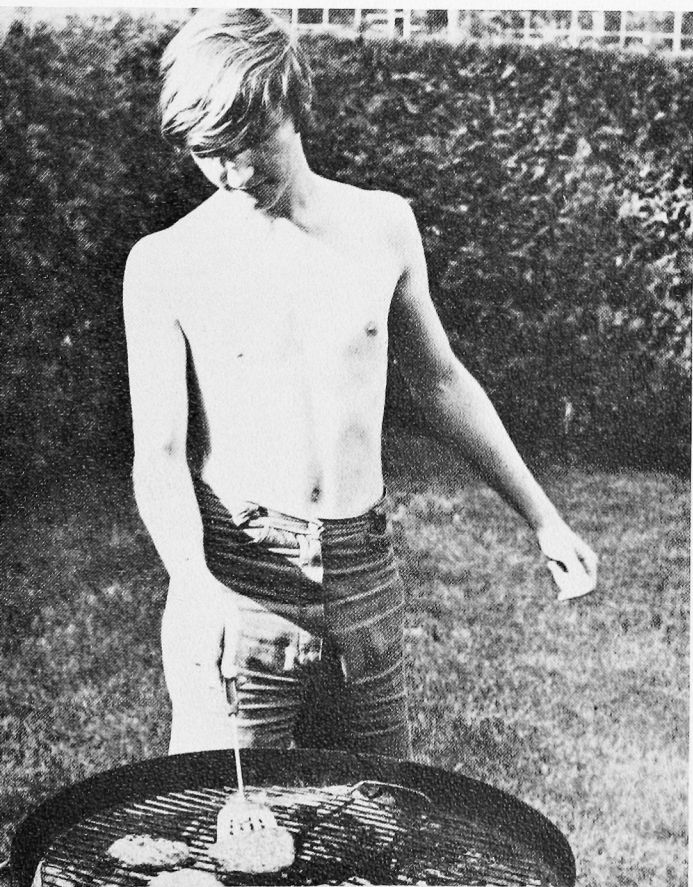


With the long summer over, the Grier House vets and their newboy companions drifted back to the happy house. We were greeted by our happy housemaster, and Prefect Din, our Gestapo commandant for the year. We also were greeted by two new masters in the same house. Mr. Campbell III, and Mr. McFarlane.

Since work was out of the question, we had to interest ourselves in other facets of school life. Grier House's touch-football (season) culminated for the second year in a row with the internationally acclaimed "Din-Bowl". Baseball never really got off the ground in the first term, but for those who didn't care for the body contact of touchfootball, there was always someone from Room 4 playing around with a soccer ball.

Around the end of October someone looked at the calendar and realized that there was a week until the cross country. No one was really prepared this year, and hence we lost our beloved shield to the Smith House jocks.

After the long weekend we returned to school wondering, among other things, about the 1st hockey team which Mister B has so



ably coached over the years. The prospects "did not look too good" (slight French accent). Among the big surprises was our own Pete Marchuk, who with his comrade-in-arms Mike Dixon (honourary house member), made the big leap from the Bantam Hurons to stardom on the mother team.

All too soon exams were upon us, and for most they seemed to be disastrous, but everyone pulled through (except Valeri who unexpectedly took his leave of B.C.S. after Christmas.)

On the sixth day of 1971, we returned to our haven full of Christmas cheer and New Year's Resolutions. The fifth formers, realizing that it was their turn to pull a little weight, began planning and organizing for their carnival, a sparse three weeks away.

As usual, the notices went up on the boards concerning the snow sculpture and the various teams for the Carnival. And as usual we got amazing suggestions for snow sculptures, none of which were humanly possible to construct. The night before the snow sculpture judging we still only had a pile of snow for our sculpture. So a room-to-room search was conducted for able bodies and by

house

the wee hours of the morning we had finished. Product: one bear on a toboggan, equipped with skates, and a B.C.S. scarf, sliding down a hill; an authentic reproduction of the emblem on the Carnival buttons. For our labours we were rewarded with a very respectable third place in the snow sculpture behind Glass House and Chapman House. Unfortunately for Smith House, we had a small skirmish with them in front of their snow sculpture, and it was destroyed.

Besides the snow sculpture, we didn't achieve too much success. A near first in basketball, (we were beaten by two points in overtime) was our only other accomplishment. We have reason to believe, though, that certain members of the house were saving their energy for activities on Saturday evening, which will not be tolerated next year.

It is said that the third term is the shortest term, yet the term in which you do the most. This year was no exception. Although the snow melted slowly, the pile of

glass and other assorted garbage was deep and widespread around the house. Something had to be done. After all, it was dangerous to walk outside, (right Rick). Uncle Harry's Wheelbarrow Squad soon cleaned up the problems.

Studies should prevail in the third term, but again this year there were too many distractions to make this dream come true. Matrics. baseball started a month early, and we drew a good crowd from Grier House at every game. Doulton was appointed captain for his baseball savey and his ability to recruit players; how could we lose? G.G. and his compatriots found other ways of busying themselves. Strains of "Down by the Riverside" could be heard all over the house.

We would like to thank Room One through Twenty for making this year possible. We also would like to thank Messrs. Bédard, McFarlane, and Campbell for their contribution of hair grease, pipe smoke, and mod-clothes to the house.



mcnaughton

In the beginning, while we impatiently waited in our "Attic", McNaughton House was a nameless hole in the ground. However, by late January, the residence, a pit transformed into a plush haven, opened its doors to a mass exodus of characters from the third floor of School House. Snyder and Lewin had managed to occupy McNaughton in mid-December, though, a month before the rest of us.

The new building had many assets. It could not be burned down as easily as John Gafers thought. And now Boom Boom Butch had not one, but four hallways in which to run up and down piercing the silence with shrill whistles while trying hard not to trip over his chin.

The three masters who had to put up with such incidents were Messrs. Rod Lloyd, our housemaster, John Whitmore, the second half of the basement's odd couple, and Cliff Goodwin, alias Sugar Bear, notorious upholder of law and order. More than once were gamblers of McNaughton to shudder at the sight of Cliff and his thumb-sucking side-kick, Tommy.

Many faces appeared and vanished in our house over the months. First to depart was Bok, whose poetry written on walls in the

old house inspired us all. Stewart-Patterson moved in as Bob left, and then Ted, that's Mr. Dawson to you, soon made for the hills taking his protein food with him. In the Spring Term, Guth flew off to Vancouver as



an exchange student for Joy. No sooner did Joy arrive when "Chump" and "Date" lured him into their den of evil and promptly won a bundle off our unsuspecting guest in a "hearts" game.

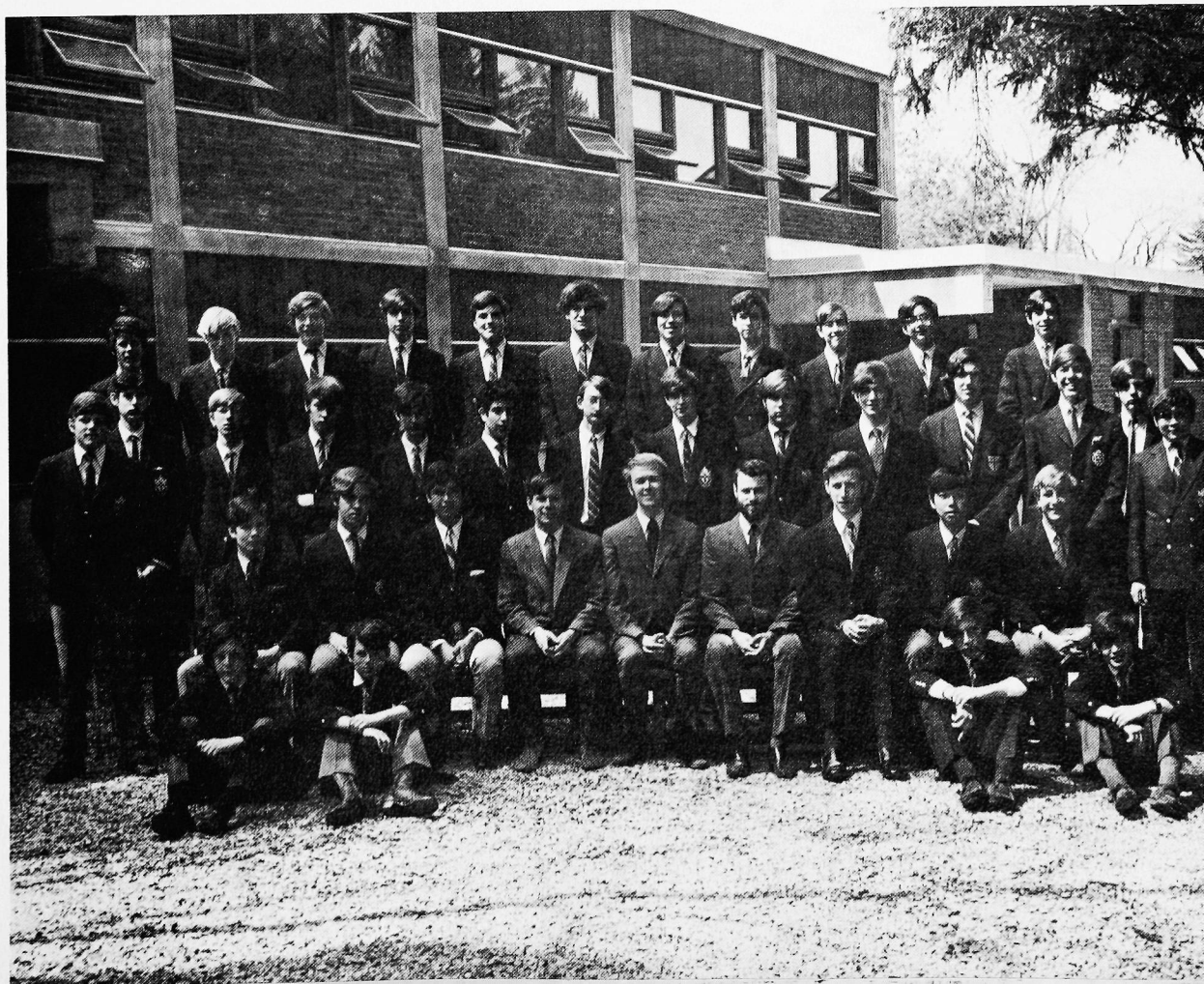
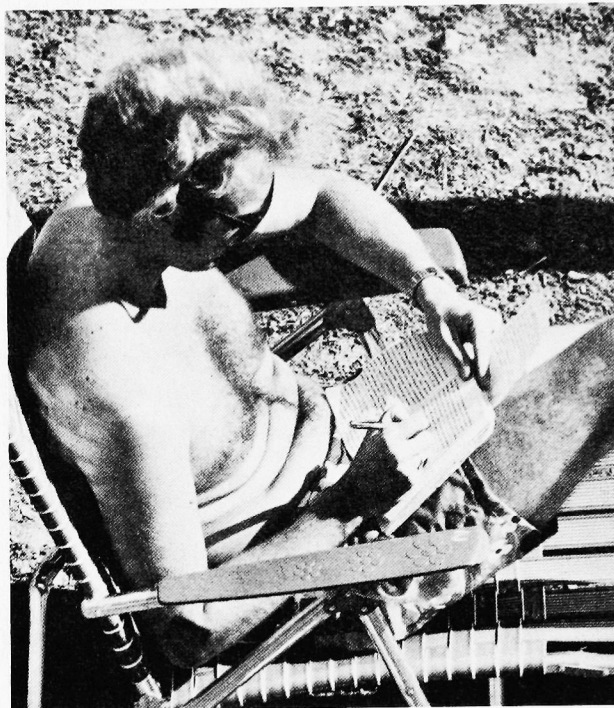
To be truthful, as a house we were not most sports-minded as can be seen by our number of achievements in that field. We prefer to take things easy and listen to Singlebop play the guitar or get caught up in the flow of enthusiasm generated by Danny while "Les Canadiens" skate circles around the rest of the league. Poor Doug and Put! Will any of his teams ever win? For that matter, will Atkins ever get his contraption to fly? Or will Ian ever reach Liz the Second?



house

Special thanks are due to many people who added colour to our house this year. Frank deserves credit for his work on Radio Bish. We thank Monty for not playing the role of head prefect all the time. Thanks go to Henry for keeping the scores straight.

Now on a serious note. We all hope Mr. Whitmore enjoys his new position at King's College School. Anytime he is in the area we will all gladly treat him to a dinner at "Les Trois Frères".



One day last autumn Mr. Greer was reading *A to W* when suddenly he was tapped on the shoulder by a huge rabbit, (actually it was the friendly, old *Ogre* in disguise). The aforesaid rabbit then suggested a ramble to see the strange beasts that inhabit the environs of Smith House. Mr. Greer suggested they begin *At Kinson* and then proceed to view the outside *Acres* in their fall foliage. They eventually arrived at a babbling *Brooke* where a fair collection were gathered. (I forgot to mention that en route they spied a *Bull* without a *Rider*, snorting and pugging, and a short way off a *Hamel* grazing). Now, back to the stream, a *Miller*, not by any means a real *McCoy*, was shouting and *Kerson* to his fishing partner thus: "Great molly *McGuire*!" This fellow was some sort of magician, I guess, as he seemed to be depending on *Leger de main*, along with this incantation; "*Ali Khazzam*"; for catching fish. Another guy, a seemingly *Goodfellow*, made a huge *Lacasse* with a bare hook. The rabbit, who was an ardent angler himself, shouted, "Why doesn't he use a little *Bate, man*, some *Bate, man*, how could he miss his *Bate, man*!"

Later, scuffling through the *Levesley*, Mr. Greer caught his toe on a horeseshoe left there by some careless *Smith* or indeed a *Martin-Smith*.



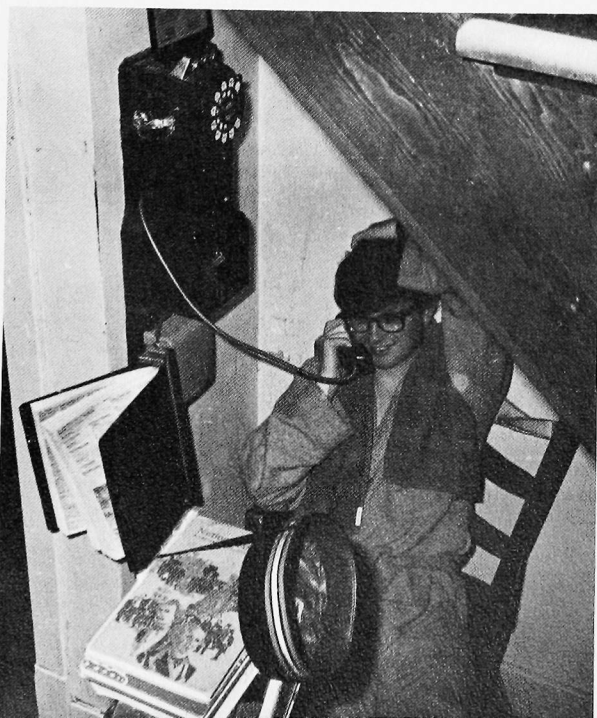
On they went chatting about this and that and came across an unidentifiable character who by his strange muttering seemed to be a lost Chink.

All they could hear clearly from this strange being, (and they *Mayer* may not have been *Wright*) seemed to be poetry:

"*Rosses* are blond
Duquets too
Connolly is
 impossible to
 rhyme with *Gilbert*"

followed by:

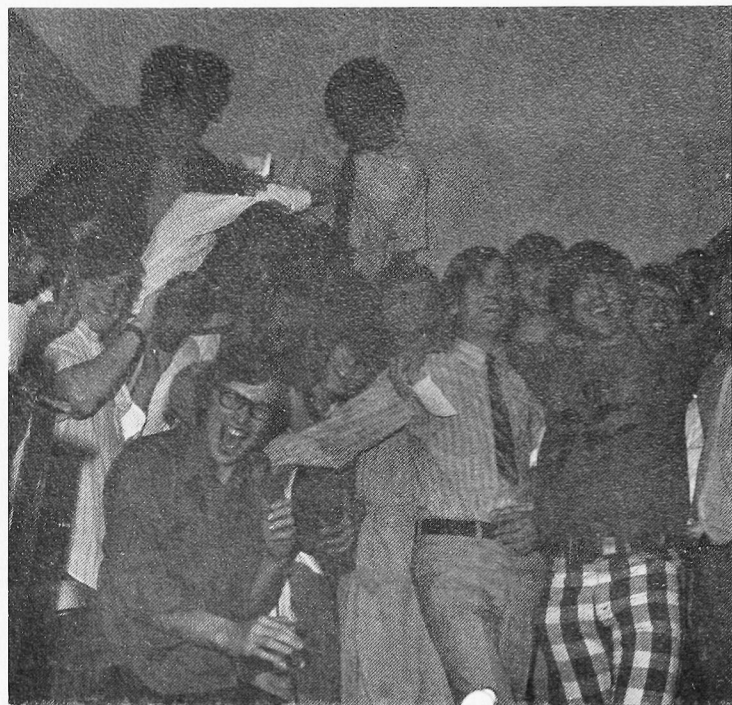
"Buy my *Kuki*, my fortune *Kuki*, or *Graeme* crackers made by *Thompson*, to get *Ritchie* quickie you have to get up in the early *Daughn-ey* and from a *Clear Mont* you can see forever."



house

They continued on to the edge of the forest where Mr. Greer queried: "I wonder how much that *Woodsworth*?" The rabbit hadn't a *Cloutier*, but he went on to say that really the grounds were much improved since they had the *Rear-done* and that it was rather beautiful, and he ended up by saying, "You should really see it in the *Winter*, son, when everything is *Black* and *Leblanc*."

We would like to thank the house masters for all they have done for us this year: Mr. Owen for operating his Smith House taxi, to Mr. Greer for being his inspiring self, and to Mr. Bateman for his dry British humour.



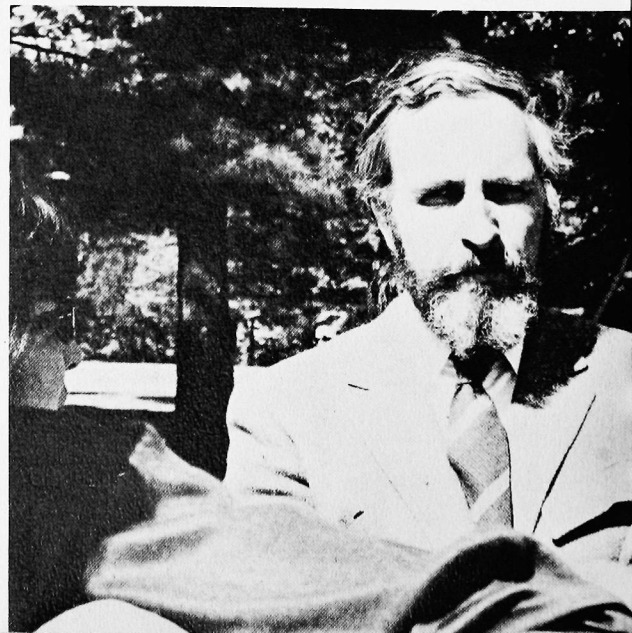
During the past decade, the world has undergone radical changes in the fields of social structures, education, and general life styles. Old thoughts, theories, ideas and ideals have been swept away to be replaced with the new concept of our social revolution. Whether these changes have benefitted our society is, in many cases, debatable. Regardless of this, it is of utmost importance that institutions such as B.C.S. adapt to the ever changing social environment, in much the same way that human beings must adapt, for



reasons of survival, to the changing physical environment.

Perhaps the questions most relevant to the philosophy of B.C.S. today are "What directions are we taking? What are our aims, our goals? What kind of boy are we trying to develop?"

For the past few years, Williams House, under the guidance and leadership of Art Campbell, Roy Napier, and just recently, Brian Ander, has attempted to define and evolve this philosophy. Responsibility and discipline cannot, by any manner or method, be forced upon an individual, for they must serve from within, they must be characteristics of an individual that really exist, emotions that must be genuinely felt, not masks that can be donned and removed when the situation suits the owner. Discipline is not something that you can throw off as soon as



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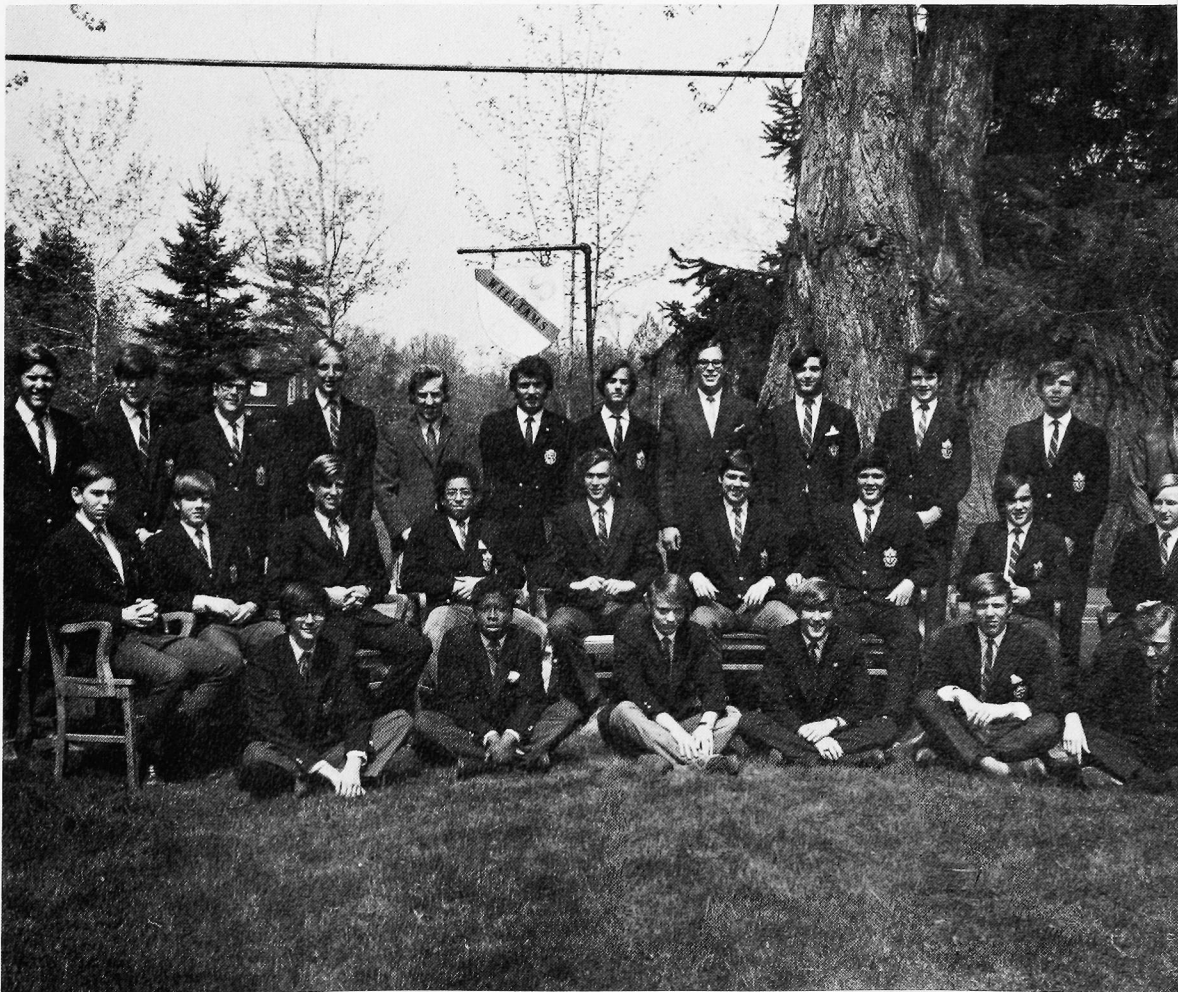


those of higher rank are not looking; responsibility is not something you owe only to those of higher rank, but to everyone, regardless of status, or position.

For this reason, equal rights, as far as school rules allowed, were shared by all in Williams House. Boys were, to a great extent, given a free reign in organizing and carrying out their own rules in matters of house duties, in the hope that through example and the actual execution of responsibilities, rather than just taking orders, self-discipline would be learned.

On the whole the system has been beneficial to most of the members of the house. There is not material evidence that anything has been accomplished, no silver cup awarded at the end of the year, for the task is never finished; there is always room for new ideas, improvement and change.

Of course, many times the system failed and people were not co-operative or considerate; but it is only through the recognition of our mistakes and failures, and consequent attempts to rectify these mistakes, that we may succeed.



We arrived back at school on the ninth of September. Those lucky enough to get there first got a good bed and an area that could be unseen by the masters at the door. Each dorm needed two weeks of zero in house inspection to be able to change their dorms into jungles of furniture and marvels of modern day interior decorating. Honourable mention in this should go to G and H dorm.

September and October were months in which the newboys got acquainted with the school and then around came the cross-country. Glass House won the junior cross-country shield this year with strong performances by Mark Bédard (2nd place), Paul Tinari (3rd), Willie Keating (4th), and Jere Gillis (5th).

We returned from our Christmas Holidays to the news that the six fourth-formers in Glass House were being transferred to senior houses. This created an empty dorm. Therefore there was a shift of people in the third form dorms.

Before we knew it the Winter Carnival was upon us and our snow sculpture, a mouse and mouse trap, won the snow sculpture competition. This would not have been possible without the efforts of Crick Glass and Lyall Davies, two of the senior boys in the house. In the sports competition, three teams were chosen and broomball and ball hockey were played.

We now begin an account of prep at Glass House. Mr. Guest, the master on duty, begins

his famous countdown, 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 and prep begins.

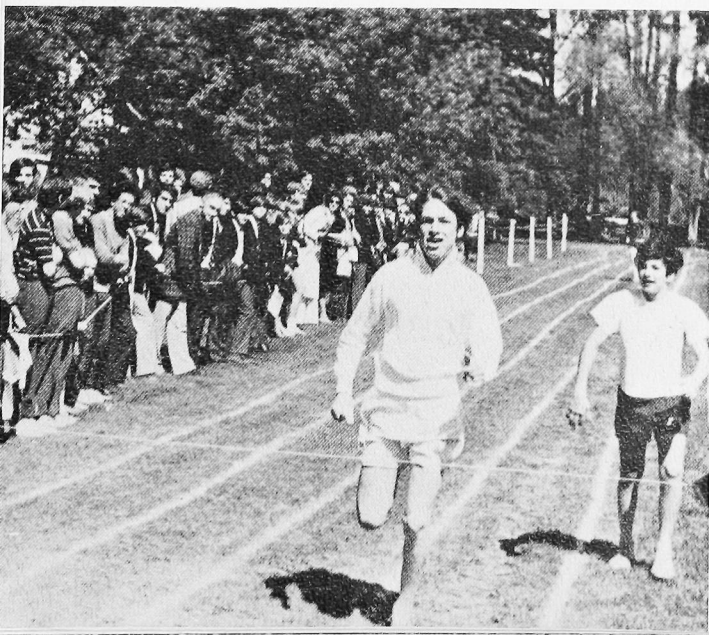
Up in "A" dorm we find Bey happily reading "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich." Lew is working hard trying to set an example. Stairs is sitting there doing nothing while Denis Speth is running up to see his brother Alex, in F dorm. Cross is throwing paper pellets at Lomasney while Bédard is telling 'em all to be quiet.

Across the hall "B" dorm is having a riot. Farakuki is on top of his cupboard dancing. Meanwhile Busat, Matson, and Rossy engage in a mild war, during which Stoker is at the door watching for Mr. Guest. Barden is a rather dazed on-looker wondering what is coming off.

Down the hall in "C" dorm D-T is hoping everything is all right; Desmarais is listening to his record player; Kirschbaum is speaking French to his frog. Goodfellow is pretending to be working and Gillis is showing off his muscles.

In "D" dorm Tinari is watering his flowers and reciting "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and Seveigny is making sure nothing has been stolen. Wayne is humming to himself over in his corner while Miller is reading out loud from a book. Large is wondering why he didn't go home and Bruce McQuade is trying to tell everyone to shut up.

Now, proceeding to the top floor, we come to "E" dorm. Ross is listening to Station CKTS on his radio and telling us all about his Sherbrooke friends who phone up to request a song. Stenason is reading a comic and drinking a coke. Murray is trying



house



to work but doesn't feel like it so he talks to Smith who is tidying up his area. Morris is constructing an electric fence while laughing his maniacal laugh.

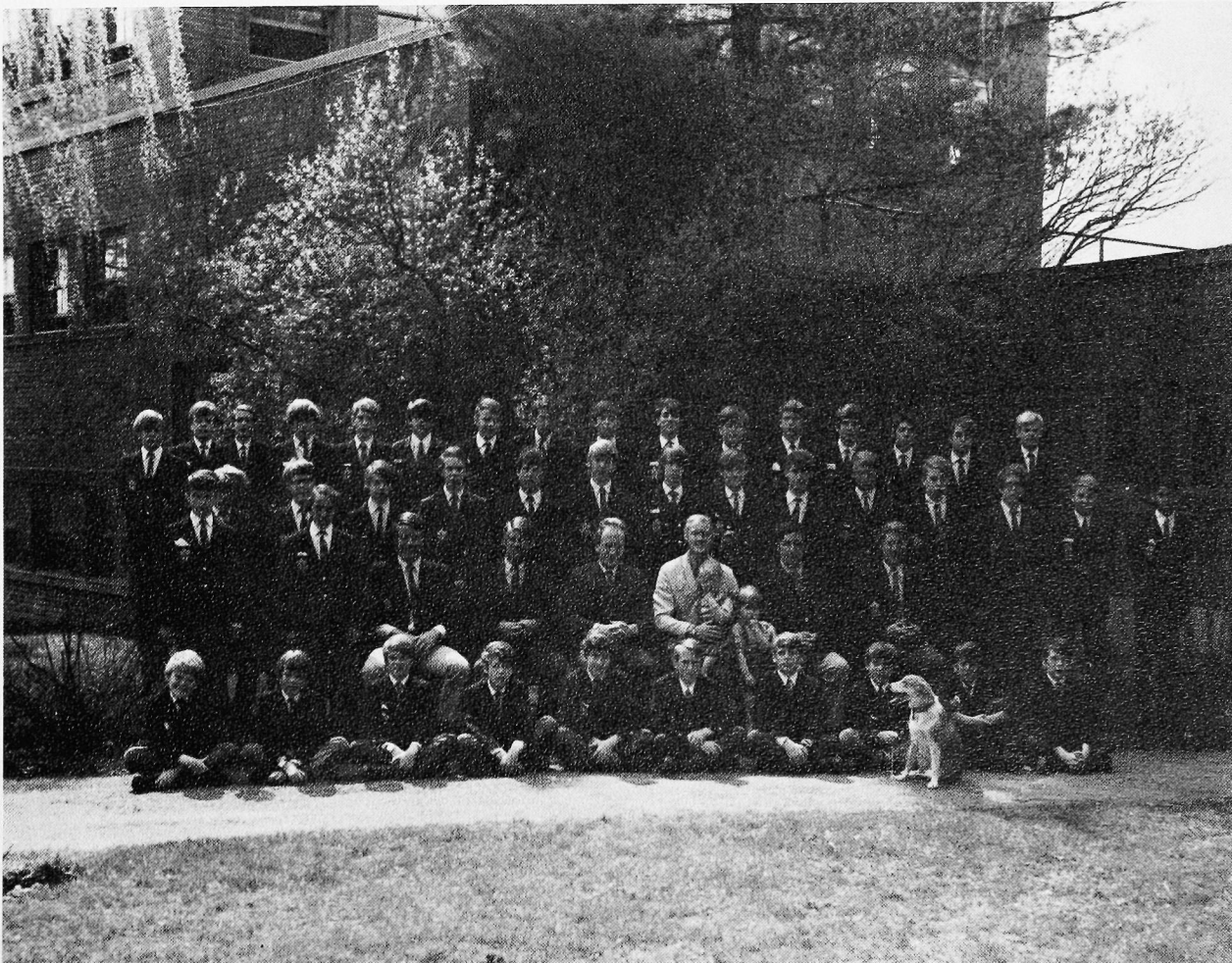
Then we pass through to "F" dorm where Walker is playing his cassette player full blast, Mayoff is eating, and McQuade is wrapped up

in his sheets. Medland is at home in Lennoxville because he makes too much noise if he stays at school. Alex Speth is in his own little corner not daring to speak up.

Coming to "G" dorm we find Pierre Barakett telling about all the broads back in Three Rivers. Artiss is bragging about his good looks while Keating is trying to believe how conceited Artiss and Barakett are. Vineberg is listening to another tight Expos ballgame and Craig is trying to attract as little attention as possible.

In "H" dorm we find Dick Lightfine singing the "Star Spangled Banner" with the Stars and Stripes in the background. Gauvin is strumming his guitar and Scott is pasting his stamps into his album.

Before closing I would like to express the feelings of everyone when I say that without Messrs. Robertson, Detchon, Kelly and Guest the house would not have been what it was. Thanks must also go to Crick Glass who flooded the House one night, Lyall Davies who made sure we kept in line, and Gord McGee who showed us how tough those Vancouver boys can really be.



This year the cadet corps remained much the same as it was last year. The Headquarters staff continued working in a teaching capacity, and promotions were again based on weekly exams (for recruits only), proficiency in drill, and recommendations by officers.

C.S.M. Ritchie was the power behind the cadet drill and by the end of the year a good many recruits were going through their movements looking like veterans. Some of the recruits also participated in the precision

squad which this year was split into two guards and performed the "changing of the guard" ceremony for the reviewing officers and the many guests.

In the early spring the Master Cadet exams were held at B.C.S. and were written by Lt. C. Glass, C.S.M. G. Ritchie, and Cdt. J. Apostolides. All three passed and were presented their gold stars during the final parade.

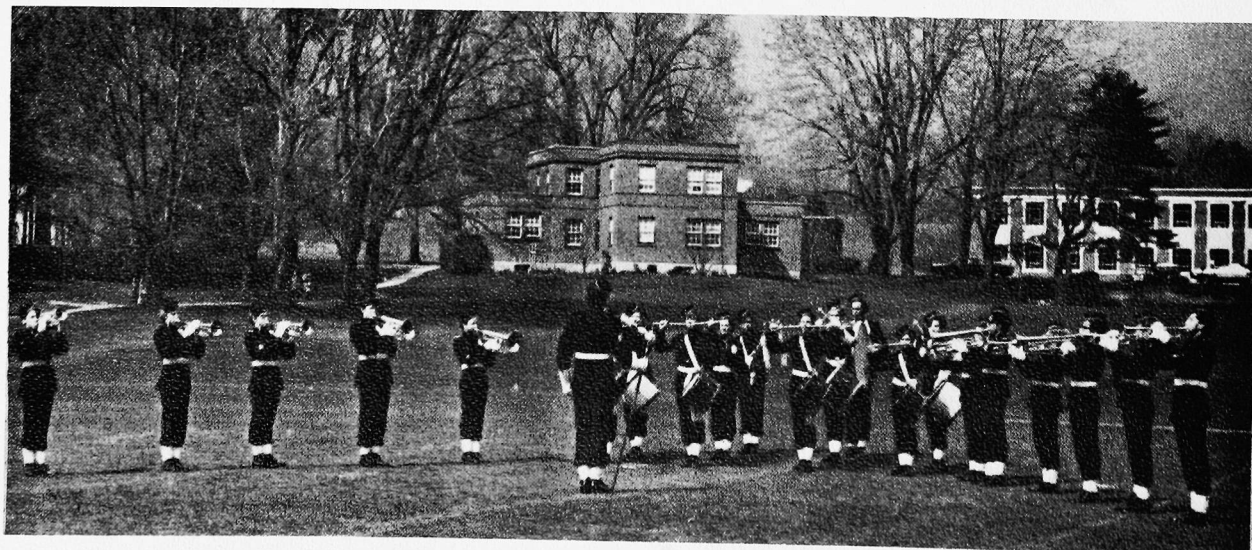
On May 9th, two platoons and a colour party represented the corps in the annual Black Watch Church Parade in Montreal. The platoons having no trouble keeping in step with the Black Watch pipe band put on a good show and the School was proud of them.

Brigadier General McAlpine, Commandant C.F.B. Galetown, was the Inspecting Officer at the Annual Inspection, held on Center field. Only strong wind and occasional drizzles dampened our spirits.

C.S.M. Ritchie formed up the corps and then handed it over to the 2i/c, Capt. Sewell who then marched on the officers. Maj. Montano took command and the corps was duly inspected. Following the inspection the corps marched past in close column of platoons and companies.

The year's activities were summed up by the various demonstrations, such as drill, band, first aid, and survival.

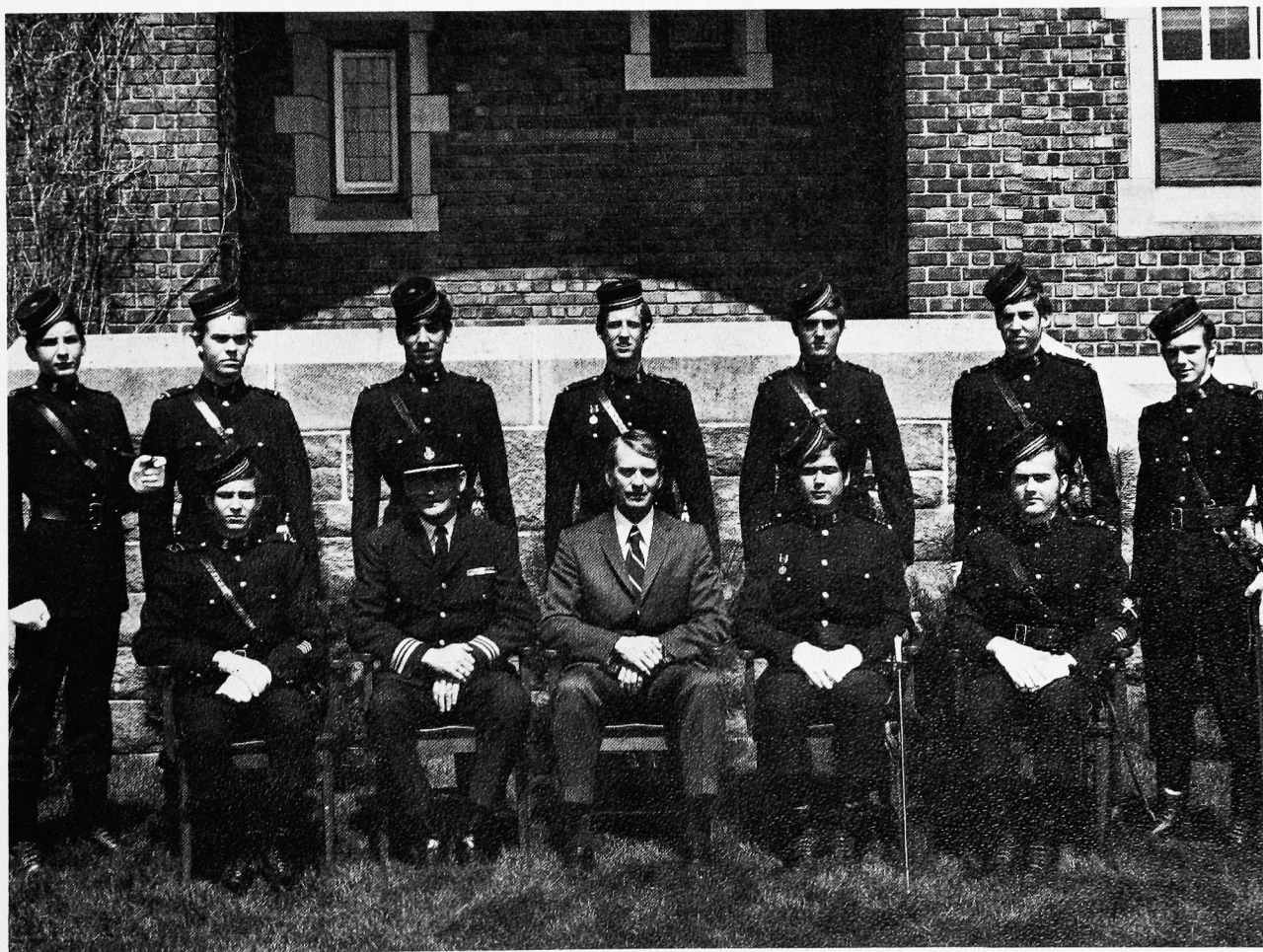
The survival group was started this year by Mr. B. Ander, who volunteered his time to take out small groups of boys for overnight





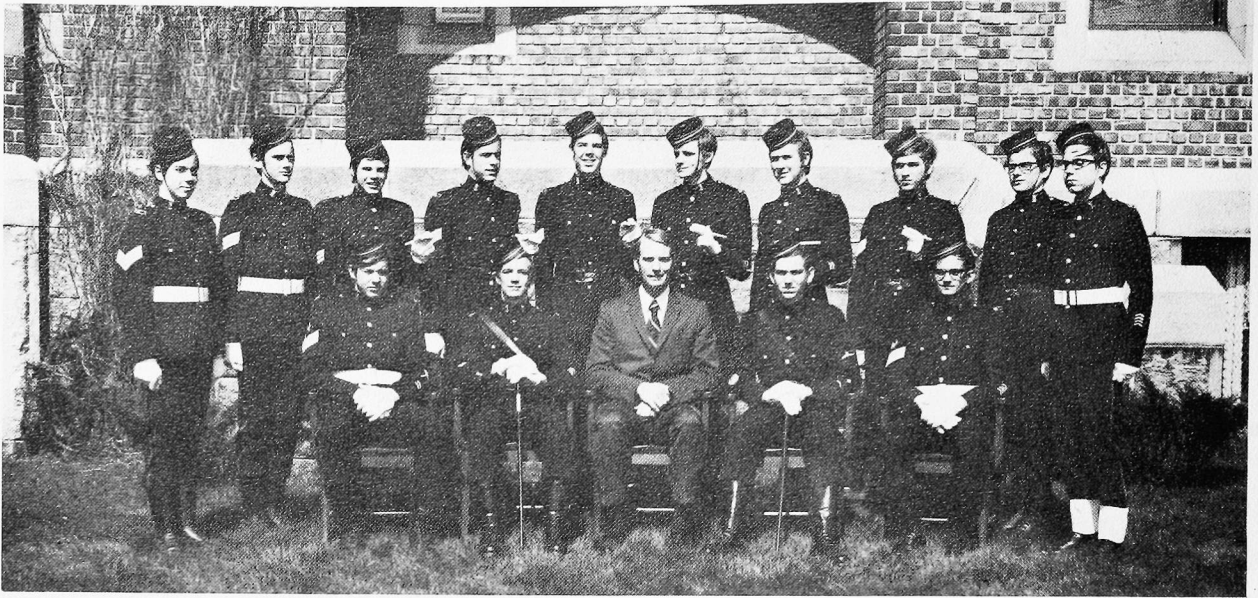
hikes during the first two terms. During the course of the year the standard army radio was taught to several boys and most learned how to build a "Hoochie", a tent made with bags and ponchos.

The Corps then reformed line and formed a hollow square and the awards were given out. They were presented to Cpl. Hallward, Best Recruit; Cpl. Brooke, Best Cadet; C.S.M. Ritchie, Best Instructor; S/sgt. Kirkwood, most efficient N.C.O. This year the Strathcona Trust Medal, awarded to the best cadet regardless of rank, was given to Maj. A. Montano. The guard, which showed the most corps initiative, won the Cadet Shield. Number 1 platoon commanded by Lt. Marzban won the inter-platoon shoot and No. 4 platoon commanded by Lt. Bishop won the inter-platoon competition.



Standing: W.O. J. Davis; Lt. D. Ross; Lt. D. Marzban; Lt. R. Glass; Lt. C. McIver; Lt. C. Bishop; Lt. A. Martin-Smith.
Front: Lt. M. Lacasse (Adj.); Major S. Abbott; The Headmaster, Major A. Montano (O.C.); Captain R. Sewell (2i/c).

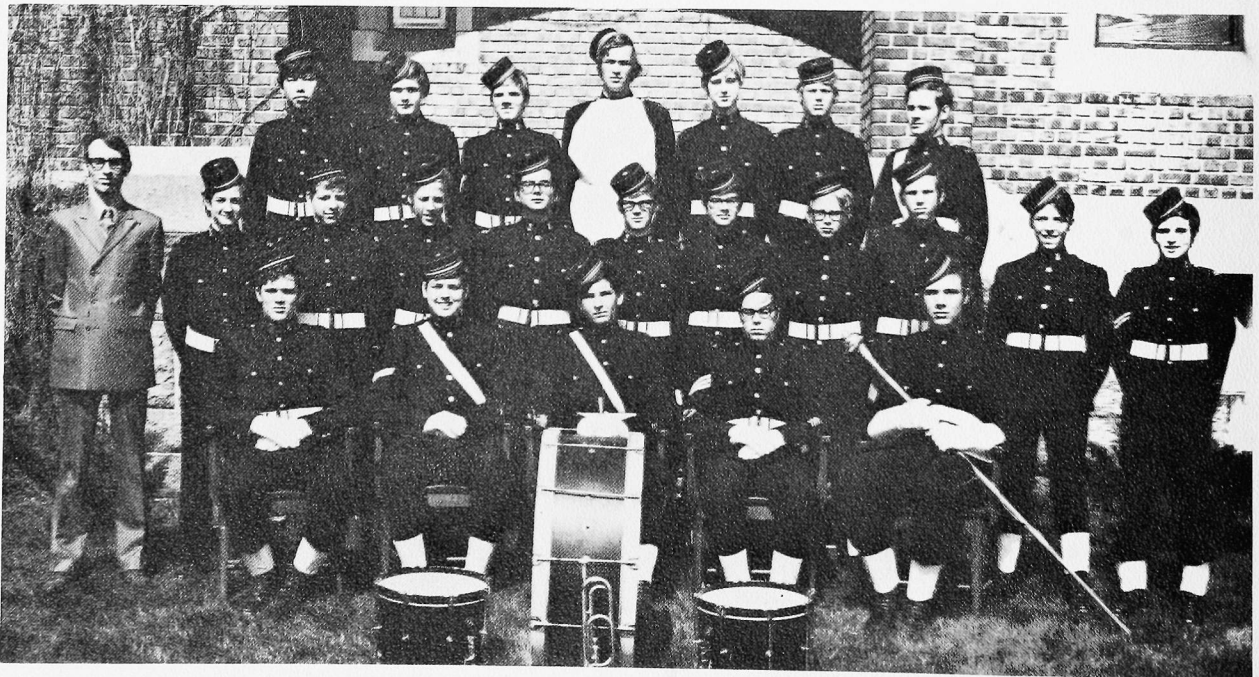
senior n.c.o.'s



Standing: Sgt. P. Smith; Sgt. R. Acres; Sgt. M. Stephen; Sgt. K. Reardon; Sgt. J. Lindsay; Sgt. A. Evans; Sgt. B. Sewell; Sgt. P. Lawee; Sgt. R. Menzies; Sgt. S. Fraser.

Front: W.O. P. Ostrom; G. Ritchie (C.S.M.); the Headmaster; C. Law (C.Q.M.S.); W.O. M. Kirkwood.

band



Back Row: S. Kan; A. Federer; M. Ilsley; D. Dogherty; V. Taboika; G. Gillis; M. Zinay.

Second Row: R. Henderson, Esq.; H. Kerson; J. Fuller; A. Outerbridge; T. Kirkwood; T. Lynch; R. Haskell; C. Peniston; C. Walker; D. Park; P. Dunn.

First Row: R. Tétrault; K. McGowan, W.O. 1 J. Davis; Sgt. S. Fraser; D. Ardill.

FALL SPORTS



This fall, a team of young inexperienced players made up the Senior Football team. Twenty second teamers still eligible to play on the Junior team had to play Senior ball due to the lack of football enthusiasts in the school. As a result, we ended up with a light line and a generally small team.

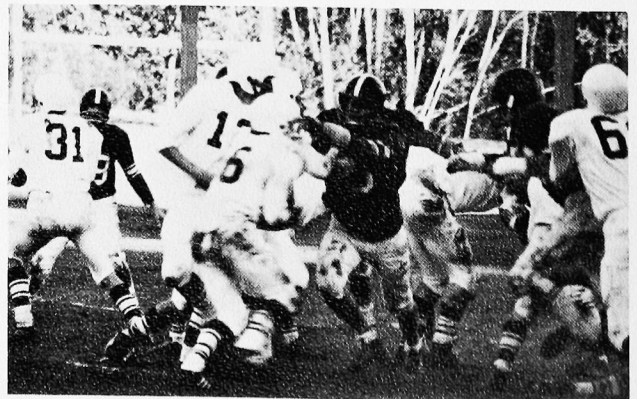
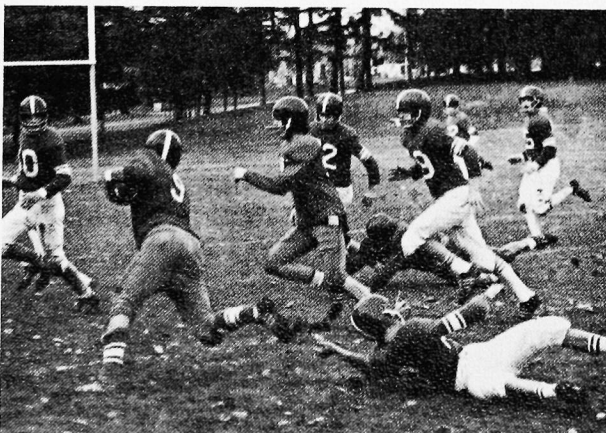
Our season opened with a game against John Rennie, a High School in the Montreal area. The coaches had a chance to look at the players in action, and, all in all, the team looked as if it had some promise, although the score was 9 to 1 in their favour. This "promise" seemed to die as the next two games were lost; to Lower Canada College 38 to 2 and to Stanstead a humiliating 54 to 6.

With spirits somewhat dampened, the team played host to Alexander Galt Regional School and, to the elation of the entire school, beat them 7 to 0. This proved to be our best game of the season, as both the offense and defense worked hard to contain the Galt offense and out hit the defense.

The rest of the season was even more disappointing than the beginning, as not another game was won.



Back Row: The Headmaster; A. Montano; H. Havas; J. Milligan, Esq.; G. McGee; J. Gale; C. Glass; D. Cruickshank, Esq.
Third Row: P. Brooke; D. Ardill; D. Dogherty; B. Sewell; P. Leger.



football

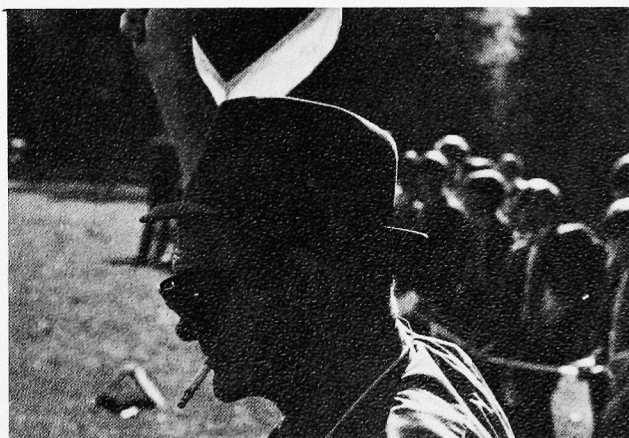
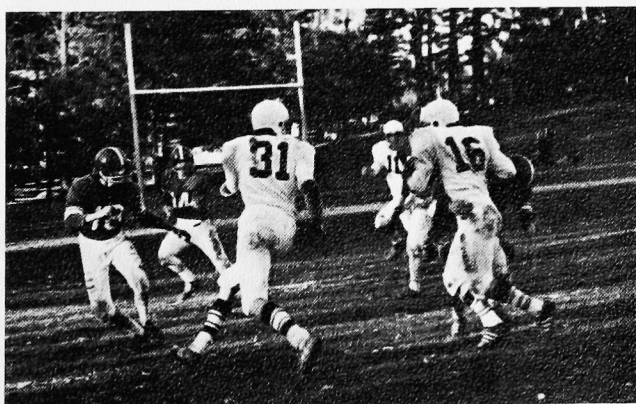


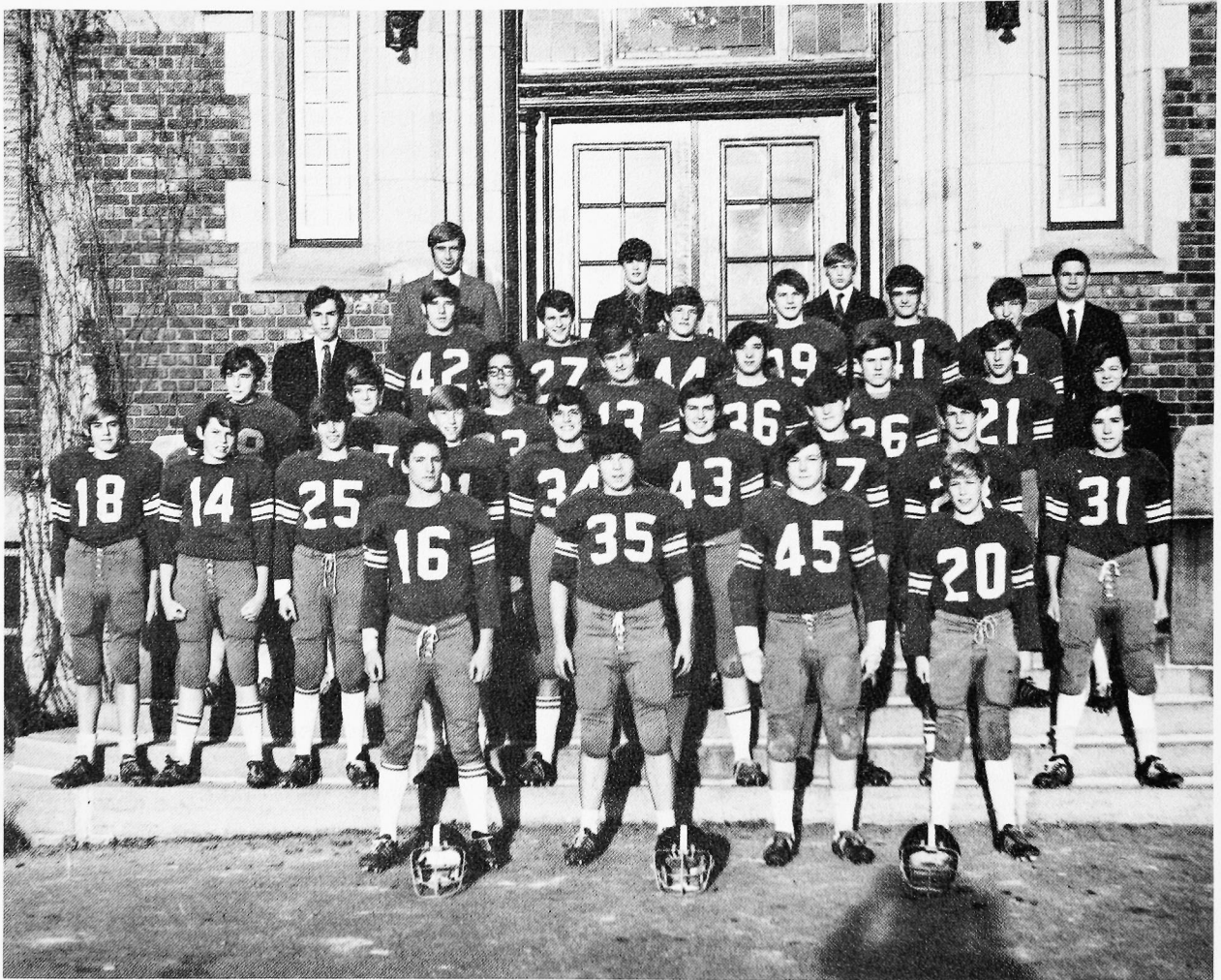
Second Row: D. Male; D. Barden; E. Dawson; J. Daughney; S. Simkovits; D. Gagnon; S. Khazzam; I. Miller; D. Ross.
Front Row: R. Blickstead; R. Reardon; W. Ghans; L. Davis; R. Sewell, Ass't; B. Howson, Ass't; P. Ostrom; M. Lacasse; G. Ritchie; L. McCoy; R. Dodds-Hebron.

We lost to Ashbury College 7 to 1. In the dying minutes of the game, an offensive drive on our part failed as we lost the ball 10 yards from the Ashbury end zone (problems of that nature limited any offensive success during the season). Both return matches against Stanstead and Alexander Galt were lost as well as the traditional Old Boys' game at the end of the season.

It was the defense, holding the opposition again and again to no yardage, that was the deciding factor in the first half of the schedule. But, unfortunately, in the last three games, especially against Stanstead, when 7 touch-downs were scored by the "Reds", the defense did not do as well.

The members of the Senior Football team would like to thank both Mr. Milligan and Mr. Cruickshank for their fine coaching efforts throughout the season. To Mr. Milligan, may the Great Football Player in the sky bring you your new pair of glasses, and, to Mr. Cruickshank, may you "cultivate" a better "crop" of players next year.





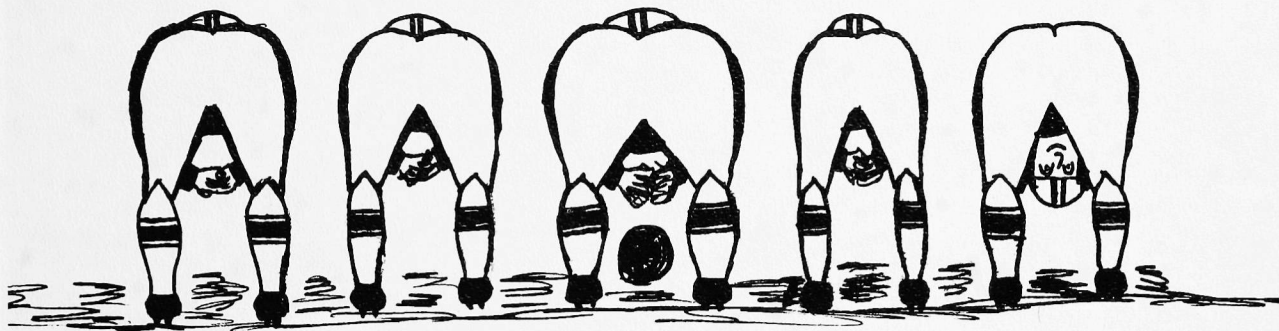
Back Row: D. Campbell, Esq.; D. Murphy; J. Gillis; C. Goodwin, Esq.
Fourth Row: M. Bull; J. Atkins; R. Menzies; M. Dixon; A. Gilchrist; M. Wright; W. Horricks.
Third Row: P. Bull; T. Lynch; F. Mevs, Ass't; A. Wojatsek; C. Atkinson; J. Connolly; P. Clermont; J. Fuller.
Second Row: C. Ponder; R. White; R. Hogan; P. Singleton; M. Lefebvre; K. McGowan; J. Gauvin; D. Stairs; F. Black.
Front Row: L. Smith; C. Simpkin; P. Marchuk, Ass't; R. Pattee.

This season had its ups and downs, disappointments and highlights. We were not a strong all-around team like last year's powerhouse. However, the team had good spirit, good coaching and came through with a .500 average with a 3-3-1 record.

The offense, guided by our Hungarian All-Star Andy Wojatsek, took a while to jell into a

smoothly running unit, but in the second half of the season, the offense moved well, scoring many times. Noteworthy were the strong inside runs of backs Mevs and Atkinson, who with their second efforts, gained long yardage. Another fine player was end Bill Horricks who caught many passes for big gains. Many efforts on the line were contributed by centre Kevin McGowan and guard Mike Dixon.

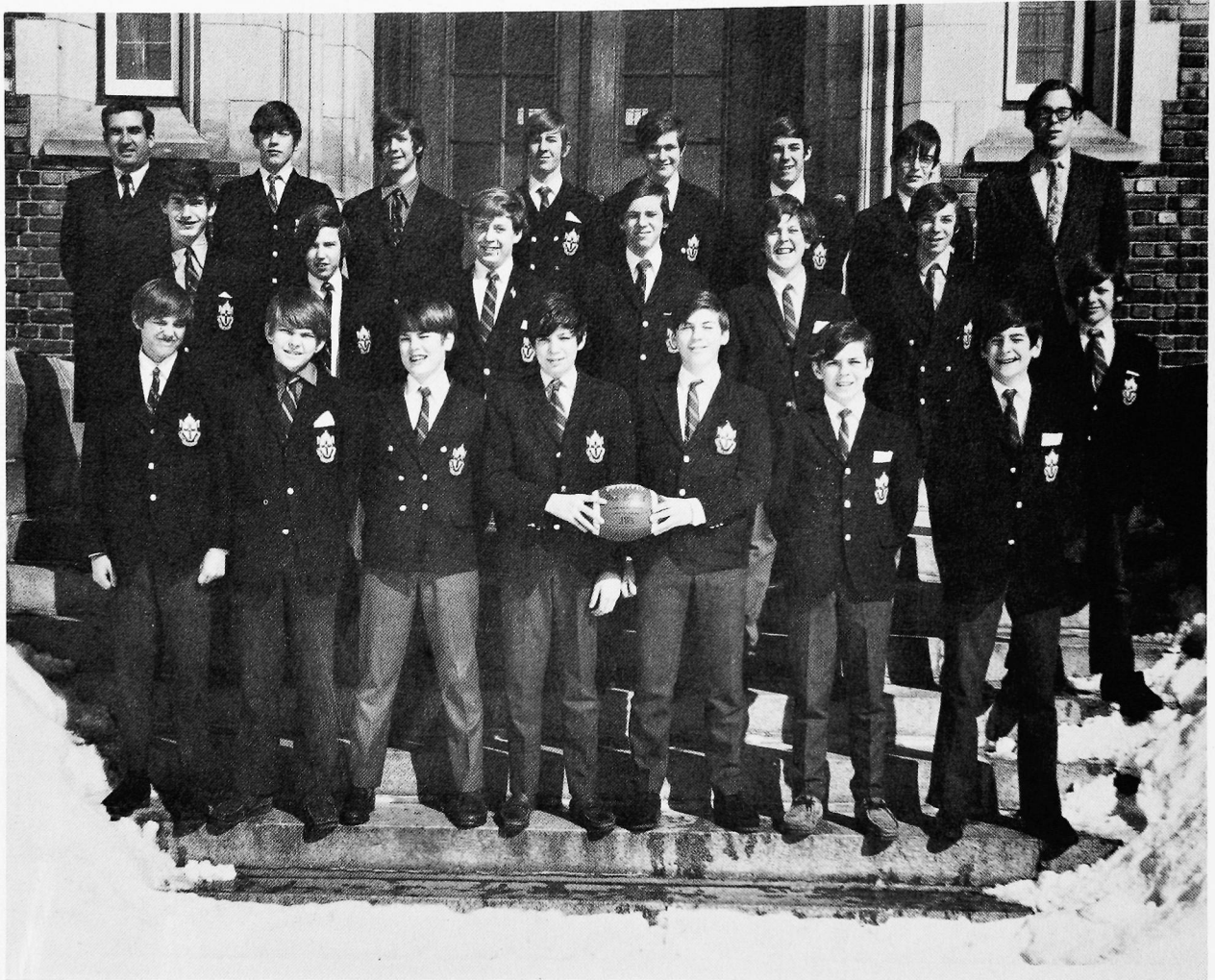
football



The last game of the season, against Selwyn House, was an excellent game in which both offense and defense played strong games. A fourth quarter 80 yard pass and run play by Bill Horricks for a touchdown assured the team of victory. This win, coupled with the 6-0 win posted in Montreal in the season's first game, made us the total point winners of the Noseworthy Cup for the first time in many years. This was an excellent end to the season.

We of Junior Football would like to thank Mr. C. Goodwin and Mr. D. Campbell for coaching our team in 1970.





Back Row: J. D. Cowans, Esq.; P. Asselman; R. Eddy; S. Artiss; A. Federer; L. Barré; J. White; B. Ander, Esq.

Second Row: M. Morris; L. Desmarais; D. Lightfine; C. Walker; R. Mayoff; M. Clermont; D. Speth.

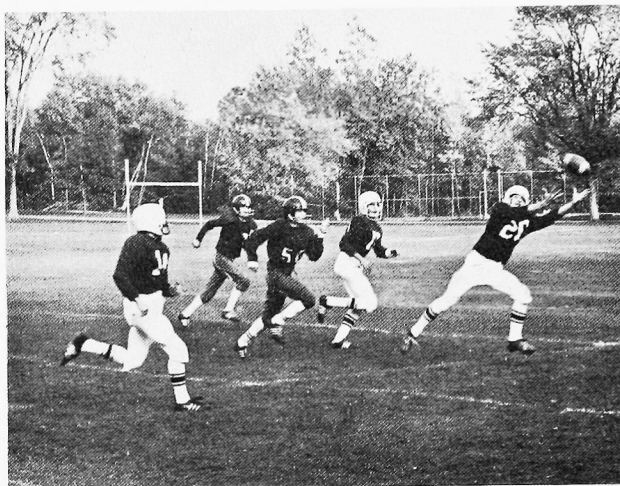
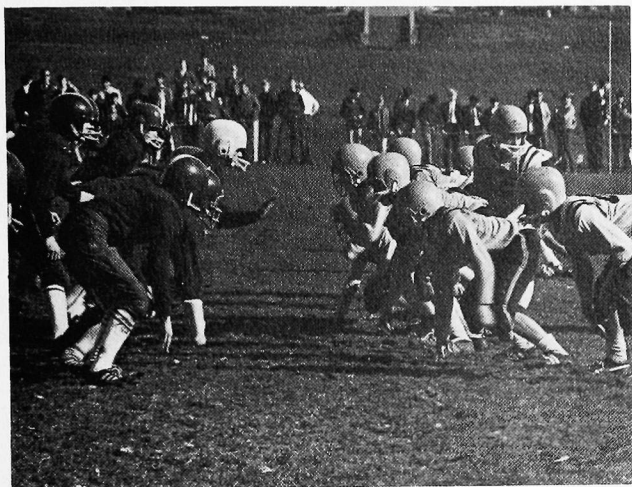
Front Row: R. Gaul; C. Ross; R. Murray; B. Ritchie, Ass't; F. Tardi, Capt.; S. Cross; T. Price.

There was a small turn out of only twenty boys for the team this year: the coaches had a difficult job. Mr. Cowans, Mr. Ander and Mr. Bédard worked hard trying to mold the team into a winning squad. The practices were tedious, for we had to be in shape to face our larger opponents from the Alexander Galt Regional School.

We had our first game against the Regional. For many it was the first game ever. We were

apprehensive, yet we went into the game with high spirits. The enthusiasm and drive of the team seemed to be lost after they scored two very quick touchdowns. We lost the game with the Regional having thirty nine points on the scoreboard, and us having zero. Later we went out again to meet Alexander Galt on the field. We were beginning to gain confidence in the sport, but unfortunately, we met defeat again. The only thing we succeeded in doing was keeping their score down to a more reasonable

football



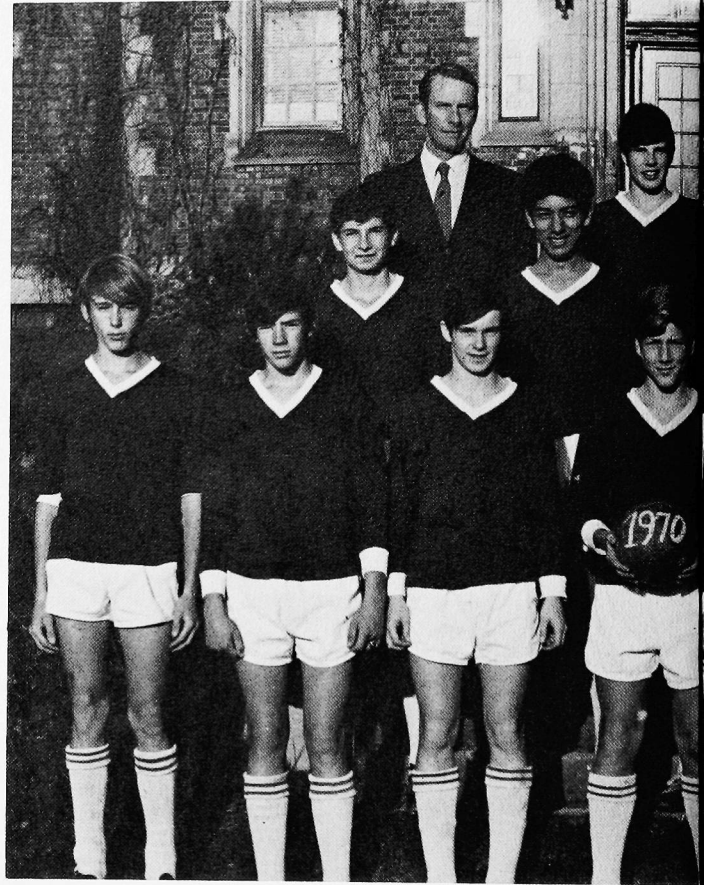
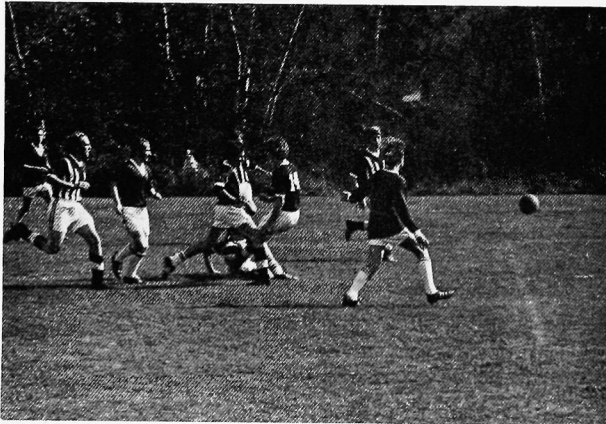
twenty-four. In our third and final game against A.G.R.S., the team had high hopes to put some points on our record. The defense, led by its captain Bruce Ritchie, held the Regional to seven points in the first half, but the second half was another story. We lost this time forty to nothing.

The time had come to show our stuff. Our final game was against Selwyn House School. Some boys from the Junior team were eligible, and they came down to aid us. One of them,

Jamie Fuller, connected with our quarter back and offensive captain Frank Tardi, to score our only touchdown of the season. This proved to be enough and we held Selwyn House six to nothing.

The season had ended in good spirit. At least we won one of our games, thus proving that we had learned much during the season. We really did improve, and for this we can consider 1970 a successful year for Bantam Football.





Back Row: The Headmaster; M. Stephen; C. McIver, Capt.; R. B. Napier, Esq.

Second Row: J. Davis; D. Marzban; J. Lindsay; G. Magor; P. Lawee.

In past years Senior Soccer Team hasn't had exceptionally successful seasons. This year, however, it was a different story. The team won its league title against teams from Alexander Galt Regional School and Richmond Regional High School, while collecting two wins from its arch-rival, Stanstead. Against Sterling, we lost 2-1 in a rain-soaked affair, but came back in our second encounter with them to win 1-0.

We had a new opponent: Northwood. We hope to play them again next year after suffering two 3-1 defeats at their hands. The

soccer



Front Row: G. Thompson; B. Salt; A. Martin-Smith; L. Kredl; T. Norwood; D. Murchison; P. Smith.



Ashbury game was a "wee" bit disappointing; we lost 1-0 in our closest game of the season. But revenge is imminent next year.

Although it was a team effort in winning the league title and many more games, we did have a few outstanding players. Alistair Martin-Smith and Tobias Norwood provided much of the forward punch while Philip Lawee and Larry Kredl held together the rather shaky defense. Mark Stephen's big (boot) foot helped us on many occasions and captain Colin McIver was a great asset to the team both as a forward and as a goal-tender.





Back Row: A. Evans; I. Stephens; T. Atkinson; G. Woodsworth; C. Law.
Second Row: B. Graham; H. Zinay; H. Simkovits; P. Wilmer; A. Outerbridge; P. R. Henderson, Esq.
Front Row: W. MacKenzie; A. Barwick; W. Pantry, Capt.; L. Thomas; R. Wolvin.

Unlike last year's Junior Soccer team, this year's group had not played together before. However, we too managed to end the season with an undefeated record. The team competed in a league with Richmond and Alexander Galt, both large regional schools, and won a close race for the championship. In addition to the traditional battles with other independent schools, we played against Northwood, situated in Lake Placid, New York, for the first time.

This year, Mr. Henderson, the senior soccer coach in previous years, came down to direct the team. He could often be seen pacing nervously back and forth along the sidelines, especially when we were plowing in shots and not scoring a goal, hoping we could not tie again.

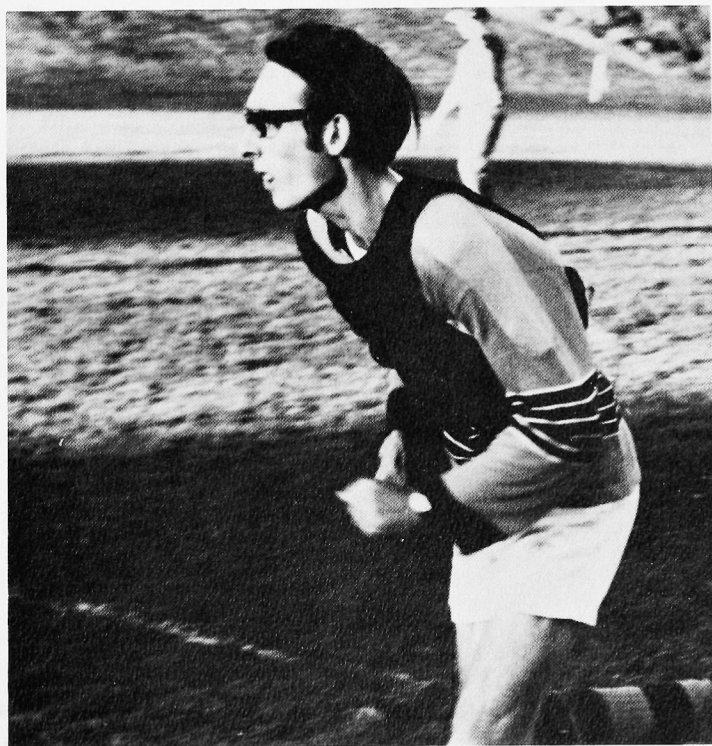
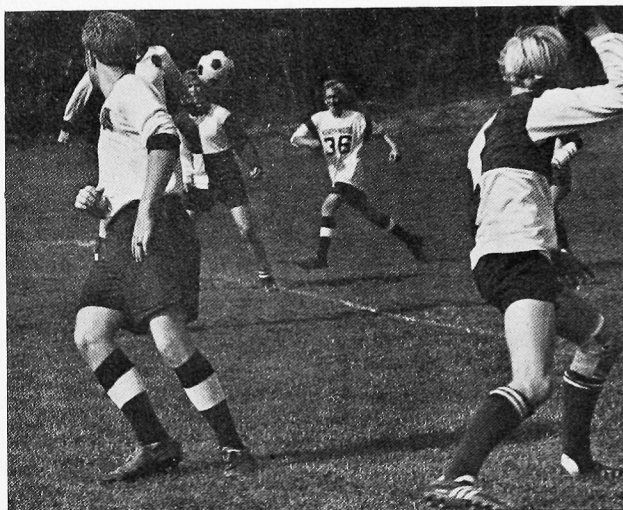
The "tieving team" was the scene of many highlights this year. Most outstanding was our record of four wins and seven ties, and also a

SOCCER

goal in the first twelve seconds scored by Mike "Putt-Putt" Zinay. Other prominent features of the team's ability were Bill Mackenzie's heading position, Al Evans' tow, Aird Barwick's acrobatics, Greg Woodsworth's disregard for his limbs, Bill Pantry's determination, and of course, Ian "Rocket" Stephens' smile. Our

competent netminder, Harvey Simkovits, played a great season.

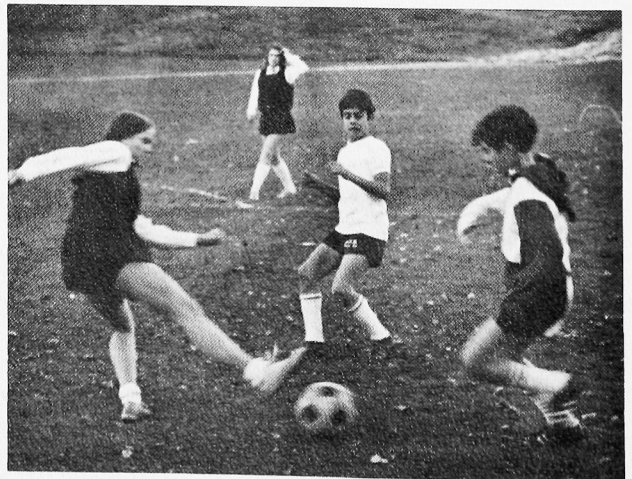
The team spirit and sportsmanship along with the excellent coaching from Mr. Henderson proved to make this year a very successful season.



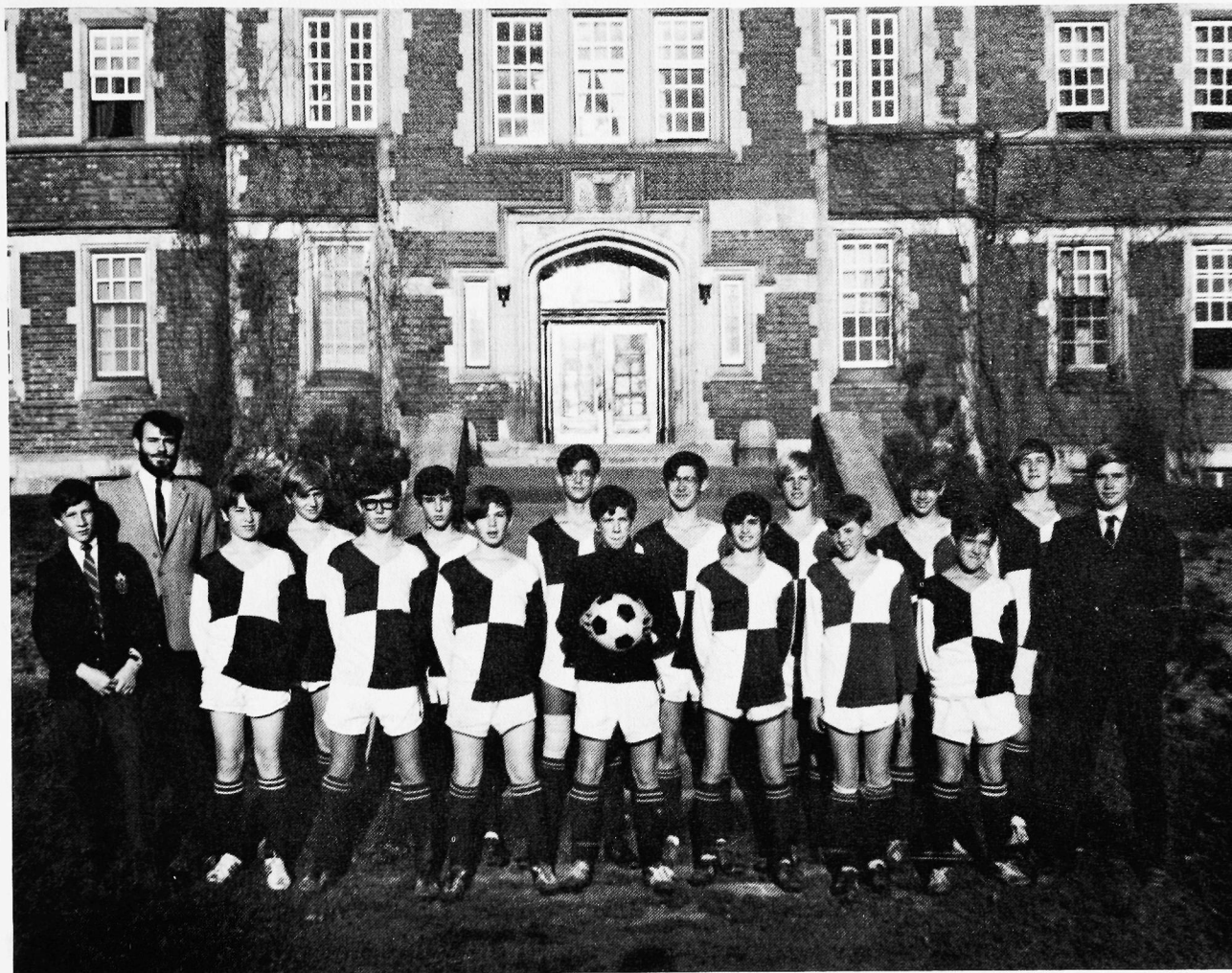
We played against the Regional Schools of Alexander Galt and Richmond High, playing two games against each. The scores against Alexander Galt were 2 - 0, and 1 - 0 respectively, and against Richmond the scores were 4 - 2, and 2 - 1. The team played two exhibition games against Stanstead as well, with the scores being 1 - 0, and 4 - 0.

This autumn the Bantam Soccer team won every game they played, a feat which cannot be boasted by any other team in the school.

Our Captain, "Butch" Martin, was a great asset to the team, giving sound advice when needed, and generally keeping the team organized. Our forwards, Peter Rich, Ben Peterson, Peter Dunn, Mark Medland, Tony Ross, and Mark Bédard did a great job, as did our full-



soccer



Back Row: J. N. Whitmore, Esq.; F. Wilmer; B. Baleri; A. Winterson; A. Martin (Capt.); M. Medland; R. Smith; G. Hallward.
Front Row: L. Harrison (Mgr.); B. Petersen; T. Ross; D. Stenason; A. Graham; P. Dunn; P. Rich; M. Bédard; J. Thatcher (Mgr.).

backs and halfbacks, Robbie Smith, Ferg Wilmer, Greg Hallward, Willy Keating, David Stenason, Greg (twinkle toes) Winterson and our star goalie (?), Tony (the Fake) Graham.

Helping the team with shouts of encouragement (and other things) was our coach J. N. Whitmore, and the coaches helper (?) Elliot B. Frosst. We are not forgetting of course our two managers James Thatcher and Leeward Harrison.



annual cross country

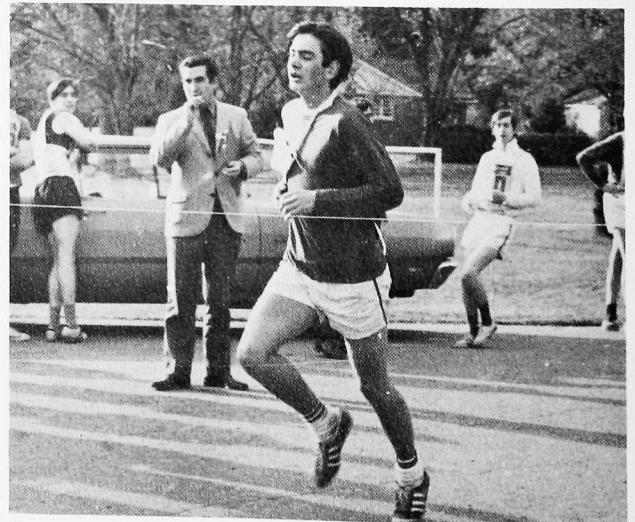
November 4th, 1970 was a beautiful Wednesday. The temperature was a cool 50° and it had not rained for almost a week. The conditions were perfect for the Annual Cross Country. It was even suggested that the record might be broken. Runners had been training for weeks, some for months. The oddsmakers had placed their bets.

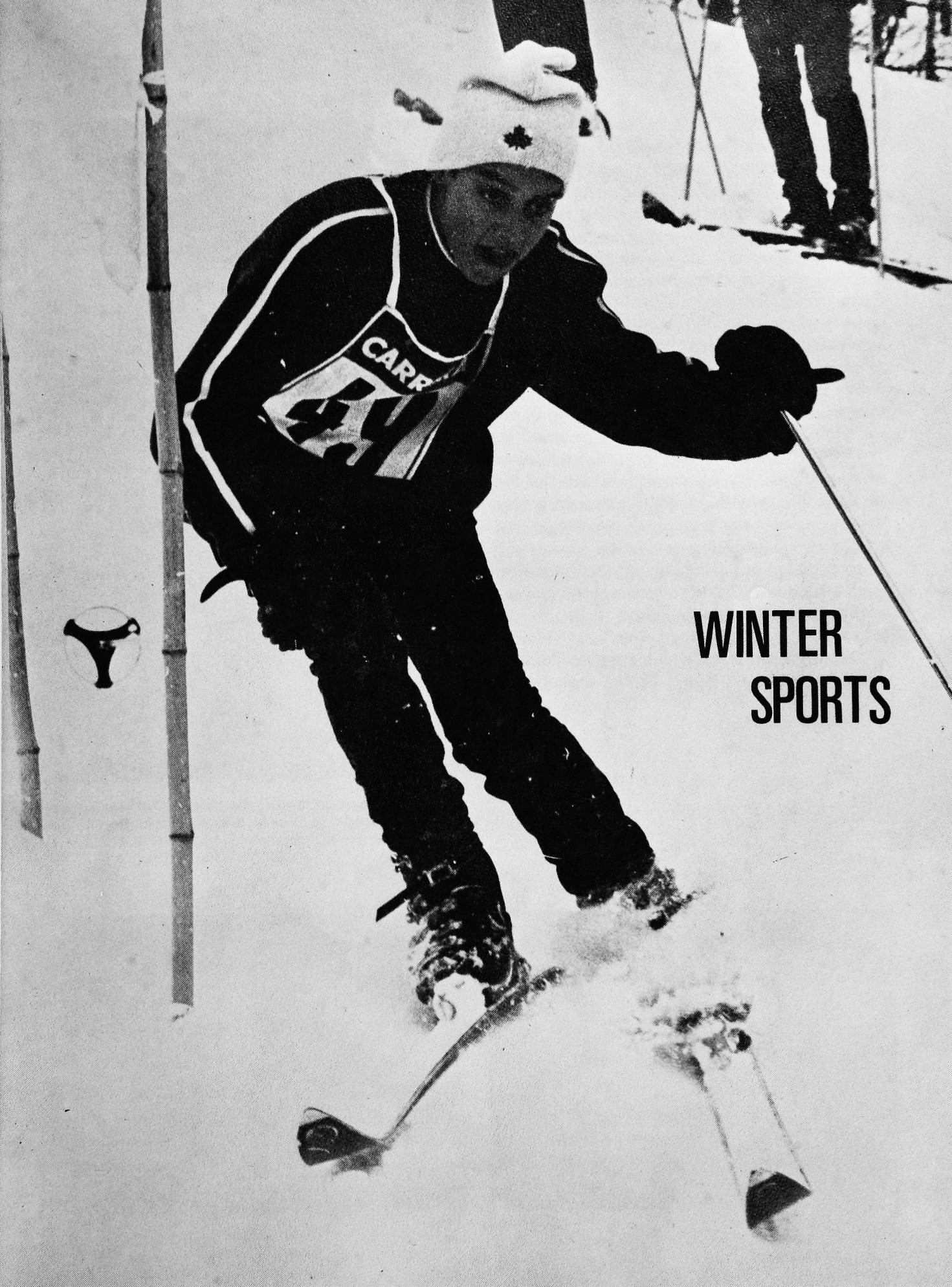
The Senior run was full of surprises. Marcel Etheridge, as expected, came in first, beating the next runner by a considerable margin. His time, 26:56 was just 25 seconds above the



record for the five mile course. To come second was Dick Menzies while Bill Howson and Glenn Goodfellow came right after. The others of the first ten were 5 — A. Martin-Smith; 6 — G. Magor; 7 — G. Mayer; 8 — J. Davis; 9 — A. Barwick; 10 — J. Daughney. Although some Smith House runners did not do as well as expected, either by others or by their own estimation, the green sweater gang did well enough to win the Senior House Shield for the second time in three years.

In the Junior run Gregory Woodsworth of Smith House beat the existing Junior record of 21:55 by 55 seconds over the three mile course. Second was Mark Bédard who also broke the old record with a time of 21:15. The other eight of the top ten were: 3 — Tinari; 4 — Keating II; 5 — Lewin; 6 — Gillis; 7 — Smith III; 8 — Asselman; 9 — Ross II; 10 — Artiss I. For the Junior cup competition, Glass House easily won with Grier House coming a distant second.



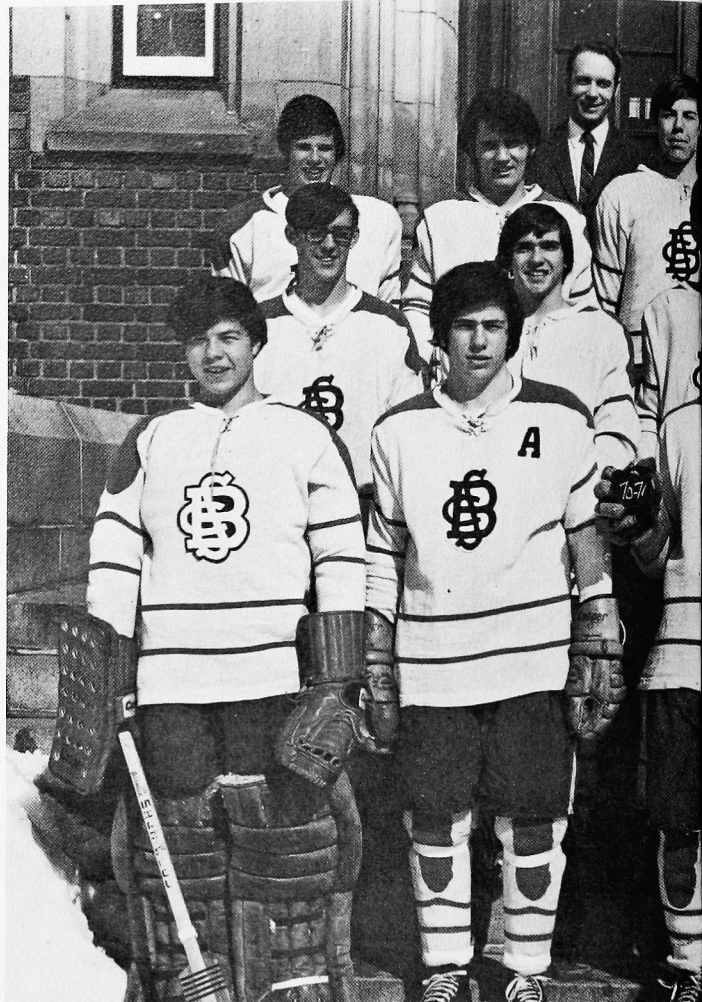


**WINTER
SPORTS**

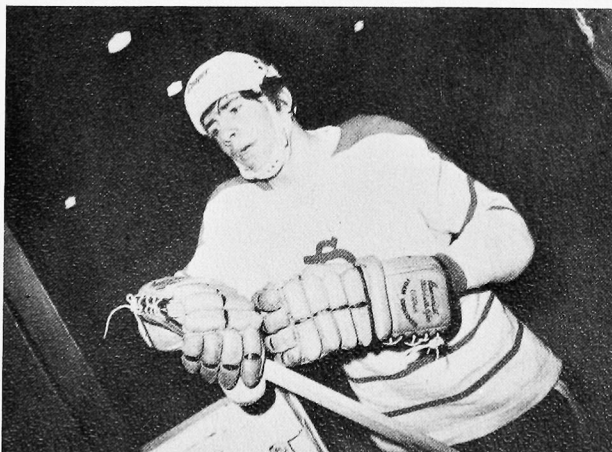
From the opening face-off of their first game the Senior hockey team was anxious to prove itself. After seasons of frustration we felt we could be "the" team, and so thus had fate marked us. Backed by the tremendous enthusiasm of the students we dug and skated and shot and scored. To the echoes of Bish cheers and yearning for recognition, the wingers and centre and defense men dented the mesh. With good goal tending and a strong defense the forwards could afford to become a highly offensive unit.

Skating onto the ice early in the season for a crucial game against Alexander Galt Pipers the team felt this could make it or break it. The result showed in the faces of the players as they greeted the human wave which flooded over the boards with congratulations. In one of the major turning points of the season the purple machine had won. Later, backed by extraordinary goal tending in their second rendez-vous with Galt the team would enjoy an undefeated league season and a ticket to the Provincial playoffs.

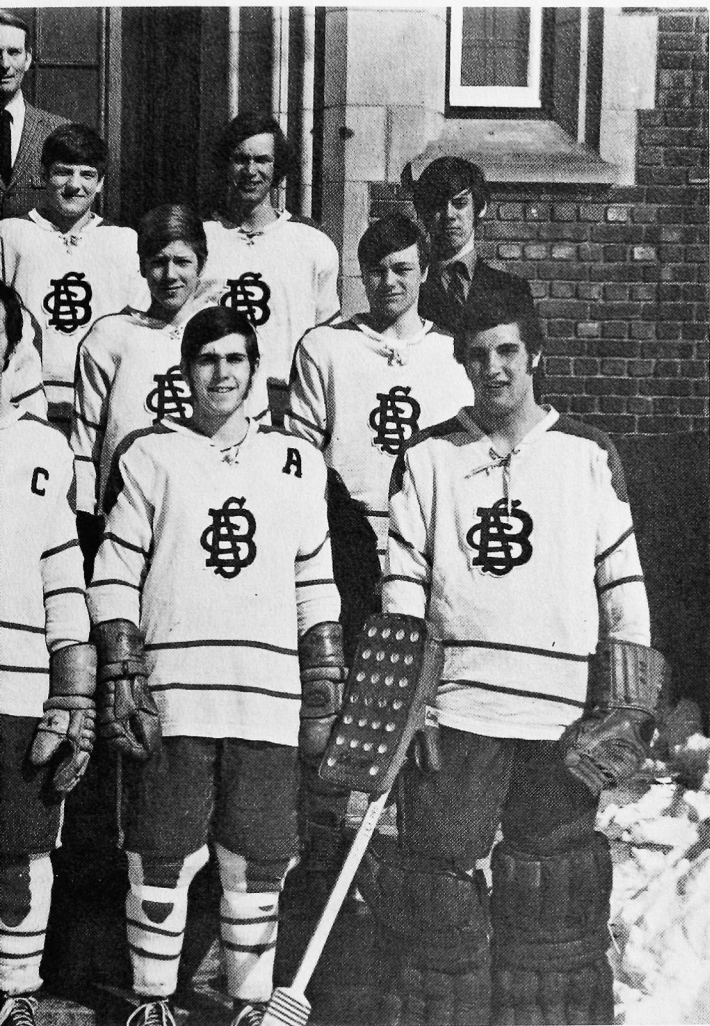
Much of our work was in anticipation for one of the hardest games of the season, that



Back Row: R. Bédard, Esq. (Coach); The Headmaster.
Third Row: M. Stephen; E. Buckle; J. Lindsay; M. Dixon;
 D. Dogherty; R. McGuire (Mgr.).



hockey

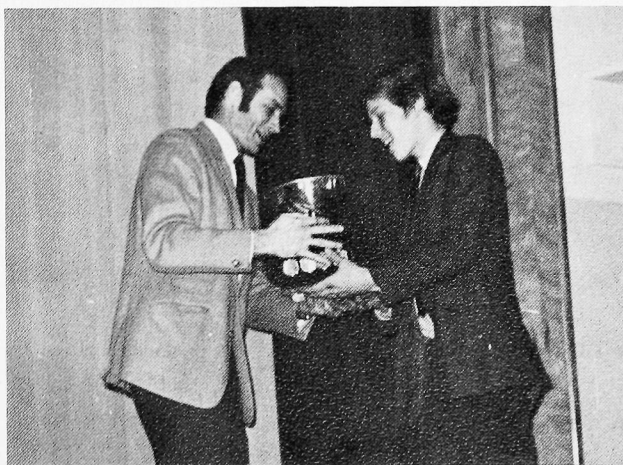
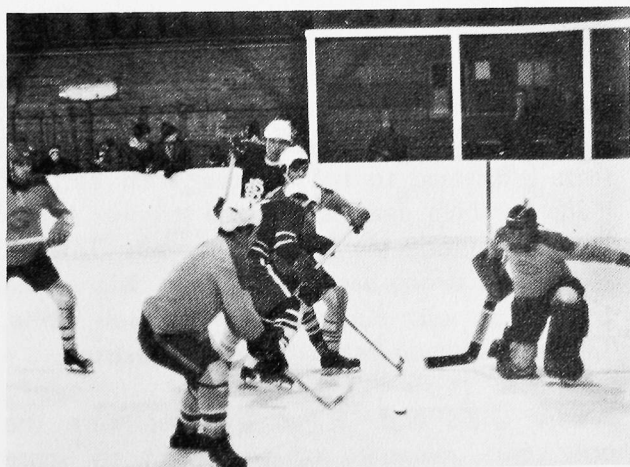


Second Row: M. Etheridge; R. Blickstead; R. Dodds-Hebron;
L. Kredl; P. Marchuk.
Front Row: C. Simpkin; P. Leger (Ass't.); R. Sewell (Capt.);
D. Barden (Ass't.); L. McCoy.

against Stanstead College. The first game which B.C.S. would win by one goal would create a totally different pattern for the team. Stanstead could not beat us on the ice and tried to do it with muscle. In a game which accumulated 60 minutes of penalties the team challenged the taboo of fighting which had long haunted the arena. Not to be intimidated the big boys stuck out for the little ones. The spirit of the team had been strengthened. Who cared if we lost the second game? We had done something that had not been done in half a decade. We had beaten Stanstead.

During the Provincials we won the first game in overtime but lost the finals. It was sad but we had come a long way.

The team had been the underdog. The little team from the little rink. We proved them wrong. I don't wish to single out any names, for if you want names you can look at those under the picture. It does not matter whether you scored one goal or a hundred, whether you won a "C" or an "A" or anything, whether you were a manager or a player or a coach. We were a team.





ABENAKIS

Back Row: M. Wright, Manager; R. Glass; I. Stephens; P. Ostrom; C. Goodwin, Esq. (Coach).
Second Row: R. White; K. McGowan; B. Salt; R. Tétrault; J. Fuller.
Front Row: M. Zinay; G. Magor; D. Lalonde, Capt.; G. Stewart; P. Smith.
Missing: S. Lewis, Ass't Capt.; J. Gillis, Ass't Capt.; A. Barwick.

The '70-'71 hockey season brought a new coach to the Abs in the person of Mr. C. Goodwin (Sugar Bear). Through his patience, understanding, and constant belief in the team, the Abenaki's completed the regular season with a 6-1-1 record, going further to win the Eastern Townships Interscholastic Junior Hockey League Championship over Mount St. Anne. The defeat of Mount St. Anne was a two game total point series with B.C.S. scoring 6 and Mount St. Anne 4. The first game was a 3-3 tie with the Abs taking the second 3-1.

The team started the year with a very strong forward squad, but the defense left a great deal of room for improvement. After the loss of Rick Blickstead to the Seniors, Rich Tétrault made the blue line staff a little stronger. When he was not dodging flying clipboards, Tétrault provided a strong backbone for the defense. He teamed up with Kevin McGowan, Bob White, Ian Stephens and Peter "Slapshot" Ostrom.

Jere Gillis and "Pigpen" Fuller were the only two members of the team to score

hockey

hattricks with Fuller the leading goal scorer with 11 season goals followed by captain Daniel Lalonde with 10. Simon Lewis and Peter Smith were two more great assets; Lewis netted 8 goals and Smitty netted 7.

The opening game of the season was against Richmond Regional High School. The Abs early in the game proved their superiority, with a complete dominance of play and went on to win the contest 8-0. Next came a trip to Stanstead with the home team pulling through with a 3-1 victory. The Juniors only loss in league play came about on December 2nd, when Mount St. Anne defeated the Abs 4-3 on home ice. The next Mount St. Anne contest in regular season play finished in a 3-3 tie. B.C.S. won both games played against Séminaire of Sherbrooke. The first game was a 2-1 squeaker, the second a 3-1 victory for "Les Abenakis". Selwyn House School from Montreal defeated the Juniors twice. Both games were hard games to lose as they were well-fought contests. The first game here at B.C.S. ended 6-5 and the second defeat was at McGill Arena 5-4.

Loyola visited the school January 23 all prepared for a victory but the Abs skated, hit, shot and scored, pulling through 6-3 with Graeme Magor doing an excellent job in nets.

The second Stanstead match was also a squeaker defeat ending 2-1 in Stanstead's favor.

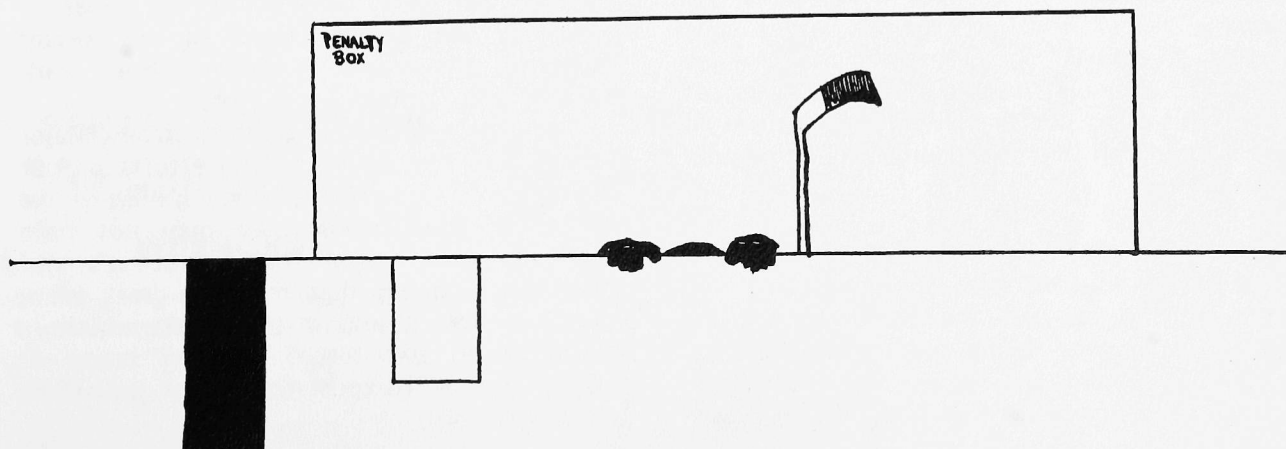
The Deerfield Junior Varsity team, from Deerfield Academy in Mass, made the trip from the U.S. and went back as the victors, defeating the Abenakis 2-1 in a fast and furious Friday-evening contest.

One of the year's highlights for the Abs was a 1-0 defeat over L.C.C. Aird Barwick scored the only goal on an assist from Dan Lalonde.

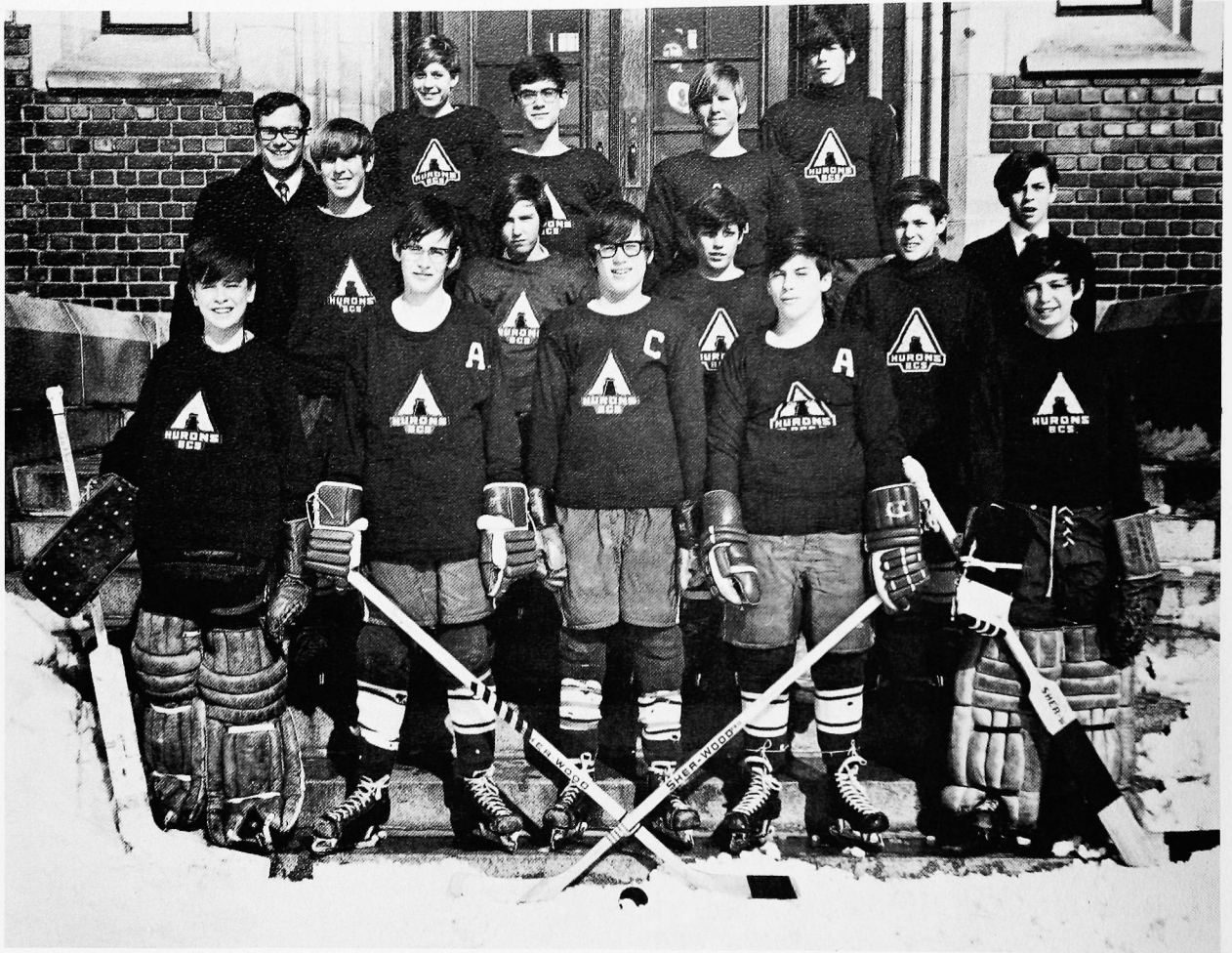
The two contests with Alexander Galt were both victories for B.C.S.; the first was 4-3, the second 4-2.

The playoffs provided a great deal of excitement as the Abs had never beaten Mount St. Anne after losing and tying the season's 2 games, but all ended well as we have said with the Abs winning the series 6-4.

In conclusion we would like to take this opportunity to thank M. Goodwin for the time he devoted and the help he so readily gave to all the players.



bantam hockey



Third Row: J. L. Milligan, Esq.; R. Lightfine; G. Winterson; M. Medland; P. Asselman.
Second Row: G. Hallward; L. Desmarais; N. Lewis; M. Bédard; S. Cross (Mgr.)
First Row: B. Peterson; J. White (Ass't); T. Ross (Capt.); F. Tardi (Ass't); B. Ritchie.

The '70-'71 Hurons got off to a good start; after losing the first contest, we came back to win the next three straight. Then came our slump. It did not last long but just long enough to prevent our team from reaching the playoffs. Although we did not earn a playoff berth this year, our team was knocked out of the running in the final game of the regular season.

Near the end of the season there were those who doubted our effort and ability. However, we showed that we were indeed trying when, after being beaten outrageously 8-1 by the A.G.R.H.S. squad, we came back against the same team and only let in a late

third period goal — the result was a slim 1-0 defeat.

While we were perhaps not a superstar team, we did possess some of the better players in the league in James White, Mark Medland and Captain Tony Ross.

With the pre-game pep-talks from Major Abbott and the undiminishing efforts of our "Beloved" supervisor, Mr. Milligan, we enjoyed a good season. We may not have raked in point after point but it's not necessarily winning that makes a great team; it is also the all-round team determination. Besides, with two other winning teams at B.C.S., you can't expect to flourish under the school spotlight.

CHOCTAWS

Back Row: R. Owen, Esq.; R. Levesley; A. Martin-Smith; W. Horricks; A. Wojatsek; B. Ander, Esq.

Second Row: R. Acres; W. Howson; A. Montano; A. Evans; S. Gilbert; P. Singleton.

First Row: M. Wright; R. Menzies (Ass't Capt.); M. Lacasse (Capt.); R. Marchuk (Ass't Capt.); J. Atkins.



SNOWSHOE

Back Row: G. P. Kelly, Esq.; R. Murphy; R. Ilsley; A. M. Robertson, Esq.

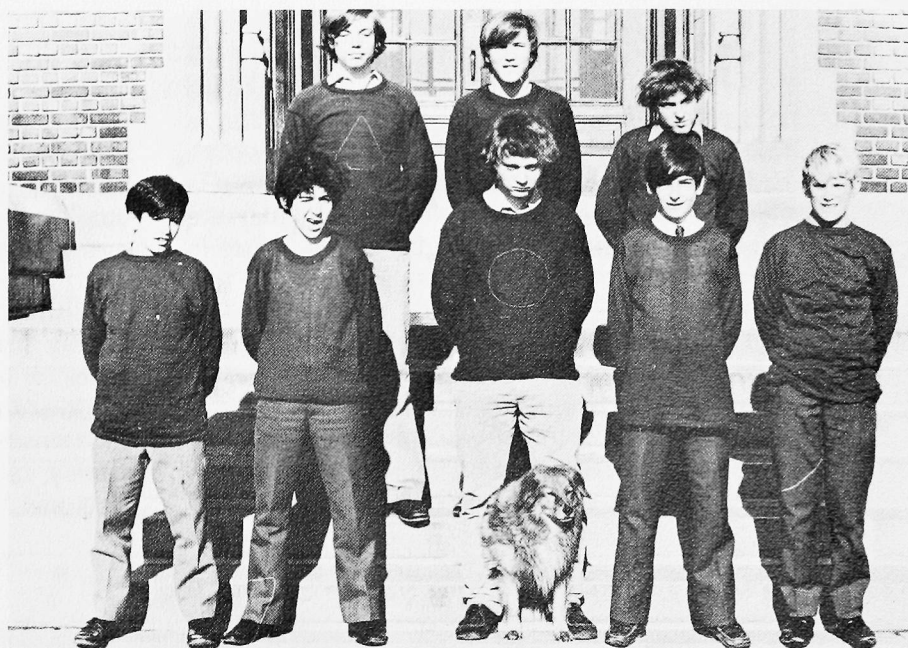
First Row: M. Ilsley; J. Miller; R. Douglas-Tourner; M. Morris; A. Martin.

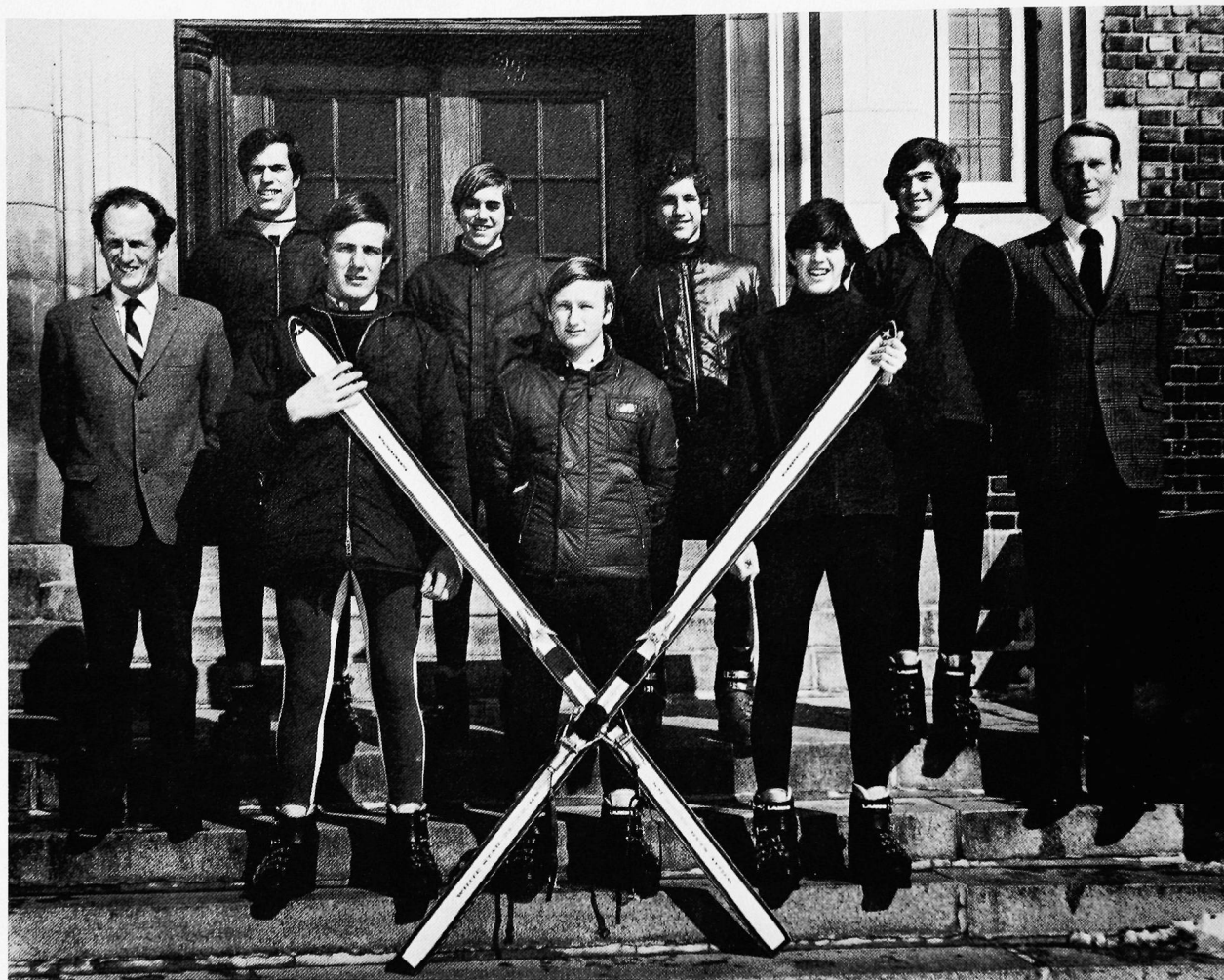
PANTRY'S PANTHERS LEAGUE HOCKEY WINNERS

Back Row: J. Gafers; W. Pantry; W. Busat.

Front Row: K. Matson; B. Rossy; P. Shorteno; T. Price; R. Large.

Absent: T. Graham.





Second Row: E. Detchon, Esq.; K. Reardon; C. Ponder; L. Smith; P. Lawee, Mgr.; The Headmaster.
First Row: G. McGee; T. Norwood; G. Mayer.

Late one November night in Glass House, a few veterans of the Ski team of old met with a new but enthusiastic coach and worked out a vigorous training schedule, something that the Ski team hopefuls have not been able to get in the previous years.

Our first meet of the season, the B.C.S. Invitational, was a bit premature as it occurred after we had been back to school scarcely a week, but with a lot of work a three kilometer course was set-up through the woods adjacent to the campus. It was strictly a warm-up meet

against Stanstead. The outcome was a good one with Norwood, McGee and Lawee placing strongly in the Senior division to beat Stanstead by a narrow margin. The Juniors, however, lost.

With a little downhill practice, due to the team's inability to hit the slopes more than twice a week, a team of seven skiers, five Seniors and two Juniors, were invited to compete in the A.G.R.H.S. Invitational at North Hatley, along with teams from Massey-Vanier Regional, Richmond Regional, and Stanstead.



Second Row: E. Detchon, Esq.; L. Harrison; J. Connolly; W. Keating; P. Wilmer, Mgr.
First Row: A. Stairs; R. Speth; P. Barakett.

The race was to consist of a two run giant-slalom with the outcome of the race based on total times. The team did quite well, placing second to Massey-Vanier, with Ponder, Reardon and Mayer putting on respectable showings.

The next race was a School Boy Cross-Country Ski Meet at Sterling, with ourselves and Stanstead invited to compete. This meet was somewhat of a marathon with the seniors having to do seven kilometers and the juniors five and, judging by the outcome of the race,

it was a marathon to everyone except the boys from Sterling who took the meet with ease. The seniors placed second, with McGee, Reardon and Frosst showing a lot of determination. The juniors lost to Stanstead with Speth placing a strong second.

The major meet of the season, the Triangle Meet, run by B.C.S. at Owl's Head, proved to be a success with five senior and two junior teams competing. The first race of the three day meet was a giant slalom in which the seniors won in a close contest. The juniors, led

by Barakett, also won. The next event was a two-run slalom which proved to be disastrous as both teams lost their first place births. That night both teams ate a hearty meal and prepared themselves mentally for the cross-country. The following day both teams did well with the juniors winning the Sutherland Trophy and the seniors placing second. Individual honours went to Norwood, who tied for the Price Trophy as the high aggregate of the meet. Many thanks must go to the master and boys whom made this meet possible.





SPRING SPORTS



Back Row: J. L. Milligan, Esq.; F. Mevs; D. Barden; G. Mayer; M. Etheridge; G. McGee; S. Kan; P. Bull; J. C. Goodwin, Esq.

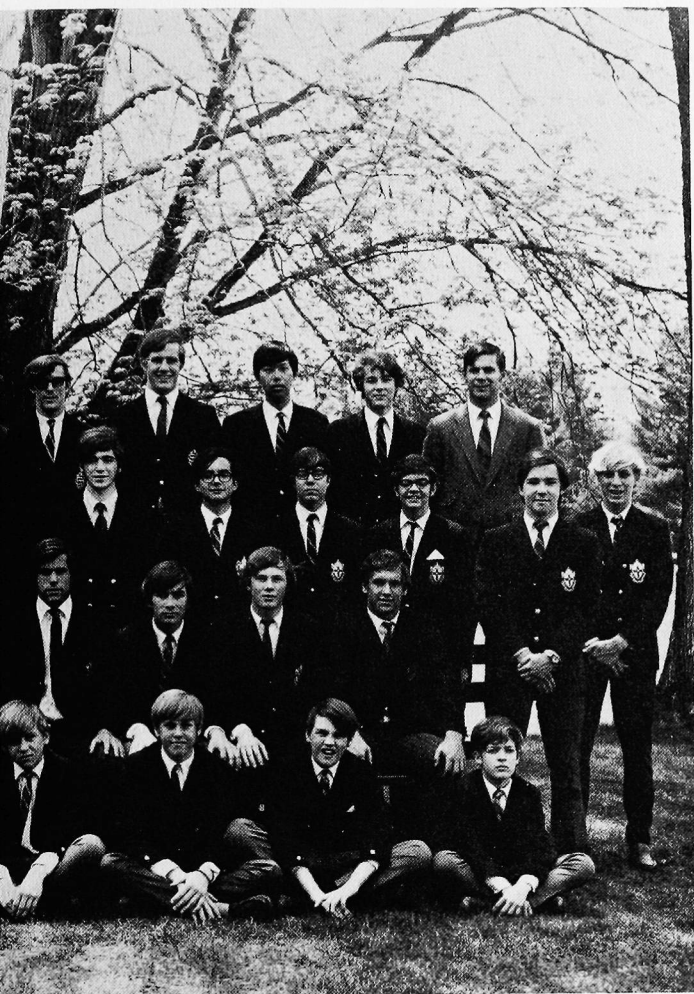
Third Row: F. S. Large, Esq.; M. Bull; W. Ghans; J. Apostolides; G. Thomson; D. Dogherty; P. Lawee; T. Kirkwood; S. Fraser; R. Haskell; F. Black; P. Wilmer.

This year was not the most successful one for our track team, but we all enjoyed our training with relatively good fitness achieved by most of the members.

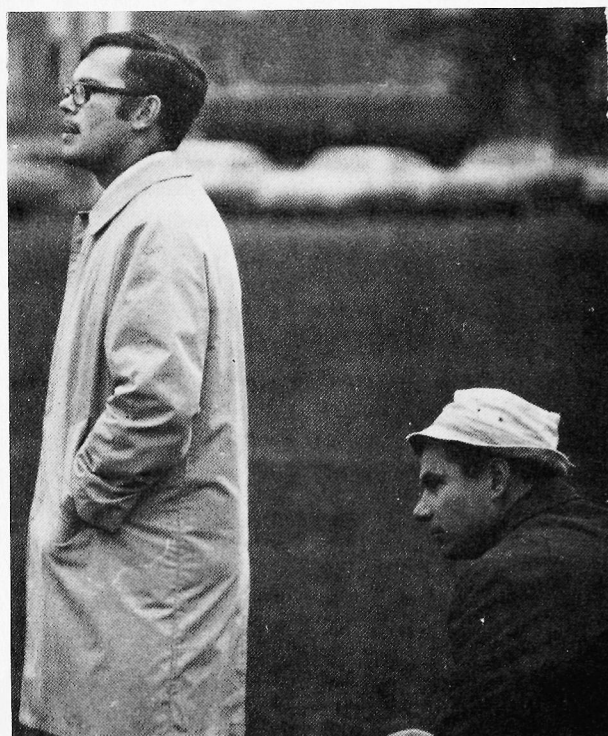
We began the year with extensive road work and indoor volleyball, organized by our coaches, Messrs. Milligan and Goodwin. For awhile in the beginning, we wondered whether or not we would get on the track. By the first week in May, when the con-

ditions were at last suitable, our assemblage of enthusiasts began their short but intensive training program.

The first meet, to be held on May 8th, was cancelled due to heavy rain. Not long after that our next meet occurred, the Annual Stanstead Track Meet, held on May 15th. Here, our success was dampened by lack of practice, especially in the field events



Second Row: S. Gilbert; J. Atkins; M. Dixon; K. Reardon; G. Woodsworth; G. Magor; L. Smith.
First Row: D. Murphy; R. Ross; J. Gillis; D. Vineberg; F. Wilmer; M. Medland; P. Tinari; M. Bédard.



and also, the tremendous odds presented by A.G.R.H.S., who presented a fine showing.

The following week we eagerly prepared ourselves for the next Saturday in Sherbrooke at the Y.M.C.A. Meet. The cold and wet weather extremes caused noticeable slipping and difficulty in the field events. Seven other schools were involved in the competition. Our performance was the best of the season. We would like especially to commend Ian Miller

for winning the pole vault and Marcel Etheridge, Kenny Reardon, Wayne Ghans, and Gordie McGee for outstanding showings in the track events.

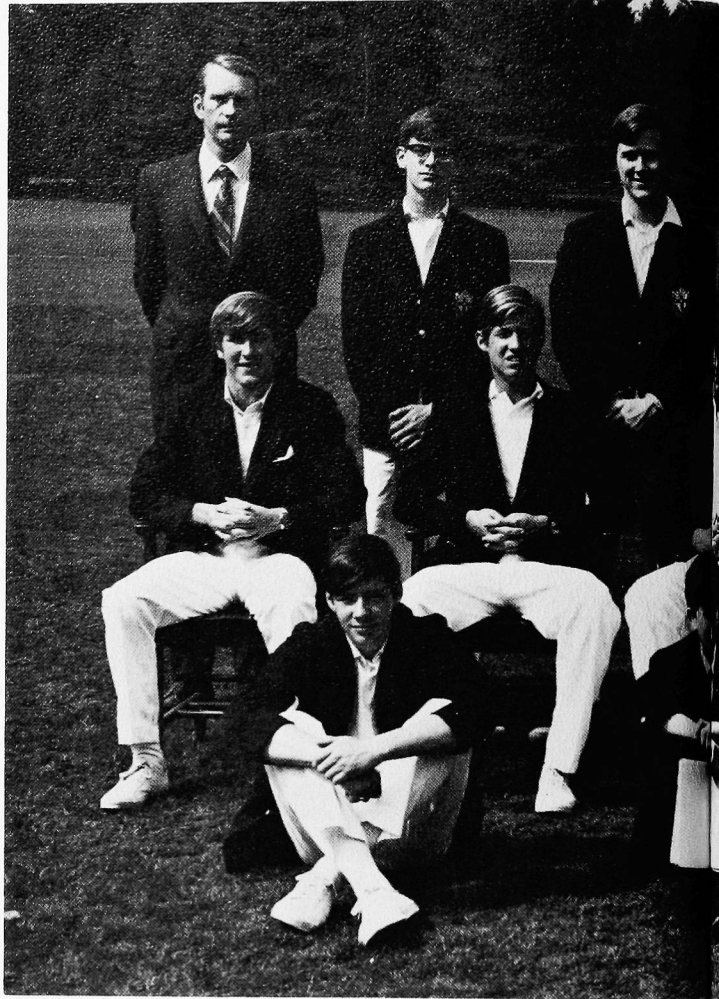
The Bantams showed great potential but lack of practice hindered their success.

We are grateful to Mr. Milligan and Mr. Goodwin for their time and effort spent preparing us for an extensive season of keen competition.

first XI

Cricket once again began with those chilly net practices in the rink. Among the chopped debris of ice we pulled together the nets and began some very shaky bowling and batting. Only five veterans from last year's squad returned and the new possibilities were being examined and re-examined. The team was chosen and it seemed to be a good group of athletes. However, we lacked in one thing — experience. Over half the team had never played a full afternoon match of cricket. For some it was just their second year. We could not be expected to give the pure concentration and confidence needed for a first-class team.

Our first two games eased the tension and prepared us for the real contests against other school teams. We first came up against the old heroes of B.C.S. cricket who came back to form the Old Boys' team. Their skills had not been lost and they walloped us. Only our very good fielding prevented us from total embarrassment. We then defeated the Masters by a slight margin from some excellent batting by Bob Sewell. Next was our Ontario tour. We left punctually right after the Cadet Parade. We spent Friday night in Kingston and continued Saturday to Ridley. We lost our bus driver who slipped and broke his hip. He was put into a hospital and our coach, Mr. Henderson, continued the ride. We were beaten by Ridley and then by Appleby College. The defeats were disappointing, but



Back Row: The Headmaster; G. Winterson; B. Sewell; L. McCoy; J. Gafers; P. R. Henderson, Esq.



cricket



Second Row: W. Pantry; R. Glass; C. McIver (Captain); R. Sewell (Ass't Captain); J. Davis.
Front Row: B. Salt; J. Gale; L. Kredl.

with Aird's new Chapman House accent and jokes the trip was certainly something to remember. Our busy schedule continued as we played the Bank of Montreal on Wednesday and then St. Andrew's College on Sunday. With a bit of a surprise the Bank of Montreal defeated us and we went on to lose our first match against St. Andrew's. Our fielding had been good all along, especially Larry Kredl who in his first year has developed into a very fine wicket keeper. Our bowlers, McIver, Davis, and Barwick, were accomplishing quite a feat by keeping the runs down even though they alone were the only ones bowling. But, there was one great pitfall — batting. We were depending on a very few of our batsman to push us through and they certainly were not shining with great brightness. Colin McIver was our most proficient batsman. Only once did Crick Glass come through. That was in our second game of the "double-header" against St. Andrew's — staying up during the game he scored enough runs to bring the game to a draw. The season ended in a bad tone with two losses against a very good Trinity College team.

It was an enjoyable year for cricket. We were a young team who progressed well and we thank Mr. Henderson for our achievements. He showed us all the fine points of cricket which will hopefully develop us into a winning team.





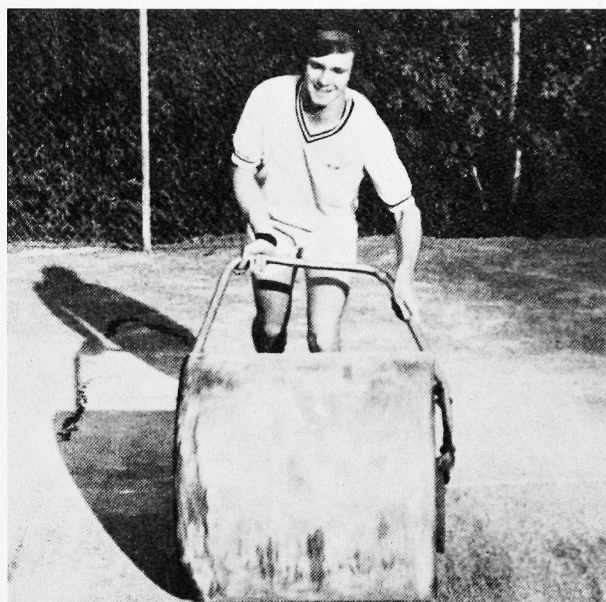
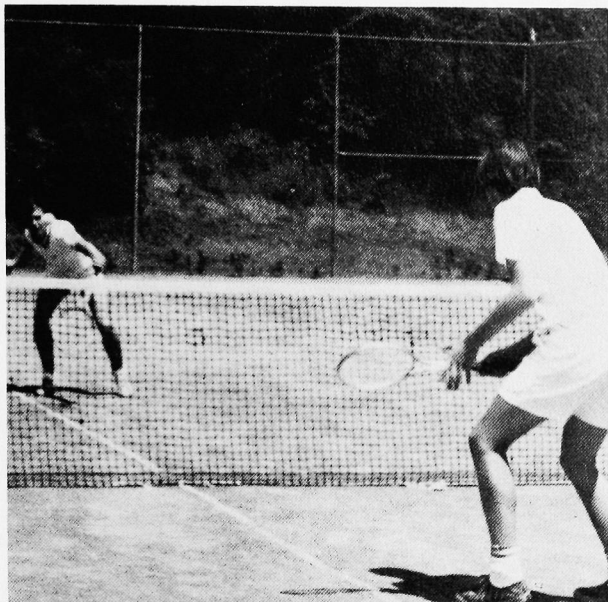
R. Tétrault; I. Stephens; R. Bédard, Esq.; M. Lefebvre; R. White; A. Martin-Smith.

With great zeal and eagerness all the promising young Rod Lavers signed up for the tennis crease, and in lieu of Major Abbott's ultimatum of "no lead swingers" numerous individuals suddenly joined the tennis crease. The arduous task of cleaning the snow and ice from the upper courts was the main exercise for the first two weeks. Eventually the courts were used with great enthusiasm by the entire crease.

After considerable play the tennis team was arbitrarily chosen by our talented but otherwise lovable crease master, Mr. Bédard. Ian Stephens, the only veteran from the previous year, was easily the number one

player. Richard Tétrault was the second singles player; Alistair Martin-Smith and Robert White were the young and unexperienced doubles players. Michael Lefebvre and Colin McIver were the late entrées for the Stanstead tournament. The former, "Boom," was especially notable for his organization.

The first tournament was held on a Wednesday against our arch enemies, Stanstead. The weather during the matches was unusually poor for Bishop's. The rain and wind played havoc with the play of both teams. At the end of the day's competition Bishop's had tied Stanstead, two matches each. Ian Stephens won his match with consistent and



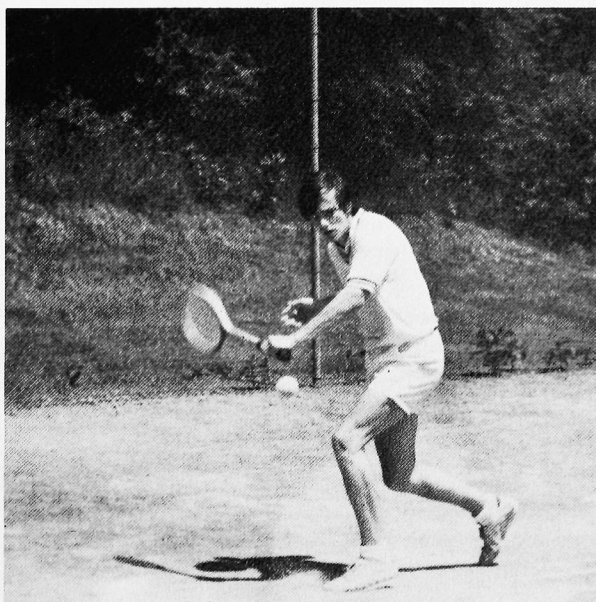
tactful playing and likewise his doubles match, teamed with Martin-Smith. Richard Tétrault lost a very close singles match to his opponent and he and Robert White were beaten in their doubles game.

Two weeks later the Bishop's squad and Mr. Bédard piled into a minibus to the border town of Stanstead. The team was a bit larger with the addition of a cricket player, Colin McIver and Michael Lefebvre. The change proved fruitless as Bishop's lost

to Stanstead three matches to one. Stephens was the only winner for Bishop's.

The team extends special thanks to Mr. Bédard, alias (...), for inspiration when we were faltering and for his helpful pointers on the finer points of the game.

In retrospect the team enjoyed tennis very much this past term and we look hopefully to next year.



squash



S. Bateman, Esq.; D. Murphy; J. Davis; C. McIver; G. McGee; T. Lynch; J. Gafers; G. Bruenmer; G. Woodsworth.

Shouts of satisfaction and frustration echoed loudly through the squash courts this year as Mr. Bateman's newly-formed squash crease attempted to learn the fundamentals of squash. Approximately thirty boys chose this crease, and soon a ladder was formed, with Gordon McGee its undisputed champion and fifteen other hopefuls stretched out behind. Mr. Bateman's active interest in the game proved to be a challenge to many of the competitors, and his excellent organization gave everyone an opportunity to play.

The squash tournament was more successful this year than last and finally two junior and senior champions were decided upon. In a tense final round McGee edged past McIver to win the senior championship, while David Murphy cruised to victory in the junior.

Thanks to the hospitality of the Montreal Athletic Association and Mr. Lynch, the seven best players on the crease were invited to compete against the junior team of the association. The tournament turned out to be a most enjoyable humiliation as all seven boys were easily defeated at the hands of the more experienced Montrealers. The pleasant atmosphere, however, and the excellent courts made the visit more than worthwhile, in spite of our loss.

The squash crease will be looking forward to a bigger and better season next year, possibly with more competition. Our thanks to Mr. Bateman for his friendly guidance and initiative in starting a crease, and his efforts were well appreciated by all.

lacrosse



Back Row: D. Campbell, Esq.; W. Horricks; C. Law; E. Buckle; D. Ardill; A. Gilchrist; P. Ostrom; A. Martin; C. Simpkin; B. Ander, Esq.
Front Row: G. Ritchie; T. Norwood; D. Stairs; R. Hogan; P. Marchuk; M. Zinay; R. Speth.

Lacrosse's third year at B.C.S. proved to be quite an experience.

At first we were disappointed to discover that our sole competitors, Sterling School, had given up all contact sports. Major Abbott managed to obtain some of their equipment including "Home" and "Away" sweaters. However they did not come into as much use as we would have liked.

The highlight of the season was the game at Howard S. Billings High School. Our opposition was made up of Indians from nearby Caughnawaga. The match was refereed impartially by Doug Campbell; the game was full of high spirits and interesting language. However, this contest resulted in our only loss of the whole season. We almost won the



match, the score at the end of the first half being 3-2 in their favour, but our rivals, who played with their own set of rules (i.e. anything goes), showed strength in the final stanza and ended up victorious. I think most of us were content to come back with our scalps intact.

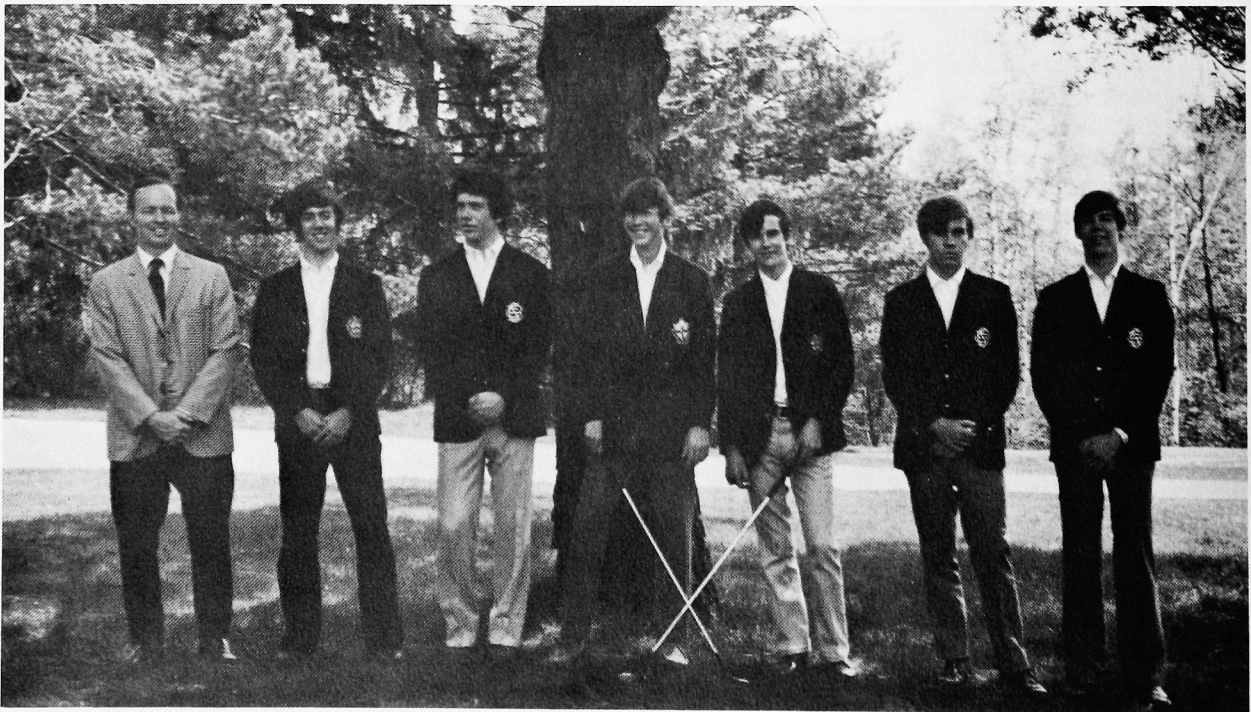
The team would like to thank coaches Doug Campbell and Brian Ander for their patient instruction. Good luck to next year's team.

landscaping



Back Row: R. Isley; P. Singleton; J. Thatcher; C. Cons; B. Synder; P. Clermont; J. Gauvin; M. Medland; M. Isley; A. P. Campbell, Esq.; D. Stenason.
Front Row: F. Torontour; N. Lewin; R. Murphy; D. Courey; M. Clermont; T. Chisholm; I. Miller; R. Levesley; J. N. Whitmore, Esq.; L. Harrison.

golf



W. Badger, Esq.; R. McGuire; P. Leger; R. Dodds-Hebron; P. Acres; D. Ross; J. Lindsay.

ACTIVITIES



student's council



Back Row: P. Smith; G. Magor; B. Sewell; A. Martin-Smith; J. Thatcher.
First Row: F. Wilmer; R. Glass; A. Montano; P. Lawee; D. Vineberg.

It finally came through. After years of discussing, compromising, and scrapping, B.C.S. has permitted the students to have their own say in school affairs. We even began by giving the formation the name-committee. Student's Committee didn't sound so vulgar and revolutionary. It was not long after that we adopted "Council" as our surname.

Our plan was not to lead Berkeley-type revolts but to take things which agitated us all. We would look into it, discuss it, and try to solve the problem. The representation of the school body was good. We had two boys representing the two junior forms and Glass House and one from each other house and form. This gave us a total of eleven, a good number to work with.

Our meeting began with ideas galore for which was to be our perfect school. Of course, a great bulk of our ideas were shot down by points which we were made to realize through talks with the masters, Mr. Large and even some of the Board Members. But not all was in vain. Needless to say, there were many things left to perfect. As a duty of ours we took on the task of organizing dances and concerts. We had a close communication with the Bishop's Centennial Theatre across the river and once we managed

to have a group bus into Montreal and see Sly and the Family Stone do their thing.

With dances and such we came across another problem — drugs. Yet what could we do? Nothing we said or any lecturer said would effect those involved. We had to find people whom the boys could talk to and believe. We investigated and found a group of guys who had been through the deal of addiction. It was a group named SPERA. They came, lived with us for a week and worked wonders. Then there is our food, something that has been a piece of controversy in this school for years. That was a problem we were going to tackle. We compiled a four page, typed, suggestion. This may have given the school second thoughts on replacing the chef. There was Earth Day too. We had outside help but together we accomplished quite a feat — cleaning up the school. We thought the Chapel needed spicing up so we obtained more student activity. There was a special "Good Friday Service" with the boys reading the story of Easter. Seniors are now giving sermons.

That's not a bad list of accomplishments for a Student's Council's first year. We still could have done a good many other things but that leaves all the more for next year.

the library



This year's library was a far cry from the one many Old Boys remember. With the inception of the Independent Study Programme three years ago, the number of reference books available to the students has soared, and along with the day's bestsellers, the Peter Holt Memorial Library finds itself sorely in need of space for its 7,000 volumes. To help cope with the influx of books, Mrs. B. Albert, formerly of St. Pat's High School, has joined the legion of librarians.

Again this year the "Honour System" has been put to the test. The result was that many books have been lost or misplaced. Also, this year, as last, there was a Senior boy on duty in the library to keep the noise level to a minimum and to "count heads" for the record.

Three times a week the Junior librarians strutted in, picked up their "overdue book slips," and sauntered out casually, intent on getting their man. As always, Mr. Cowans was

ready to prompt any boys whose memory failed them after being told by the Juniors.

Fourth form again came first in the "books issued" department, running true to form since the beginning of the complex system. But even so, it was a second former, Tass Bey, who won the Vice-Chairman's Prize for "Best Use of the Library."

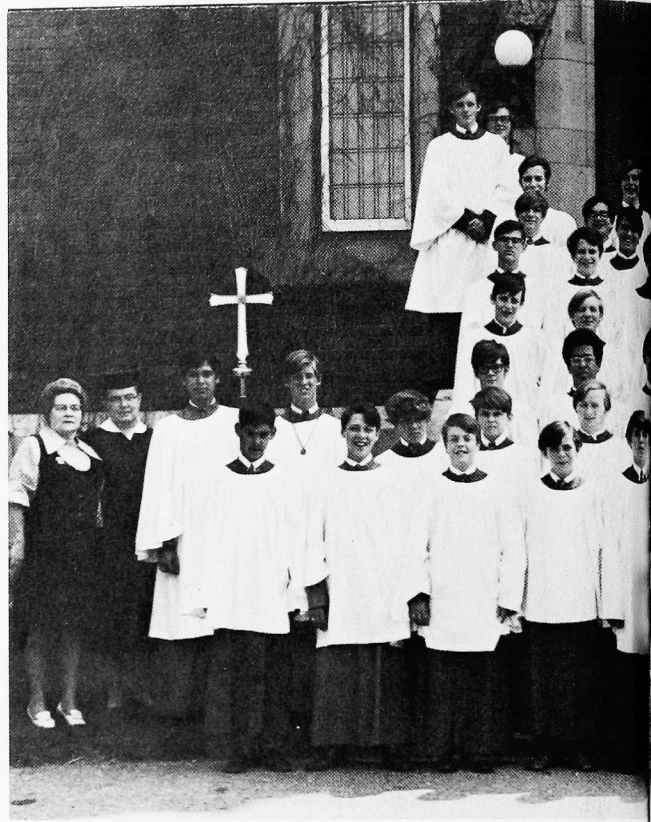
During Michaelmas term, Mrs. Allison gave the school an introductory tour of the library. Then, near the end of the year, she popped a library quiz into everybody's lap. And tricky questions they were. But through it, Mrs. Allison discovered what books were read the most, which authors were favoured, and many other vital statistics that libraries thrive on. And the students learned how to use the library.

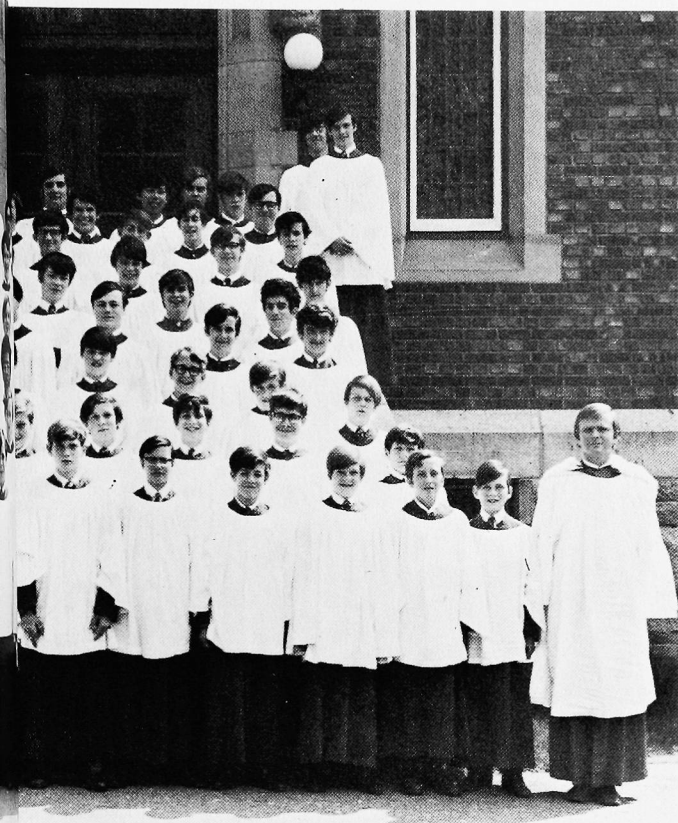
Looking back on the past year, we realize the unselfish work put into the library by the librarians and the masters, who, for the most part, remained hidden behind the scenes. And we thank them.

There were several new additions to chapel life at B.C.S. this year. As usual, the choir performed superbly under the able direction of Mr. Cruickshank, who never lost hope. Thanks must also go to the two ladies behind the scenes, who give endlessly of their time to the general well-being of the choir. Mrs. Brady, who always jumped mercilessly upon those without choir ties and black shoes, was responsible for the clean robes and white surplices we saw in chapel every Sunday. Mrs. Bell, gifted with inexhaustable patience, helped the choir through many a dismal practice. Most of the trebles were new boys and thus the choir had to depend mainly on a two tenor, two bass arrangement for its more difficult pieces.

The carol service, a few hours before the Christmas holidays, was as usual a great deal of fun. The choir sang flawlessly, the readers read errorlessly, and a good time was had by all.

In February, we had a combined Evensong service with Compton. The choirs also were





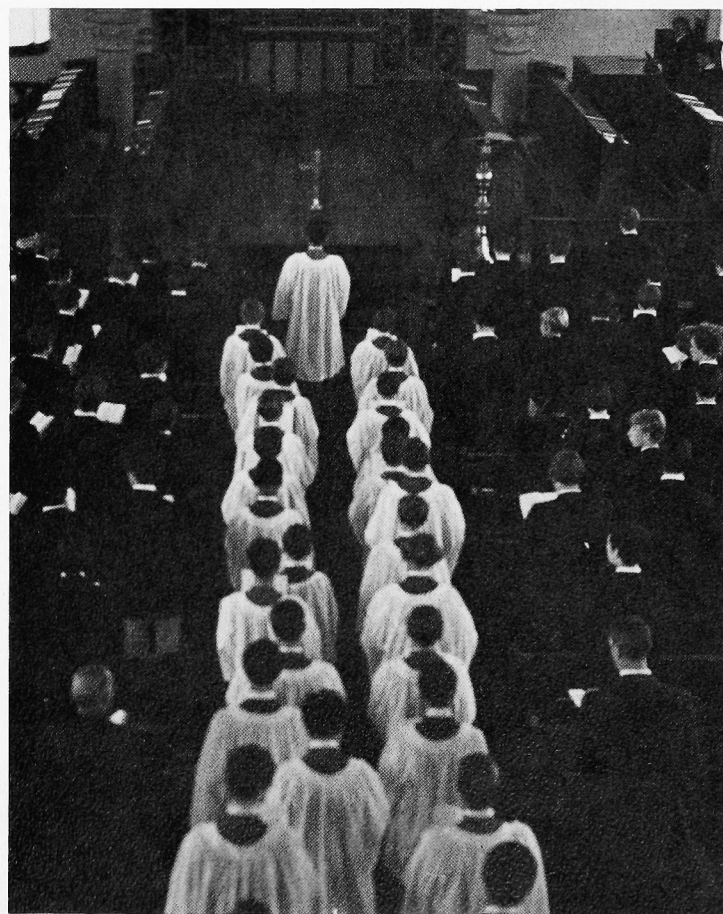
combined. Mr. Max Arthur of the Grenfell Mission was the guest speaker on this occasion. He showed a good selection of slides showing the Mission's work in the North Shore St. Lawrence River region. A few slides even revealed a face quite familiar around.

Rather than the normal Good Friday service this year, under the direction of Mr. Greer, fourteen boys read, in dialogue fashion, the story of Jesus' last few days. It was a change that the congregation appreciated, and all those who took part benefitted from.

Again in April, we had a guest speaker, Rev. John Prince, a student at Bishop's University. From his personal experience, he told us of his life as an English, white clergyman in the middle of an Indian reservation in Northern Canada.

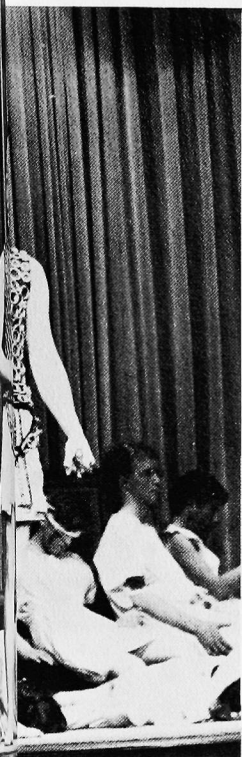
Sundays in May were quite eventful as far as chapel activities are concerned. Bishop Brown presided over his final confirmation service at B.C.S., before retiring as Bishop of

Quebec, May 23rd, saw Mr. and Mrs. Robertson's son christened in a service many of us had not participated in previously. Also, the same day, a seventh former, Doug Ross, gave the sermon. He presented a good topic, "How to go about getting changes," which he handled well. In the course of his sermon Ross mentioned that if a sixth or seventh former has something to say, he should be allowed to use the pulpit to do so. The following Sunday, Dick Menzies took him up on his proposition and also delivered a fine sermon. If we see more of this next year, the chapel will indeed advance further in its quest for more interesting services.



Peter Ustinov's "The Unknown Soldier and his Wife" may not have been the ideal choice for a B.C.S. production, but despite all difficulties and counter-forces, expected and otherwise, the final result was an undoubted success. After working on this masterpiece of organized confusion for almost six months, under a patient and tireless director, Mr. Rod Lloyd, a few of the leads had their first opportunity to perform before an audience. On April 24, the first scene of the second act was put on in the theatre workshop at Bishop's University and was surprisingly successful. The following Thursday, after the arrival of carloads of props and costumes, and after a solid week of four hour rehearsals, the first performance hit the B.C.S. gym. Despite one small foul up of lines, the performance went smoothly and was generally enjoyed by the students and the few outside visitors. Little did the cast and director know then that the following night the play was not going to run quite so smoothly.



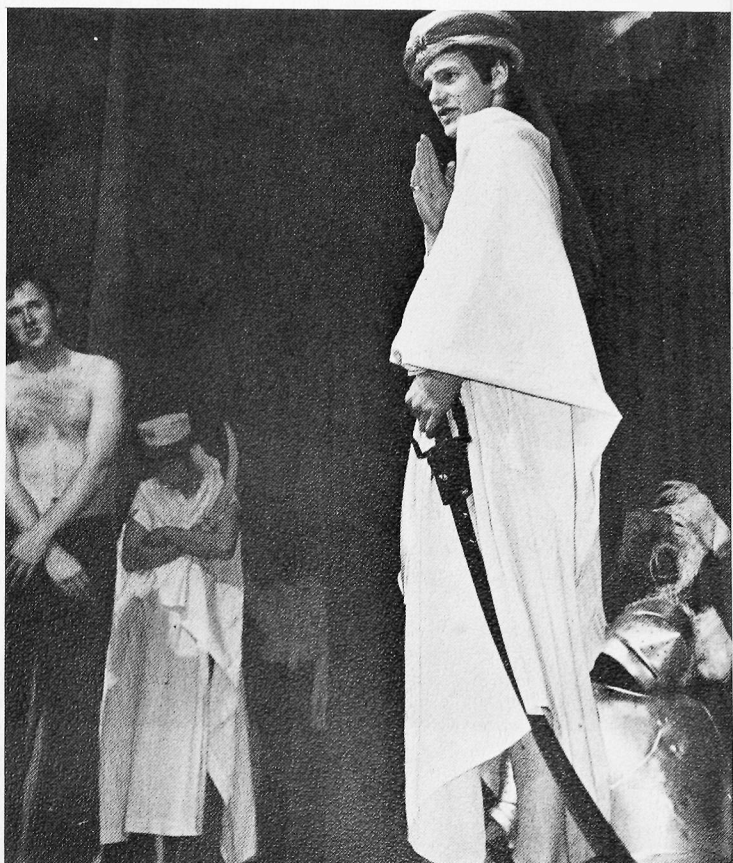


action never slowed down. I don't think there was a practice where we weren't reminded that if the action died for only one moment, the play would die with it. And it most certainly never did die, in fact it was lively to boot. But above all, the cast is to be commended for the job that they did, as it was by no means an easy one. I don't feel that anyone else could have done a better job, and I therefore feel that you should recognize Brian Sewell, Ian Stephens, Alistair Martin-Smith, Kevin McGowan, Doug Ross, Henry Havas, Nick Woodsworth, Caroline Delva, Jane Derrick, (both girls from A.G.R.H.S.), Wayne Ghans, Lee Harrison, Myles Frosst, Andrew Graham, David Courey, Peter Marchuk and Fergus Wilmer for the excellent job they did.

A word of thanks should also go to Mrs. Cowans and Mrs. Detchon for make-up, to Mr. Whitmore for lighting and sound, to Mr. Detchon and his stage crew, and to Mr. Evans for his assistance in all parts of the production.

Eight hours before the performance, word was out that our faithful bugler, Wayne Ghans, had been struck by the plague of German Measles which had just hit the school. As if this wasn't enough, our supposed audience for the night, the girls from King's Hall, did not, for reasons apparent, wish to expose themselves to the epidemic and, consequently, left us with a minor problem. The buglar tragedy was overcome by two other soldiers who took on a few extra lines and were able to cover up for Wayne. Unfortunately, audiences are harder to come by than buglers. But the show must go on (even if nobody's looking) and on it went.

There was never a dull moment, on or behind the stage. Thanks to the commendable efforts of Jay Thatcher, the stage manager, what could have been chaos backstage was kept minimal. As for the show itself, Mr. Lloyd is to be thanked above all, for the fact that the



For its 1971 production, the Lennoxville Players presented "The Mikado" at the Bishop's University Centennial Theatre on the 11th, 12th and 13th of March.

Rehearsals began in the B.C.S. Assembly Hall in late September, then moved to the gym after Christmas. They were held on Wednesday evenings and by seven-thirty p.m. a group of fifty, including eleven B.C.S. students, had gathered from the surrounding area to sip coffee, chat, and most important, to sing. Many familiar faces were seen this year in major roles, such as Dorothy Hewson, Bernice Besson and John Bertram. However, both the male and female lead roles were taken by newcomers. John Prince of Calgary played a lively Nanki-Poo and Jean McDonald of Compton, was well-cast as the heroine, Yum-Yum. There were more B.C.S. students in the production than there have been in the past. Ian Beard-



more, Alan Evans, Elliot Frosst, Richard Haskell, Tim Kirkwood, Gordon Ritchie and Mike Zinay comprised the entire tenor section while Lyall Davies, Alistair Martin-Smith, Lyle McCoy and Brian Sewell made-up a large portion of the bass section. The four guards were played by Jean Gauvin, Sass Khazzam, Ian Miller and Ken Reardon, also of B.C.S., and Derek Park was cast as the clown.

Many masters and boys proved to be a tremendous assistance "behind the scenes". Eric Detchon acted as Stage Manager while John Whitmore and his crew did a fine job on the lighting. Set Decoration was handled by David Morgan and Alex Robertson while Nan Detchon was invaluable as our accompanist.

During its three-night run, Saturday was by far the best, both in respect to the audience, as well as the performance itself. Many people worked hard to make the play the success it



Upon our return after the Easter holidays, we took a crash course in talking, walking, make-up and general acting for the performance date was set at the following Saturday. The set, we discovered to our amazement, had been masterfully decorated, and with our gaudy costumes the whole production picked up. After an exhausting week of rehearsals the play came off. Patsy Thompson and Daphne Wainman-Wood from Compton and Dick Menzies from B.C.S. were the three leads. Also from B.C.S. were James Davis, Colin McIver, Al Evans, John Gale, Scott Fraser and Ian Scott.

We of the male cast would like to thank Miss Hewson for her direction and taxi-service, Mrs. Campbell for the sounds (and sights), Miss MacDonald for the set, and Miss Cummins for the costumes (hers included). Despite everything said above, it was enjoyable, and we hope you will try again next year.

was and special credit goes to the two directors, Ross Paul and Harry Dutton, as well as the producer, Lewis Evans. We hope that next year's production is that much more of a success.

Relations between Compton and B.C.S. underwent a vast improvement this year as these two schools jointly produced "Quality Street" by John Barrie. One day in late November a select group of extremely fortunate boys went over to Compton for their first rehearsal. Then, the play did not seem particularly impressive — a semblance which may have influenced the cast's decision to limit the performances to Compton.

Throughout the winter term relations were strengthened as each Sunday afternoon was spent in rehearsal — an arrangement which did not seem to perturb any of the boys.



Agora's sole purpose is to gain experience and confidence in public speaking and debating. This year, we feel that this purpose has been accomplished. There were twenty "in-school" debates and in most cases it was the first try for the debater. All of those who were active in this year's club gained this valuable experience of public speaking and debating.

This year, Agora was in many more competitions than ever before. B.C.S. is part of the Eastern Townships Debating League and there were many debating evenings between the five schools. (Others include: Stanstead College, Alexander Galt, Richmond Regional, King's Hall). This year the league offered a trophy to the best team in a round-robin of debates. Dinyar Marzban and Douglas Ross were representing Bishop's at this encounter. We won the trophy by a large margin.

Agora sent representatives to the McGill Debating Tournament, which includes some twenty-three schools. Our debaters were Tony Graham and Myles Frosst for the Affirmative and Scott Fraser and Alan Federer for the Negative on the resolution, "Man should seek commitment rather than Freedom." The teams met competition from Upper Canada College, Ridley, Appleby, U.T.S. and others. Unfortunately, Fraser and Federer did not win any debates, but this was their first time in tough competition. However, Myles Frosst and Tony Graham won the Tournament and the Dr. Cyril James Trophy.

In March, Bishop's University held a debating tournament consisting of seven schools. B.C.S. sent Tony Graham, Myles Frosst, James Thatcher and Alistair Martin-Smith. We did not do as well as we expected and had to settle for fourth place.

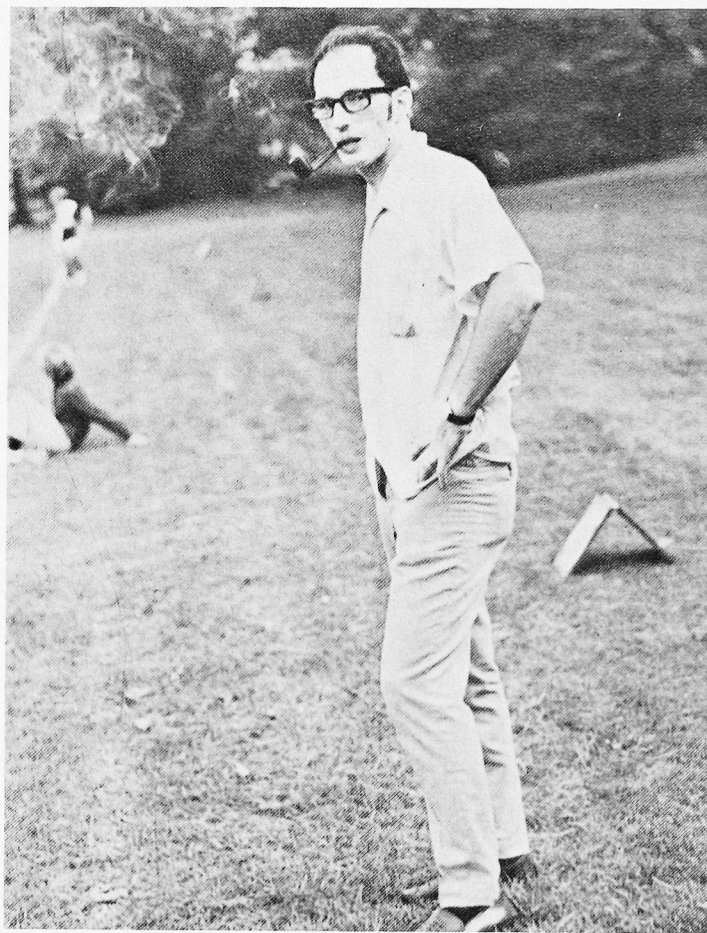


Tony Graham and Myles Frosst won their way to the National Debating Seminar to represent the Province of Quebec with three other debaters. It was held in Port Hope, Ont., and then carried on to Ottawa. It lasted for five days and both Frosst and Graham had a great experience. Myles did not do as well as he hoped, but Tony Graham ranked 16 out of 58, and won the prize for the best speaker from the province.

Agora also took part in the Plymouth Model United Nations in New Hampshire during the third term. Representing us was Alan Federer, John Gale, and Jean-Paul Duquet. The assembly lasted three days and all three boys did a great deal of debating. Alan Federer came second in the whole tournament and won a plaque for the best speaker in his committee. There were three committee topics — Red China's Entrance into the U.N., Middle East Question, and Human Rights. There were forty-two in each committee. John Gale came in the top six of his committee. These boys will stage next year's Model United Nations at the school.

There was also a Model United Nations held at the school this year. It took place on April 23 and the chairman was Kevin McGowan. King's Hall and the Galt sent delegates along with the B.C.S. students. There were 28 countries participating in this lively and amusing assembly. The main theme of the Assembly was "Hijackings." Many people enjoyed this Assembly very much and are looking forward to the one next year.

There were many other things that went on this year in one of the most interesting clubs in the school, but as you can see, a great many people experienced debating and public speaking this year. We are all looking forward to next year and would like to thank the masters in Agora for all their help.

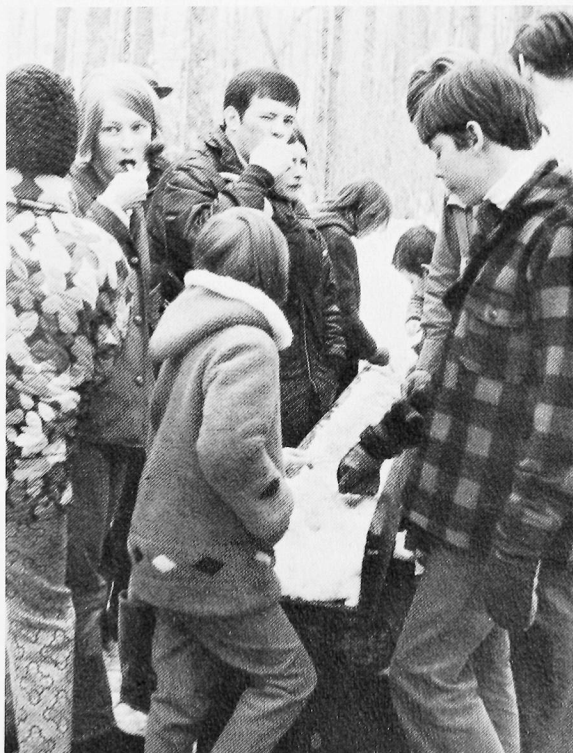


social services

It was during one of those dreary, gray, seemingly endless rainy spells in early November two years ago, in the Blickstead-Gurney dorm in Williams House, that Art Campbell and several students, sitting around drinking coffee and discussing whatever they felt like, started talking about the possibility of B.C.S. students forming their own Social Service group. Two months later, after much getting together and organization on the part of Mr. Campbell, the idea became a reality and the Social Service activities group was launched. There were several changes this year, the biggest one being the shifting of the majority of children that the group helps with studies from Cookshire to Huntingville, a scant four miles away.

Whereas last year the oldest child being helped was twelve years old, boys and girls of up to seventeen were coached this year. This proved slightly more difficult, for in some cases the student in question would be up to four years behind in certain subjects.

Organization was made a great deal easier this year, for although many more people were involved on both sides, the fact that the



children were not all in one home, but split up in smaller houses into groups of five or six, allowed us to form regular groups which would go to the same house each week, driven by the same master each week. In this way, to a far greater extent than was possible last year, a real relationship developed between tutor and child. It was thus far easier to get to know the child's general character and learning difficulties.

Although the Social Services organization would have been impossible without the weekly active participation of the thirty-five students from B.C.S., special thanks must go to Messrs. Campbell, Owen, Napier and Large who unfailingly gave us one of their all-too-few free evenings each week in order to drive us to and from the houses, and to George Bruemmer and Clive Law for organizing and assisting the children when they came to use the B.C.S. rink each week during the winter.

Social Services for the 1970-71 year wound up with a very successful sugaring-off party held at the farm of Mr. David Cruickshank.

dining hall

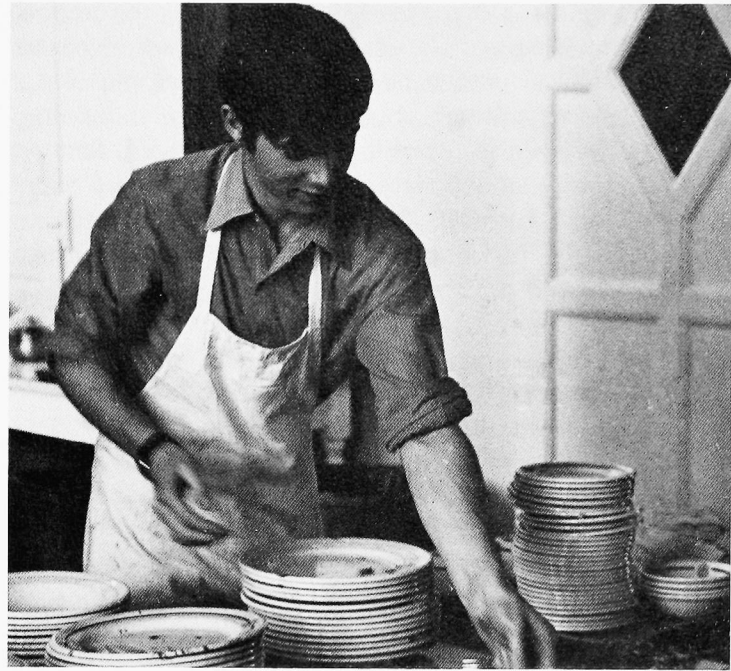
In the past years we have eaten our meals in basically the same way as meals were eaten here many years ago. In fact, save for minor changes, the dining hall stood out as one of the constant unchanging features of the school. Any old boy visiting us would not have to stretch his imagination very far before he could remember himself sitting at one of the tables, being reprimanded by the head of the table while thrashing around the barely edible food.

Happily this situation has finally changed, cafeteria meals have now replaced the sit-down meals almost completely, and at the same time the food has improved.

Willy Badger still holds his position of dignity over the head table, but the room he surveys has changed some; chairs have replaced the benches at the tables, accoustic tiling covers the ceiling, and two "Jet-Spray" drink machines have been installed. Even the atmosphere has changed for the better; now meals can be looked forward to as a time for friends to gather together and enjoy a leisurely meal.

Behind Willy, in the kitchen, more changes have taken place. A fan has been installed over the grill on the dining hall level, thus enabling foods to be cooked here that normally would have become cold and soggy from their trip from the kitchen. The food itself has also improved, thanks to our new chef, M. Lacroix.

But perhaps the most important change can be found at the end of the "food-cycle" — the washing up. Boys from the school are



now working in the kitchen, washing and stacking dishes, in an effort to expand the kitchen's budget, thus providing even better food. And our efforts have been rewarded to some extent; after all how many boarding schools serve Boeuf Bourignon or can afford to make their own chocolate eclairs?

Who to thank? The predominant figures are Mr. Badger, the dining hall committee, the student's council, and of course M. Lacroix. But without the co-operation of the whole school, this new system would not have been possible.



This year the 5th form and the school management faced the prospect of a winter carnival with a new outlook. To supplement a rather meagre budget of ticket sales and "voluntary" contributions, the school donated a very substantial sum towards forming a really good carnival. No longer would we have to settle for a half-rate band obtained through Donald K. Donald or such.

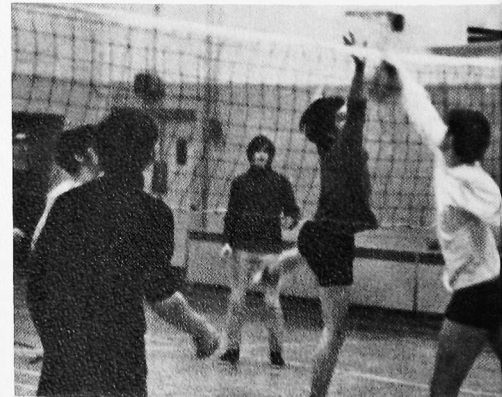
With this knowledge under our belts, the Carnival Committee was elected and met in mid-November full of zeal and magnificent ideas. For every week till the end of January we convened under the very able, if somewhat censorious, leadership of Mr. Milligan to throw back and forth various suggestions. Unfortunately, absolutely nothing was accomplished until about four days before the dreaded week-end when we and the school exploded into feverish activity. Snow sculptures, huge rolls of decorations, and a very pretty if indecipherable games schedule appeared from nowhere. Wayne Ghans ran about securing referees, equipment, team lists, etc.



TRANQUILITY



Ralph Whynes Enterprises
& Associates
1000 GARDEN STREET, SUITE 100
ANN ARBOR, MI 48106-1000



carnival



From the mêlée of numerous financial scraps, Andrew Graham secured "tranquility", a group which the Trafalgar Casanovas declared to be very fine. To everyone's surprise, most of all, ours, things were working out.

Friday afternoon arrived and vicious inter-house duels were fought from the B.U. basketball courts to our rink. In the waist deep snow of center field teams of cursing combatants floundered about after footballs. William's House won hands down on the

broomball scoreboard. Late into that night final touches were added to the snow sculptures. The finals were played out on Saturday morning while the sculpture judges made the rounds. Now the points had to be compiled to figure out who would win the combined events plaque.

Meanwhile, we of the Dance Committee were frantically stringing up wires, sound systems, and miles of red, white, and blue crêpe paper while below us some very ratty looking booths were going up. Around five o'clock King's Hall and St. Helen's arrived to a very confused and non-descript looking gym. The women were a bit hesitant to spend their money on such lucrative establishments as Ian Beardmore's private darkened den of iniquity (and who can blame them). But what we lost on the booths we gained double on the dance. As usual the announcements of Carnival winners directly preceded the dance. It was an evening of upsets, to say the least. Glass House won the snow sculpture contest with their "message" of a tab of acid in a mousetrap. Chapman House unexpectedly took the big prize leaving Smith and William's to sulk with second and third.

The dance was undoubtedly the best in recent B.C.S. history thanks to Tranquility who really got things together with their excellent Sly-style music. The dear, departed Denis Gagnon provided a very good lightshow.

Looking back, I feel this Carnival was the best we have had in several years and this is almost entirely due to the tremendous efforts made by the Carnival Committee and Mr. Milligan to whom I would like to express my thanks and gratitude.

mountain

The day was Thursday, October 8th, 1970, and the event was a school hike up Mount Madonna. It had been planned indefinitely by the Masters since September and was intended to give the whole school a break from the usual routine. It was a big secret which was withheld from us until the last possible moment and there was much sceptic speculation. "Just the coaches trying to get us in shape", or "Some masters want to get rid of the troublesome boys by losing them on the mountain." Most of us were a little suspicious and would not fully believe that such a good thing would actually happen "in a school like this" as the phrase goes.

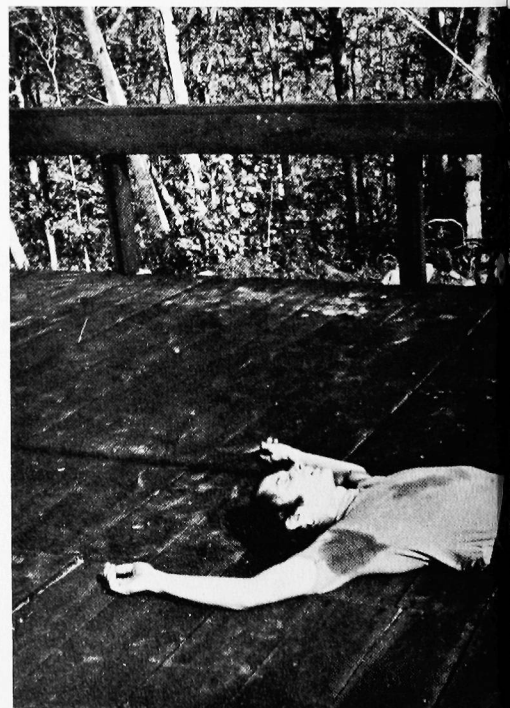
But Wednesday night a school meeting was held and Mr. Cruickshank, the originator of the project, explained to us the routes we would be taking up the mountain. We were told to cross our fingers and hope for a good day.

Thursday morning everyone was up early and it was a beautiful day. Around 9:00 a.m. we left. At the border we were delayed for a few minutes because we were trying to smuggle a "Persian" across, but at last the matter was straightened out and "Din" was allowed to stay with us. We arrived at the mountain at 10:30 and immediately started the climb. The Juniors travelled an easier route than the Seniors who staggered straight up the slope of Madonna under the chair-lift. The view at the top was breathtaking — literally.

Then we raced down the backside of Madonna to the valley between that mountain and Big Spruce. Here, several boys found a refreshing spot in a cool mountain stream as they ate lunch. After this all too short rest we plodded up Big Spruce to the small lake at the top. The day was a record-breaker as the temperature reached 90°. But the heat couldn't have come on a better day. After a quick swim we continued on, passing over to Little Spruce and down the slope to the waiting buses. As we couldn't get on the buses immediately and some people still had a few ounces of energy left, a few boys wanted to give the masters a



little refreshment. Mr. Goodwin was the first unlucky victim who was well refreshed with a glass of cold water. From then on it was open war with practically all the masters and the prefects as well getting in on the "fun". Mr.



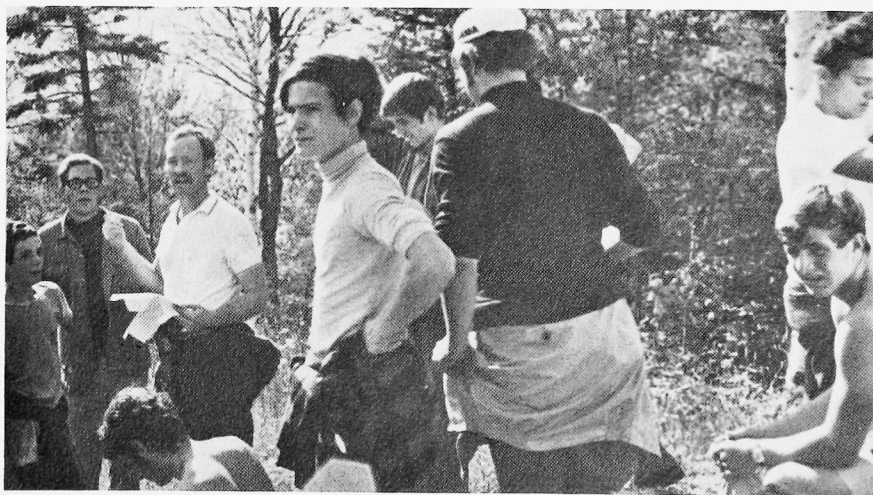
day

Whitmore had the most fun, being held under the tap for a few minutes until Mr. Napier came to his rescue.

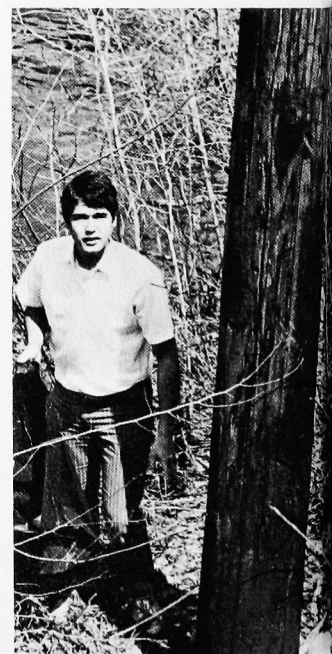
Around 4:00 it was discovered that one small group was missing. Led by the infallible Mr. Milligan, six boys had evidently strayed from the path. By 4:30 they had still not returned. There were mutinous grumblings and much talk of "Leave them here for the night". At last all but two of the buses left, and finally around 5:00 there came a full report. Evidently Mr. Milligan, believing he knew a "shorter route", had convinced a small group of very gullible boys that they should go with him. Naturally enough they soon realized that they had not only gone the wrong way but had also got themselves lost. However, they managed to find their way back to Madonna, where we had started out, and telephoned to Stowe where we all were waiting impatiently. One bus returned directly to the school while the other went back to Madonna to pick up the errant wanderers. When we got back to the school our hungry stomachs were treated to one of the best suppers the school has to offer.



The next morning at "Sing along with Dag" we commemorated Mr. Mulligan's Group of Happy Blunders by singing "There's a Voice in the Wilderness Crying". But apart from that slight mishap no one got lost and everyone had a lot of fun.

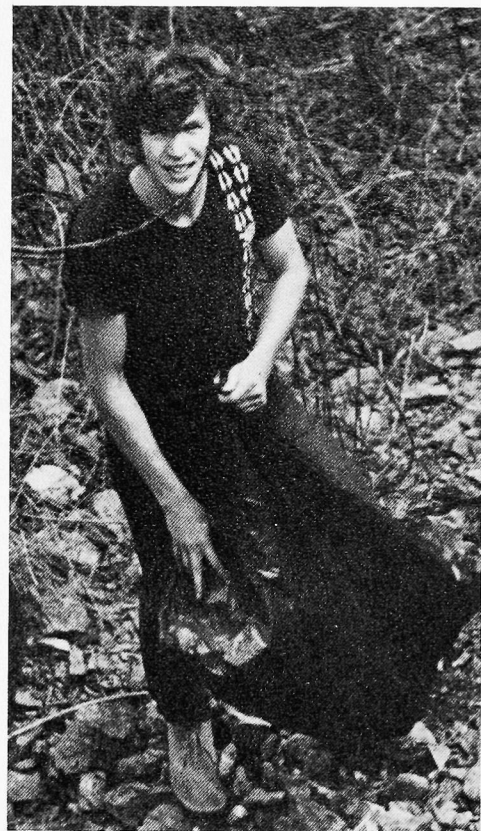


Last year a great new idea was tried out, with astounding results. Groups of boys roved the school grounds, cleaning up forty years of accumulated trash around the buildings and in the woods. Because of last year's success we were prompted to try again. But it was felt that this year's effort would be something of a let-down if we merely repeated ourselves. So it was decided that we should not only clean up the school but on the roads nearby and in Lennoxville as well. Because Earth Day is meant to be a time of awareness of our environment and not simply of our local community we wanted to extend our activities beyond the confines of the school.

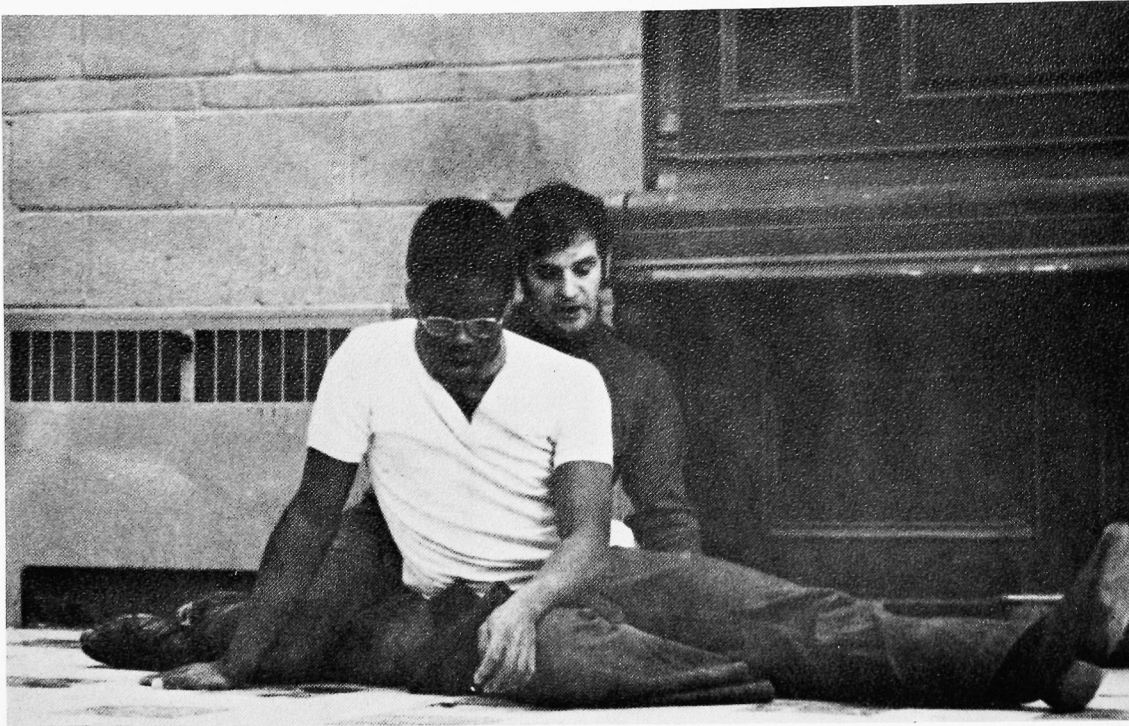


day

Thursday, May 7th was the appointed day. We were to have early lunch, then house meetings at which the boys would be divided up and given their instructions. Two hours were to be spent in the clean-up, after which there would be creases. After a period of frantic organization the masters were appointed to certain areas and lists of boys were assigned to them. Garbage bags were given out and the groups headed out. Around each house, the main School, Moulton Hill Road, St. Francis Road and Lennoxville, trash and refuse disappeared rapidly. Within two hours there was a vast improvement throughout the countryside, and a massive heap of trash blocking centre steps. This was all hauled away to the Town dump and we thankfully bid good-bye to all the neighbourhood trash.



But still nothing was really changed. Already papers and soft drink cans line the roads; few are those who have truly gained from this. All we can hope is that, in future years, with the repetition of Earth Day, the idea of ecology will sink into a few more heads. Until then we are left with the words of one man who, when told that we were voluntarily cleaning up the roads and fields for Earth Day, asked, "And you are doing it for nothing?"



The Tea Dance, considered by the staff to have been a "Passion Pit", and by students to have been a tremendous success, brought with it an evil which both groups had come to fear — the evil of drug abuse. Although the outward storm seemed to dissipate quickly, the Headmaster and the Student's Council continued to hold behind-the-scenes meetings to discuss how the problem of drugs at B.C.S. could be eliminated. The outcome of those meetings was the decision to invite to the school a group of rehabilitated drug addicts from the Spera home near Montreal, an organization in which drug addicts help each other return to the mainstream of society. Their aim at B.C.S. was to teach the boys the truth about drugs, using themselves as examples of a few of those people to whom "it could never happen."

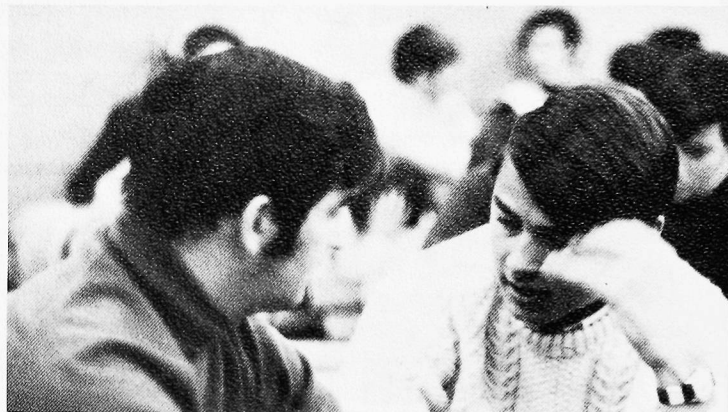
The week of January 11th, was an unusual one at the school as the normal weekday routine was interrupted and rescheduled because of the therapy sessions being conducted on the

third floor of School House. Each form was divided into several small groups, these groups consisting of approximately fifteen boys each.



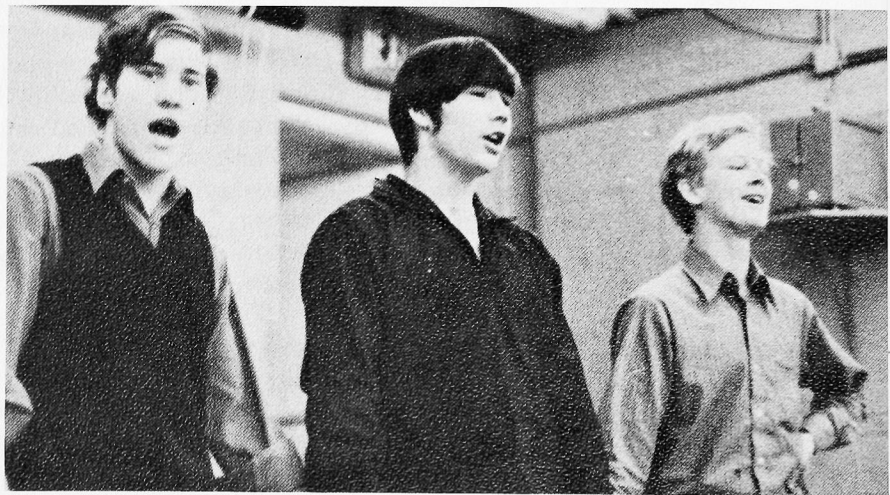
The ninety minutes time allotted to each group often proved to be insufficient as discussions raged and were cut short by incoming groups throughout the week. Apart from the tight scheduling, these sessions were completely informal. A frankness and openness was displayed within them, which, until now, has been missing from B.C.S. society. The individual members of the Spera group conducted evening sessions after prep for all those wishing to participate. The barriers which the individual builds around himself were relentlessly broken down, and the atmosphere became one of communication and companionship. The danger of drugs was starkly revealed as, in turn, Gerry, Mike, Larry, Nicky and Peter recounted his own personal experience of tragedy and humiliation under the unforgiving bonds of addiction. The opening lines of each story sounded very much like the situation in which many boys found themselves at school.

As a finale to a week of small groups, two large sessions were held, one for fifth, sixth and seventh forms, the second for the junior school. The theme of these sessions was communication and companionship as boys



and masters mingled freely with each other and talked about themselves.

The Spera people visited B.C.S. for five days, and during those five days their great power of frankness caused a tremendous impact upon the school. Although the group came to the school for the purpose of eliminating drug abuse, they accomplished far more. The relationships between masters and boys have been profoundly affected, as both are now more honest and open with each other. Discussion groups within the school have been formed, and are growing. Most important of all, drug abuse has been all but eliminated at B.C.S., and although the next Tea Dance may well be another "Passion Pit", it most certainly will not be another pot party.



pottery

The number of pots on the pottery shelf doubled and redoubled frequently this year as a new interest expressed itself, sparked primarily by cadets but also by a new kiln. The old, non-heat resistant one having been dismantled and ungraciously thrown out the basement window.

Expansion was the keynote for the pottery club this year. An early expedition to a brick mill in East Angus produced enough clay to last for two years, and an equal supply of glaze and coloured clay, or slip, was ordered. The clay obtained at East Angus proved to be very smooth and excellent for the use on the wheel.

Glaze trails were conducted early in the year with some good and some mediocre results, and soon pottery enthusiasts had a selection of one hundred or more colour combinations with which to decorate their pots. An extremely attractive pottery display was put on in centre hall to illustrate the basic fundamentals of pottery and to show off some of our "home-made" products. The result was a tremendous, if temporary, increase in the pottery "population."

Disaster struck, however, just before Christmas as our somewhat unpredictable kiln heated up to and over its maximum temperature long before expected and burned about three elements at the same time ruining several pots. The damage was repaired early



in the second term, however, and things soon returned to normal.

It is hoped that more people will take advantage of learning the satisfying art of pottery next year, and that more and better pots will be produced. Who knows? Pottery could become doubly rewarding thanks to coordinated activities with King's Hall.

camera club

The beginning of the school year marked some changes in the Camera Club. With the departure of Mr. Grimsdell, Mr. Detchon was elected to the position of Camera Club advisor. We would like to thank Mr. Grimsdell for leaving us his dryer, safelights, and many photos showing us his photographic skills. Since a great number of Camera Club members did not return to the school this year, we found ourselves admitting many new members into the club. During the course of the summer, Mr. Blue had the Camera Club painted, and we found ourselves with a brighter atmosphere in the club.

Due to the lack of funds for the year, the Camera Club was not as active as last year.

But there were a few important promotions this year. President Lalonde elected three vice-presidents: Peter Brooke became Vice-President of the Camera Club, Sass Khazzam was elected Vice-President of the Camera Club Committee, and Denis Gagnon was Vice-President of Color Photography. These promotions led to the formation of "The Executives". Mr. Pat Guest's outstanding photographic skills led to his becoming a First Class Member.

The Executives
(B.C.S.C.C.T.S.S.H.S.B.P.C.P.E.C.C. Ltd.)

june prizegiving

- Athletic Awards:** Rankin Trophy — Track and Field Championship — C. McIver.
Richardson Cup — Bantam All-Round Championship — M. Bedard.
R.M.C. Cup — Junior All-Round Championship — P. Marchuk.
Martin Cup — Intermediate All-Round Championship — G. McGee.
Smith Cup and Fortune Medal — School All-Round Championship — M. Etheridge.
- Academic Prizes:** General Proficiency — Bedard, Bey, Lewis II, Rossy.
- Form II:** The Boswell Writing Prize — Rossy
The Art Prize — Lewis II.
- Form III:** General Proficiency — Goodfellow II, Murray, Price.
The Art Prize — C. McQuade.
- Form IV:** General Proficiency — Courey, Eddy, Harrison, Martin, Rich.
- Form V:** The Magor Prize — G. Magor.
General Proficiency — T. Marshall, G. Stewart.
B.C.S. Medal for Junior French — M. Clermont.
- Form VI:** The Governor General's Medal — R. Menzies.
B.C.S. Medal for Senior French — P. Clermont
Lt. Col. G. R. Hooper Prize for Mathematics — S. Fraser.
The L./Cpl. Gerry Hanson Prize for History — S. Fraser.
The Sixth Form Prize for Latin — M. Stephen.
The Sixth Form Prize for English — D. Menzies.
The Sixth Form Prize for Biology — D. Menzies.
The Sixth Form Prize for Chemistry — S. Fraser.
The Sixth Form Prize for Geography — S. Fraser.
The Sixth Form Prize for Physics — S. Fraser.
The Sixth Form Prize for Spanish — P. Smith.
General Proficiency — R. Blickstead, G. Bruemmer, S. Fraser, R. Menzies, H. Simkouits, M. Stephen, Captain J. Melville, Greenshields Scholarship — D. Menzies.
- Form VII:** The Old Boys' Prize — D. Ross
The Robert A. Kenny Prize for Advanced Mathematics — D. Ross.
General Proficiency — C. Bishop.
- Special Prizes:** The Anthony Awde Trophy for Public Speaking — K. McGowan.
The Kay Art Prize — A. Outerbridge.
The Grant Hall Medal for Debating — D. Ross.
The Kenneth Hugessen Prize for Creative Writing — N. Woodsworth.
B.C.S. Tankards — C. Bishop, R. Glass, D. Ross, R. Sewell, N. Woodsworth.
The Chairman's Prize for Greatest Improvement — P. Ostrom.
The Vice-Chairman's Prize for Best Use of the Library — T. Bey.
The Headmaster's Prize for Reading in Chapel — M. Lacasse.
B.C.S. Silver Medals for Humanity, Initiative and Skill in a Crisis — E. Frosst, C. McIver.
The Hartland B. MacDougall Medal — A. Montang.

CRISIS IN THE EVERGLADES

There exists in our world the ever-present shadow of crisis which hangs over its population. The price paid in order to reach our technical pinnacle has been the total dissipation of our ecological environment.

Finally we are realizing that a war against pollution must be won. And this realization comes only from facts and people. On October 19th the Science Department of B.C.S. invited Mr. Herb Sailor to come down to the School and speak to the students. A naturalist, he was once an industrial engineer, and now devotes all his time to informing the public. Through the use of color films, Mr. Sailor paints a vivid picture of the dangers threatening our planet. Concentrating on the everglades, our guest showed us how much of the land has been laid to waste.

Yet more important, he convinced us that the fight to save the environment was our fight. Only through our efforts, will we once again make the earth a beautiful place to live.



RADIO B.C.S.

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. Simkovits and the labours of Mr. Whitmore and Frank Torontour the B.C.S. radio system had been vastly improved. The location and pattern of a new control panel has made it much easier for eager D.J.'s to produce their own shows, and lines going to all the houses provide around-the-clock music to soothe our minds.

Every Wednesday evening the golden voices of our staff were transmitted over the airwaves of Sherbrooke's CKTS-AM Radio Station. B.C.S. had a five minute time slot in which we presented a "round-up" of School events. Each week a duo made up of any combination of Kevin McGowan, Jay Thatcher and Richard Tétrault were transported by the "Peter Pan Get-away Boots" and their owner to the studios of Bishop's University to produce the "round-up".

This year has truly been a great experience and all are sure that next year Radio B.C.S. will expand to even greater heights.



WHIT-TV

Our sincere thanks go to Mr. John Whitmore from whom the call letters WHIT were derived. He started off the year taping football and soccer games and the tapes were reviewed by the coaches and boys in post-game practices. Boys who learned to operate the T.V. equipment also benefitted from this new experience. During the winter months the Audio-Visual recorder was not in use for outdoor events but the boys were able to use the Camera and Recorder for taping plays and other such indoor events. At the end of the year we had hoped to tape the Cricket games but due to a communication breakdown we were not able to do so. Instead Mr. Rod Lloyd used the equipment to produce a play for television. Next year's prospects remain unknown as to what unlimited uses the closed-circuit television equipment will fulfill. We hope that a greater number of boys will take an active interest in operating the television equipment in the future.





LITERARY

Desolation Row

The incessant crashing and screeching of a railroad shunting yard filled the early morning air. The obliging moon was but a vanishing white dot in the sky. Tiny wisps of black smoke rose skyward from a heap of damp-looking kindling, as an old man laboriously tried to prompt the fire. Finally, the desperate small shoots of fire strained for air and burst into a roaring fire.

Content with the blaze, the man stepped back and found a seat on a rock. He hunched over, warming himself, and his rounded shoulders revealed his elderly age, while his lifeless dark eyes depicted a silent resignation to his surroundings.

Nearby, a clump of bushes began shaking and a sodden, damp-looking figure emerged. Bewildered, a young boy approached the fire.

"Could I sit down for a while?" he inquired as he removed a pack.

"Sure, I'm glad to have someone to share it with," the man replied.

They paused for a few minutes, each sneaking a glance at the other and all the while trying to appear interested with the fire. Finally the old man broke the silence. "Pretty dismal day to go camping on, isn't it?"

"Not really; I've got camping equipment," countered the boy.

"Oh, I see," answered the old man deciding not to press the point.

In the ensuing few minutes the boy squirmed uncomfortably until finally he resumed the conversation. "I guess you work around here?"

Springing at the opportunity the old man began pouring out his story. "Hardly. I've

been around this country for years. Never been able to hold a steady job. Went to college, though, out in the West. When the Depression hit, I quit, packed my bags and headed east. College didn't do me much good. People didn't care about schooling when all you had to do was dig ditches for twenty-five cents a day."

"That's too bad. Couldn't you get an office job or something? You might have been able to make better money," the boy offered sympathetically.

"I couldn't stand being cooped up all day like that. Didn't seem like the proper way to make money."

"Well, what did you do in college? Isn't that the same thing?" inquired the boy.

"Oh, mathematics and stuff, nothing really important," he answered casually. "How about yourself? Shouldn't you be going to school?"

At this point, the boy quickly turned and looked into the fire pensively. "I used to go to school but got fed up with it. My parents were always after me to do my work and get good marks so I could go to university, but I didn't want to bother."

"Is that why you ran away?" the old man quietly asked.

"How did you know? I never told you!"

"It's not hard to tell. How many kids wander around with packs on their shoulders when they should be in school?"

"I guess you're right. You wouldn't say anything, though, would you?"

"Of course not."

Overhead the sky was clearing and the warming rays of the sun were chasing the last breaths of damp air away. Together the man and the boy ate breakfast over the coals of the fire and prepared to leave. Setting off under the warm noon-day sun, they began following the nearby train tracks. Camping under the stars, hitching rides on freight cars, and walking the rails, the two roamed the countryside for days. Carefree, they viewed the countryside in a different way. Stopping when they wished and travelling at leisure they developed a friendly rapport between each other.

Their journey came to a close, though, when the freight car they were travelling on arrived one day in the boy's home town. Quickly disembarking to elude the railroad officials in the station, the boy and man carried their shrunken packs to a distance. Sensing the boy's unhappiness the man began, "This looks like a nice town. Wonder what the people are like? "

"I can tell you," the boy replied drearily. "This town is my home."

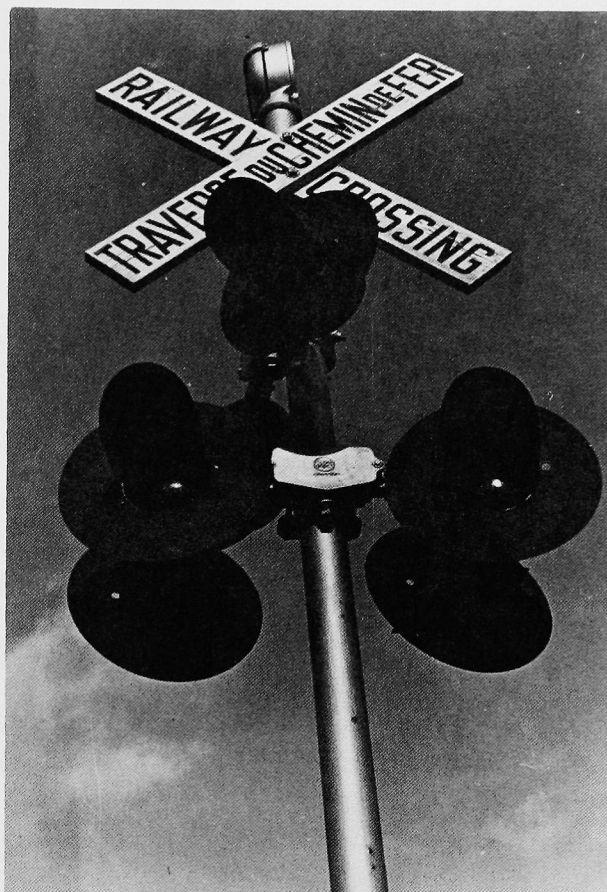
"Oh," was the man's only answer.

Grudgingly the boy picked up his pack. "I never wanted to come back here. I just wanted to put this place in the back of my mind. Didn't work, though."

Suddenly, the man stopped. "Why am I following you? You know you want to go home, and you should. I won't influence you any more. It's about time I left."

"But why? Don't you want to meet them?" the boy asked, and then added sarcastically, "My parents are such nice people, ha! "

"Must you talk like that? Can't you understand that you can't run away from everything in life? Look at me. I'm old, useless and don't have a home or family. I was



young once, but got scared just like you and ran away. I've been running ever since! "

"Didn't you say you went to college and tried to get a job but...?" the upset boy asked.

"Yes, yes," the man interrupted, "I said all that, but well, it was a lie. I never went to college. I was just a hot-shot punk who thought he had it all wrapped up."

"I don't believe it!" he replied defiantly.

"Well, don't believe me if you want, but you'll listen to my advice if you don't want to end up like me."

The boy just stared incredulously and waited for the old man.

"I'd better go now. I hope you'll listen to me and go home. Well, 'bye."

The boy feebly murmured a good-bye, turned about and despondently began walking down the road.

* * * *

"Peter, I guess you realize how worried your mother and I were about you," his father lectured. "We didn't get much sleep while you were gone."

"I've told you I was sorry," the boy replied while eating his meal.

"Let's not get into that again. You haven't told us what you did, dear," his mother inquired, discreetly changing the topic.

"Nothing," he mumbled, and then decided to tell them of the old man. "I did meet a nice man though. We were great friends."

"Oh," was his father's un-interested reply.

"I met him near a rail yard one day, and we travelled together," Peter continued.

"Why didn't you bring him home?" his mother asked.

Quietly Peter replied, "I didn't think you would understand him."

"I hope he wasn't a tramp or anything like that," Peter's mother asked hesitantly. "How dreadful! "

"Mother, you just wouldn't understand," he spluttered. "Neither of you ever have! "

"Peter, that's enough!" his father said angrily."

* * * *

At the edge of town, the twinkling twilight danced on the store windows in the business sector. Walking heavily, the old man, downcast, slowly manoeuvred through the area. Kids from a nearby coffee house joked ram-bunctiously and the odor of hamburgers and onions wafted through the air. As he moved on, the streets became less bright, the shoddy stores more numerous, and the hotels and bars cheaper. The flickering lights of a fluorescent fronted tavern enticed the old man and he ascended its creaky stairs. Inside, the smoke purported a fire, and the smell, a dump. Sidling up to the bar, the old man tiredly asked for a drink.

* * * *

"Aren't you going to eat your breakfast? It's getting cold."

Immersed in the paper, the boy mumbled a reply and continued reading. A brief news item caught his eye just as he was finishing the paper.

"A man was killed tragically last night by a speeding train just outside city limits. ... an elderly man, he had no identification and was poorly dressed ... believed to be drunk at the time."

"Peter, please eat your breakfast — Peter? "

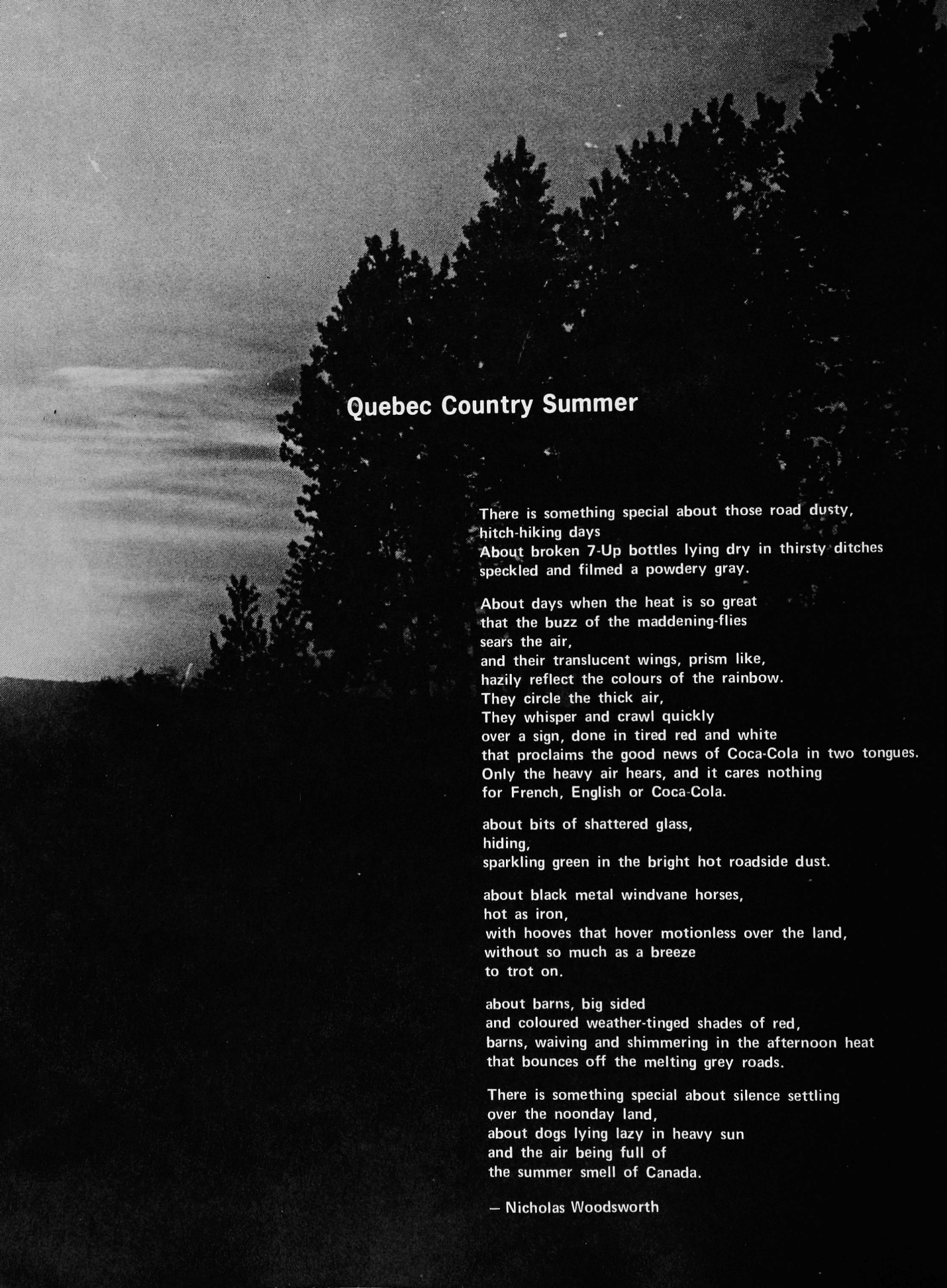
Scott Gilbert



Grass Days

Trailing through years of hoping
to wistful emptiness
past fields of smoking grass
through skies of bittersweet sorrow
to vineyards of hollow leering sourgrapes
on through days of dreams
to pass the time,
sleeping a wide-eyed sleep in dilated cloisters
only to wake when it's too late to get up.

- Nicholas Woodsworth



Quebec Country Summer

There is something special about those road dusty,
hitch-hiking days
About broken 7-Up bottles lying dry in thirsty ditches
speckled and filmed a powdery gray.

About days when the heat is so great
that the buzz of the maddening-flies
sears the air,
and their translucent wings, prism like,
hazily reflect the colours of the rainbow.
They circle the thick air,
They whisper and crawl quickly
over a sign, done in tired red and white
that proclaims the good news of Coca-Cola in two tongues.
Only the heavy air hears, and it cares nothing
for French, English or Coca-Cola.

about bits of shattered glass,
hiding,
sparkling green in the bright hot roadside dust.

about black metal windvane horses,
hot as iron,
with hooves that hover motionless over the land,
without so much as a breeze
to trot on.

about barns, big sided
and coloured weather-tinged shades of red,
barns, waiving and shimmering in the afternoon heat
that bounces off the melting grey roads.

There is something special about silence settling
over the noonday land,
about dogs lying lazy in heavy sun
and the air being full of
the summer smell of Canada.

— Nicholas Woodsworth

Dawn

Slowly we walked,
far into that appleleaf sunbright new morning,
through waving green fields barefoot happy,
deep in the waist high certainty of our love.

- Nicholas Woodsworth

Saint Paul is a very old street; it is still brick paved. A tombstone to an older generation, it still bears the imprints of hoofed locomotion and the scratches of weary, shuffling feet. Echoing from the cracks of the cobblestone, the voices of the dead mingle with those of the present, adding volume to the pitch as it rises higher and higher in an effort to bargain lower. The old women with their sagging breasts that have nursed too many children still converge around the streetside carts which lay bare the goods of many peddlers. Not unlike thousands of bees, they mill and buzz around a queen. The buzzing of their desperate voices can be heard everywhere, for there is no escaping the constant battle for life. Always this irritation shrouds the mind until only a stark scream ends it.

It was these sounds that Sandra Gail heard repeating over and over in her mind. She leaned silently against the bare window frame, numb to the itching of her sleeveless arm caused by the irregular blisters of peeling yellow paint. Clad in an old, faded green Boy Scout shirt and jeans, she had the appearance of a fairy princess who lays in waiting for her Prince Charming, knowing all the while that he will never come. Motionless she gazed, passing the grey board houses with



their made-up women beckoning from its windows, and searched in vain to catch a glimpse of the sun. Yet she could not see through the barrier that lay invisible between her and a totally different world. Sandra tried to imagine what lay behind a sunset.

Of the spectrum, she saw only the absence of colors. Born in an atmosphere of misery and poverty, she had long become oblivious to the hurts. Now she only lived.

Thus the sudden cry of her baby did nothing to disturb her, for she turned and slipped through the thick odours of the room to the doorless closet. Picking the baby from the



dog basket which had been discarded by someone more fortunate, she offered the baby her breast, recalling sadly that the twenty dollars had long been spent. Sandra could never love the child whose mouth was another worry, yet she could not abhor her own flesh.

As the baby suckled, she heard the flushing of the toilet down the tenement hall, an epilogue to the vomiting which had preceded it. Another drunk; another father who lay in fear of seeing the taunt face of his wife and the needle track on his kids; a man who found it so very hard to say that he had found nothing.

Mechanically she tucked the baby under the torn quilt and retreated to the kitchen. The dull greyness of day had slowly given way to the blackness of night, and Sandra flicked on the switch which allowed the dangling lightbulb to dimly illuminate the room. Silently she ate her supper of crackers and peanut butter, while visions of pumpkins and carriages were blocked by screeching trains and hungry rats. Through the thin wall the sounds of a beating filtered through her mind, blocking the images of heaven. With every slap and obscenity Sandra felt the fear of living. Her pale blue eyes gazing around the room, she saw the corners of her prison and the dingy color of her life reflected in the wall. She saw the emptiness of the home and the whiteness of the moon against the dark of night. Before retiring to the lone mattress on the old floor, she reached with begging fingers for the small box in the cupboard.

The morning came and the sun shone brightly on her golden hair. The sun shone and glistened off her body. But Sandra would not wake.

The baby cried.

Rick Blickstead

The Hunter

The hunter closed the door behind him as he walked down the creaky, wooden steps into the darkness. He carried a twelve-gauge shotgun in his right hand and a flashlight in the other. He was tall and strong, and walked with large strides. It would be dawn soon and he would have to hurry.


He turned the flashlight on and shined it in front of him. Within the sight of light, he could see a forest which had a small mud path leading through it. He began walking along the path. His green camouflage overcoat and hat blended with the wayside foliage and it seemed like it was swallowing him up. After a short stint of walking, he came upon a marshy pond where he found his small,

equipped blind. It was covered by green branches which matched the marsh grass perfectly. His experience told him that the ducks would be coming to drink soon. He settled in the shelter and waited.

He began to hear the flutter of wings and loud splashes of the ducks, but he had to wait patiently before he could see. After five minutes three shots rang out and three ducks plummeted to the earth. He smiled happily. He shot five more ducks and unloaded his gun. He climbed out of the blind and began walking back to the house, just as the bright morning sun broke over the horizon. He was satisfied.

Charles Goodfellow





The Games Children Play

Let's play a game, cause there's nothing else
To do when it's so quiet around.
You don't move and I'll kill you;
How does that game sound?
That's no good; I want it my way,
If we play with soldiers it will last all day.
Now isn't that more fun?

To make it really life-like would be lot's more fun,
I'll break your soldiers, and you can break mine.
Don't worry about replacing them,
They're not hard to find;
There are thousands in department stores,
Of all different kinds.

This isn't much fun with only two,
Let's ask Brad over and he can play too.
What if he decides not to come?
Don't worry about that, just go ask him. Now run.
He won't say no; that wouldn't be right,
What should he care if his soldiers fight?

He asked me questions like "Why play war?"
I could not tell him and then he wouldn't go
He said "I don't want to come next door
And break my helpless soldiers in your stupid war.
I see no reason; it makes no sense,
And if you insist on playing like that,
I'll see you round, Gents."

It wasn't nice that he did that.
Now we'll show the dirty rat;
We won't play with him no more
We won't even let him through the door.
I'm afraid, I don't happen to think that way,
Why should I listen to what you say?

Do it my way or you'll be sorry, 'cause I'm right.
No you're not, and to prove it, we'll have war.
If I break all your soldiers then I win the fight.
Not if I buy more at the department store.
Why do we argue over such a trivial issue?
I really couldn't tell you, but it's fun!

— Lee Harrison

Civilised

George MacKay hurriedly downed his second cup of coffee, scooped up the sports section of the "Gazette", kissed his blonde wife who looked blearily up at him from under a sea of curlers, and raced to get his coat and hat and be off to work. He remembered to take along his golf umbrella because rain was forecast for the afternoon. As he donned his coat he wondered what his good friend Ed Stanley would have to say to him on the train about last night's party. George slipped out the door, closing it carefully to avoid waking the children. He turned and stumbled over the junkyard of toys, cursing his beloved little ones as he went.

Once clear of the wreckage, George stopped, fixed his tie, took a deep breath of the spring air and stepped off briskly to catch the commuter train. He mused about the latest Toronto Maple Leafs dealings around the N.H.L., fervently hoping that they would end up on the raw end of the deal — as any good Canadiens fan should. He turned off the road and followed a well-worn path through a vacant field.

This path was a great shortcut and gave George a chance to see a few real birds and flowers before he entered the unreal world of plastics, steel and glass for a dreary day's work. Suddenly a cat jumped out from the wispy grass and squatted on the path facing George, its tail switching methodically. The hair along its back raised, the cat stalked slowly forward. George had, by now, stopped. As the cat tiptoed toward him, he watched in increasing terror. The cat's tail was switching madly and its eyes were wide. They had the glassy, bulging look of a madman. George fought a rising fear. It swept up from his stomach — a coldness and clamminess that pervaded inexorably his bowels.

George tried to persuade himself that a cat could never hurt him, but he could not force

the thought of rabies from his mind. Picture after picture flashed to his mind of stories of men ripped and slashed terribly by mere cats or dogs. George tried to say something but his voice was gone. When he found he was speechless, George shrank back from his furry assailant who continued to head silently toward him.

He threw the newspaper at the animal, but his arm was unexpectedly stiff and the paper fluttered to the ground in front of the cat which disdainfully clawed the face of Mike Walton as it passed over. George stood rooted to the ground. He had a sudden ridiculous notion that the cat had mistaken him for a tree and wanted to sharpen its claws on him. As if in a nightmare, George could see his legs being ripped apart by monstrous claws.

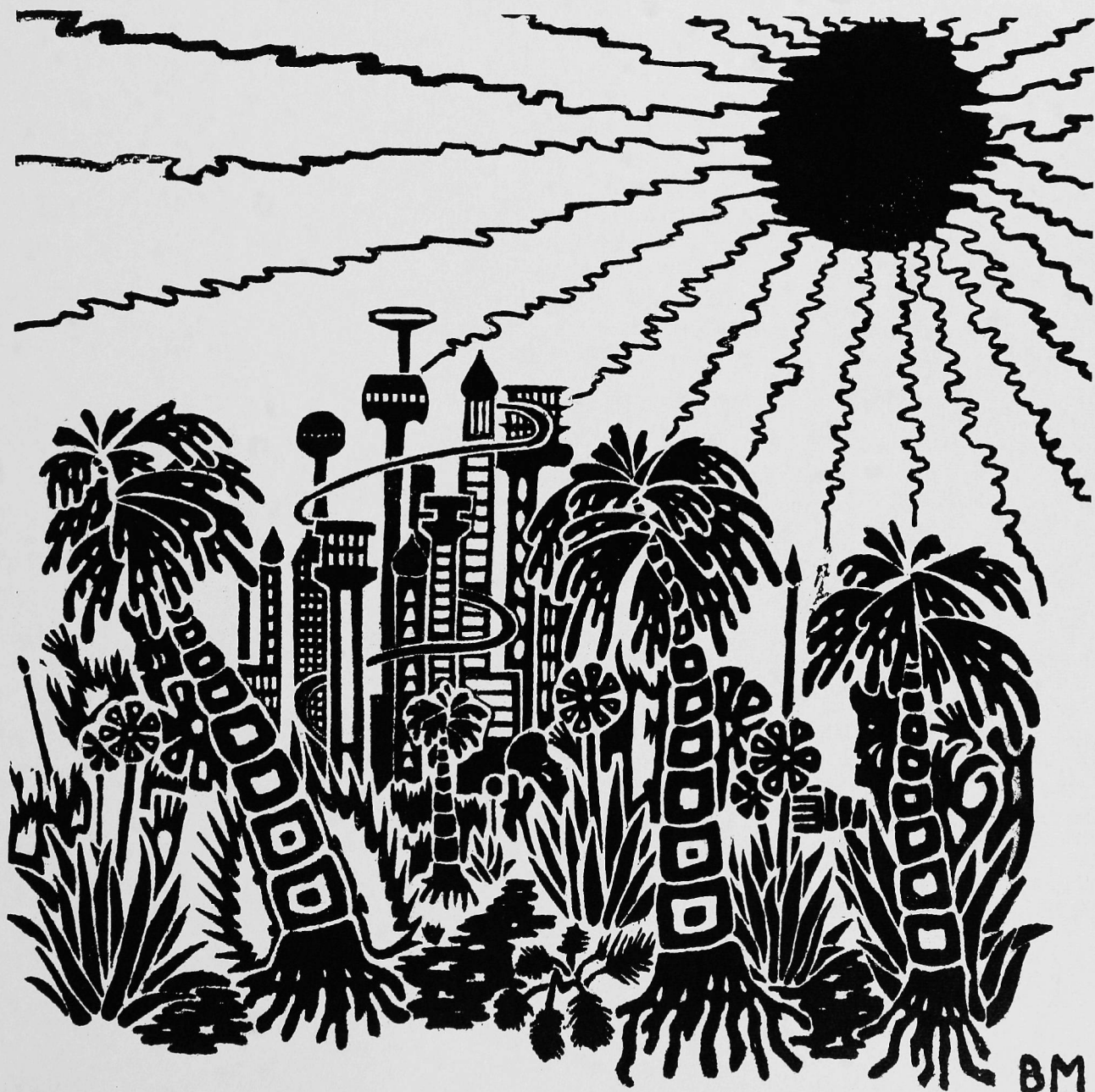
It was this vision which released some long hidden and unknown trigger. George went berserk. He lunged at the beast with his umbrella and managed to spear the terrifying thing. It snarled viciously at him, heightening his fear. George stabbed again and again, blindly, but always hitting the squirming thing. Its snarls had turned to yowls of terror and pain. Now George moved in hard, kicking the animal again and again. Blood stained his pants and splotted his shoes. The beast no longer defied George. It simply lay in a crumpled heap. Yet George would not stop. He kicked and stabbed and stomped. His face was like that of some devil contorted beyond recognition. His lips were curled upward, and to anyone looking at him it would have seemed that he was smiling sadistically because of the pleasure it gave him to destroy this furry cat. But George was terrified. He kept hitting the animal because he was afraid if he stopped it would come for him again.

George was not sure why, but suddenly his terror drained from him, and like a high tide after a storm it left a mass of debris in him.

George looked down at the little heap of broken bones and bleeding skin. Then he saw his pants, and shoes and umbrella. George turned away very slowly and felt very sick.

A train pulled into the station, tooting joyfully as it scooped up its commuter passengers. But George A. MacKay was not going today.

Richard Menzies




Shane

A match is lit, it flares, then dies,
And somewhere in the dark she cries.
She cries to them who know her fears,
For unlike them she cries red tears.
And somewhere in a different place
A man is floating round in space,
He shudders for he feels the pain-
A pain that knifes him in the heart-
For he was forced to make a start
In a life that has no warmth or depth.

They meet again for one last time,
And though they sit on blocks of time
They feel no burning and no pain
For each of them has gone insane.
For seven days they sit and burn
And from their ashes we can learn
That all of us must take our turn.
A friend of both sees what has passed,
And then he drives away quite fast.
A match is lit, it flares, then dies.

— Lyall Davies



Green, Grey and Gold

Green, grey and gold,
It stands there in the valley by the sea,
A mass of age softened stone and twisted ivy

Blue-green leaves of age warped ivy,
Climb up the walls and blackened chimneys,
Softening the tower's hard military lines,
Covering man's work with nature's disguise.


Hargh-grey stone in fertile ground,
Built on bedrock though its base sound,
Its tower rising out of morning mist,
Are like a dream your thoughts can lift,
To a world where it is the central theme,
Where the ways of life have no meaning.

Burning gold, the sun in lead glass,
Molten copper caught in ivy clasps.

Oh, to fly to that enchanted place,
Where the montains show their distant, snowy faces,
Where time moves up to a slower pace,
Where deep in one's heart, one knows he is safe.

Cold grey stone in slit window-towers,
Stirring the soul with some unknown power.

— Robert Ilsey



The springtime comes alive and fresh, and with it the happiness of birth. The mind is young and unafraid, for it knows not of seasons to come. A naive boldness greets the new day and soaks the energy of the sun. This infancy is liberated from the clinging, withered hands of old, to the sweet tones of the birds. Everything around it is new. Everything is green and budding. And with the carefree caution of innocence, curiosity overwhelms thought and the wonders of life are explored. The mind is quick to grasp the roundness of the berry, but unable to perceive the poison inside. The red petals of the rose are beautiful, but they hide the stinging bee. The world is growing and many have not faced the hardships of life. The young colt still sucks at its mother, though someday the easy meals will end.

Time slips slowly into summer and all is lush and beautiful. Only faintly do the young saplings realize that there is not enough room for growth on the crowded forest floor. They never see the rays of sun that would give them life. The fight for survival has been slightly noted. The mind still learns, but not with the easy quickness of spring. Now the thought is being filtered. The young hawk has learned to fly and the field mouse begins to play the game of life and death. Yet food is plentiful; the mind stays actively happy. The dawn always commences a new day marked with

feverish activity which only lulls during the darkened hours. However the superior mind



nce

does not like the nothingness of darkness and the artificial tries vainly to substitute for day.



The warmth of summer passes on. Autumn has come to life bringing new ways to old methods. The hunters come and their metal spits fire on the frightened mind. A fawn loses its mother. A lost body filled with a lost mind. The panic of being alone attacks the sanity. You are lost in the woods and can no longer remember how to get out. The wind howls and the trees begin to lose their leaves. And as they fall to the ground, the tree has been laid bare. In one sudden, vicious gust, the tree stands naked and unprotected — open to the brutality of winter.

The first snowfall unleashes the ugliness of a changed world. The animals see the struggle for survival. The fight where every creature thinks only of itself. Gone is the loyalty of species. The eye sees the greed for food and the hypocrisy of life. The bare mind sees the frozen carcass of a friend who learned too late.

The music of the babbling brook can no longer be heard. Day after day the knowledge grows. The harshness of reality stabs the soft flesh of the mind. Tearing and cutting, the mind rips into shreds of yesterday. Thus the innocence of birth is murdered, and you are experienced.

Rick BLICKSTEAD

A Day in the Death

Woke up, thanks to a bell,
Have to get up, and go to hell
Next thing I know I missed a meal,
I don't care 'cause I can't feel
a thing.

The bell goes again,
I'm free at last!
To do as I please,
If I stay on campus

God! I missed a class,
The bell toils as it
Spoils, my record,
I'm gated

"Hey, greatest buddy of mine,
Can you spare a dime?"
"Sorry, pal.
Got no time."

Look at my friend,
There's no-one who'll listen.
His average is eighty-five,
Might as well kill himself.

There goes the bell,
Now I can eat.
It rings again,
Now I sleep.

I look at the sky,
And gaze at the stars
Everything is peaceful
But my ears are still ringing.

I sing, I pray,
I can't stand straight
And I can't sit still.
I'm hoping for the day I die.

Hey Bob! You're number one
That's really great,
But do you have time
To hear my mind?

"Don't do this, don't do that!
You can't go there, you can't
come here!
Cut your hair, and don't
You come cryin' to me! "

His wife had a kid,
Here, have a cigar.
He's going to be a great player
But he's not even a boy.





Happiness

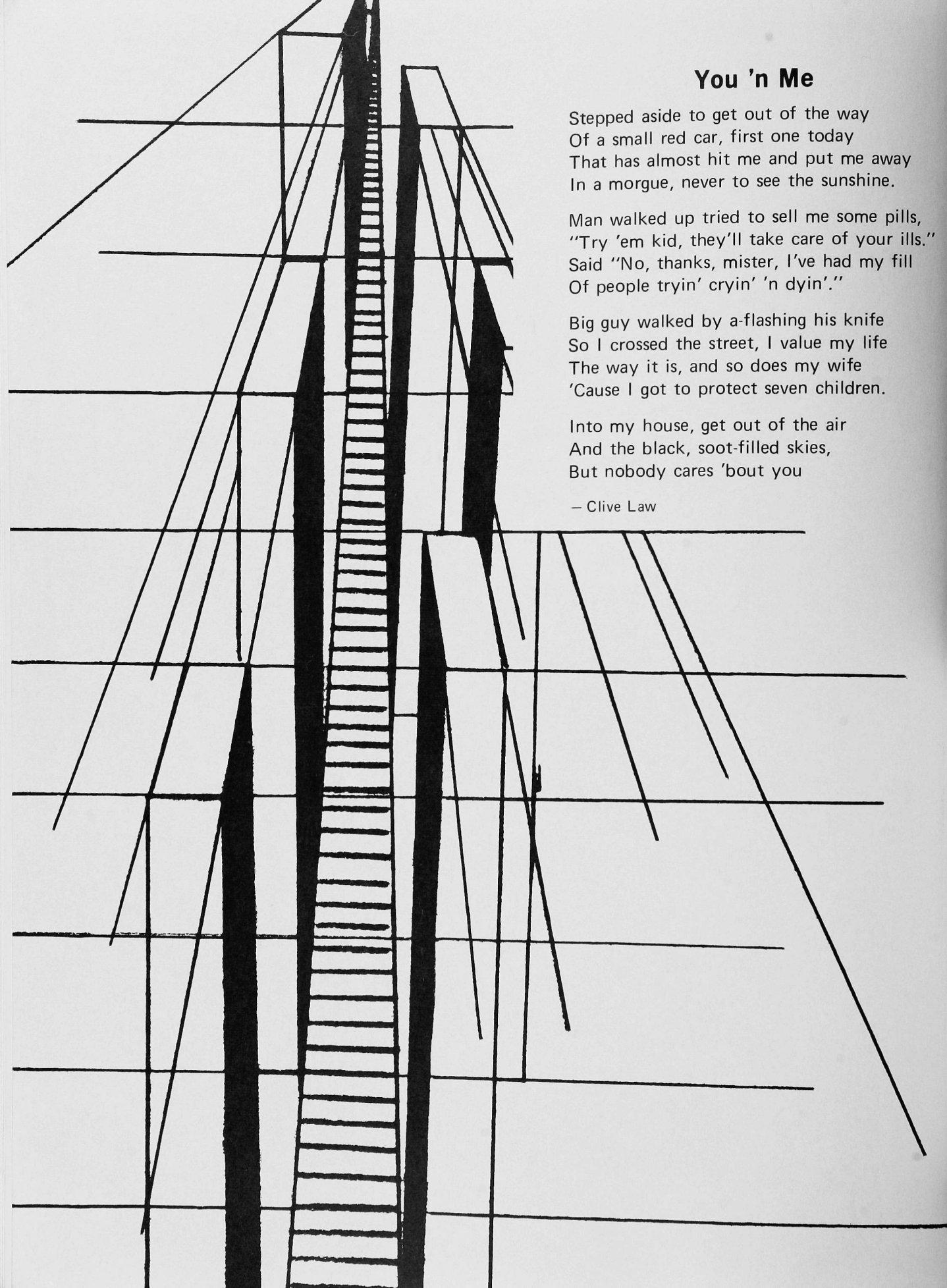
twilight

I wander unaware
oblivious of my existence
no longer dead
but still
not yet alive
while you,
warm below the horizon,
wait patiently for my presence.

dawn

so
once again we meet.
You, with a smiling face
and two golden arms
greet me
while I,
tired and worn,
lie beside your warm
gentle body
and
with unsubdued desire
to be touched,
blessed by your grace,
I resign to your care.

— Myles Frosst

An abstract geometric drawing in black ink on a white background. It features a central vertical structure resembling a ladder or a narrow staircase, composed of many small horizontal rungs. This central structure is flanked by two thick, solid black vertical bars. A complex network of thin black lines intersects the entire composition, including the central structure. Some lines are horizontal, while others are diagonal, creating a sense of depth and perspective. The overall effect is that of a technical or architectural sketch, possibly representing a building's framework or a perspective view of a narrow alleyway.

You 'n Me

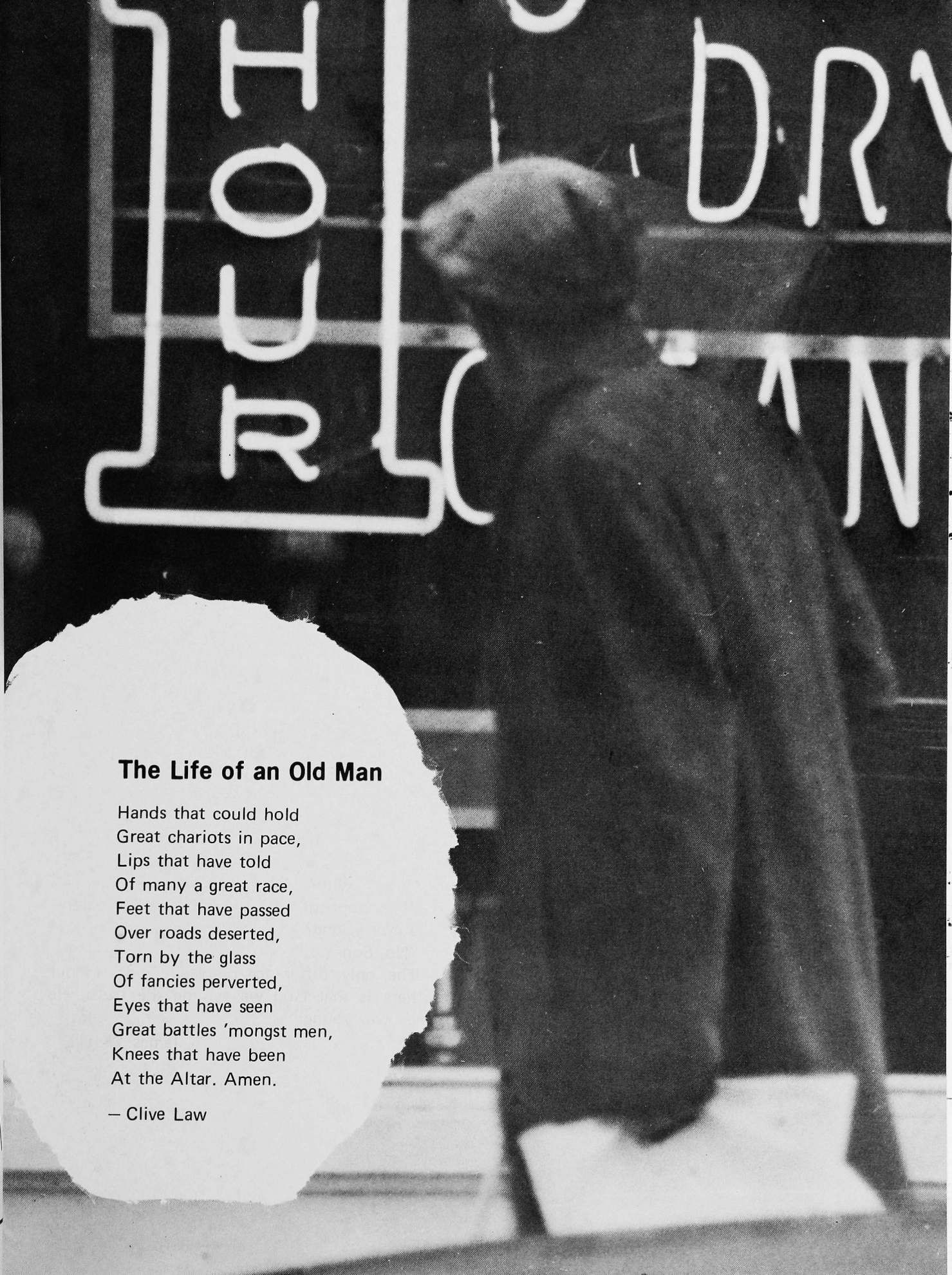
Stepped aside to get out of the way
Of a small red car, first one today
That has almost hit me and put me away
In a morgue, never to see the sunshine.

Man walked up tried to sell me some pills,
"Try 'em kid, they'll take care of your ills."
Said "No, thanks, mister, I've had my fill
Of people tryin' cryin' 'n dyin'."

Big guy walked by a-flashing his knife
So I crossed the street, I value my life
The way it is, and so does my wife
'Cause I got to protect seven children.

Into my house, get out of the air
And the black, soot-filled skies,
But nobody cares 'bout you

— Clive Law



The Life of an Old Man

Hands that could hold
Great chariots in pace,
Lips that have told
Of many a great race,
Feet that have passed
Over roads deserted,
Torn by the glass
Of fancies perverted,
Eyes that have seen
Great battles 'mongst men,
Knees that have been
At the Altar. Amen.

— Clive Law

Like Father - Like Son

On the morning of the third day the sea was calmed, the rain withheld. And the Lord was perturbed.

"This was not in the great scheme! It is supposed to rain for forty days and forty nights! What will Noah think of me? Imagine, he will be ridiculed by everyone for building that ape-holding ark".

On earth, Noah was beginning to break through the brain-washing bestowed upon him by the Lord.

"Look what you hath done unto me, you destroyer of the faith! Thou shalt not resume my confidence in you. Thou hast disillusioned me for my lifetime and my sons for theirs."

God was in a paradox. What could he do? Then, like an apple falling on his head, he found the solution to his problem. Or so he thought.

"Noah, oh most faithful ark-builder. Heed me now, and thou shalt have wealth and renown! "

And Noah spake back, "Lord, thou hast deceived me. Dost thou think that I will readily renew my enthrallment with you? If so, then you are deceiving yourself, too! "

The Lord was sad at this refusal, but he asked again.

"Noah, faithful friend. Help me in my time of need. Remember, a fairweather friend is no friend at all. Heed my words. I shall command the rain to fall again. It shall rain."

And Noah went back to the ark, for the fear of the Lord was upon him. The rains came, and the earth was covered in water, and Noah and the Lord were pleased.

"Well, maybe that will teach those money-lending men to abide by what the Lord says."

But before his eyes, the water was dried up,

and the rain stopped. At last the Lord saw his folly.

He retired back to his mansion up there, and sent for his Son. His Son arrived on a Harley-Davidson.

"Hey pops, what's up? Your zap's not working."

"I command you to treat me with respect! After all, I am your elder! "

"What do you mean, my elder? I've been kicking around just as long as you have."

"Why am I called the Father and you the Son? Explain that, you smart-alec punk."

"Easy, pops. It's just that you're so old-fashioned, not moving with the times."

"Bah, youngsters! Lotta freaks! "

The Lord then asked his son why he had stopped the rain. Jesus replies, evasively dodging the question, that the rain would now fall, and the rain fell.

After all this had passed, and the Lord was his regal self again, he asked his Son why he had stopped the rain.

(His Son is now more respectful, as time fosters respect.)

"Well, Father, you were drowning my pot."

"Your what? "

"My pot. It's this little plant down there that you smoke, and wow, does it send you flying."

The Lord was displeased.

"Why? Why? " he asked.

"I've stopped, Father, but anyways, weren't you ever young? "

"No, Son, no."

The only difference between God and our fathers is that God was telling the truth. He never was young.

James WHITE

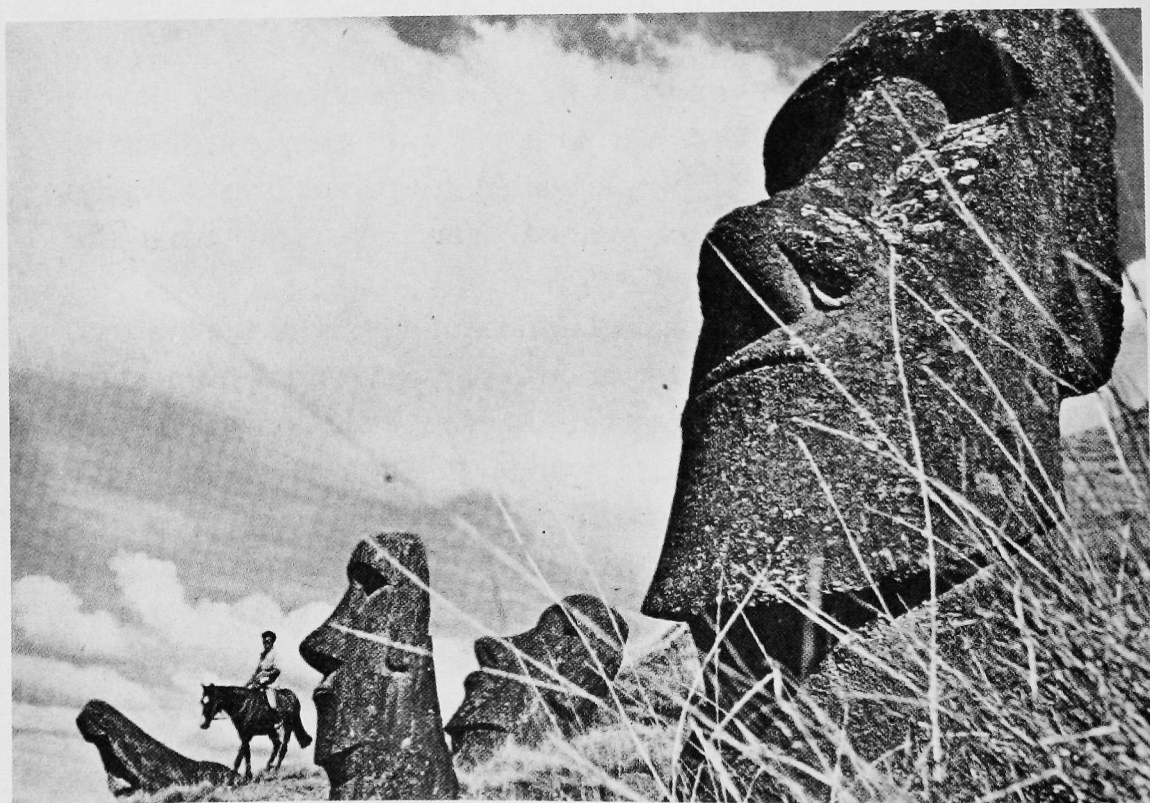


Easter Island

The speeches said, the prayers read
He steps down — always ramrod erect
Crisply combed hair with eyebrows to match
Burnished brown brogues execute the turn

Look to the left, scan the ranks
Ties straight, buttons done
The checklist covered — one thing more
Are the handkerchiefs white?

Nod to the right, pay forced respects
Plastic smile with a plasticine mind
Then out, the shoulders kept square
Oh! The maple leaf is missing
— Dick Menzies





Where Knowledge Resides

The rhythmical sound of the turning of pages
the light footfalls of busy students among crowded book shelves
the unending routine of books being drawn and returned
immobile statues which bear expressions of deep pensive thought
so enthralled with the world of words
the disciplinary movement of eyes — back and forth, back and forth
words sought
words pondered
words mocked
an air of silence
near the window motionless a figure sits
experiencing a different world; the world of dreams.

— James Davis

Leatherback

It was a warm day I thought, just as I jumped from the boat on to a turtle I had sighted.

Andy was already down under the water on one that he had grabbed. From underneath I saw Andy breaking the surface. Suddenly I realized the anchor of my boat was being hauled up. I raced towards the boat, but just as I got to the surface, the boat sped away with Andy shouting that I would not have the date.

I thought back to how it all might have happened. It was about eleven o'clock on Saturday morning when Andy telephoned me to go turtle-riding. Naturally, I accepted. As soon as Andy came over, we started to load my boat with diving tanks, flares, and all sorts of materials that we always carry to deal with an emergency. Once we thought that we had everything, we checked again just to be sure, because when you go twelve to fifteen miles off shore you don't want suddenly to realize that you forgot something important.

We each had two one-hour tanks of air which would be used easily in an afternoon of turtle-riding. Finally we were all set to head out to sea, so we cast off and began our journey.

The reefs that we were heading toward were about twelve miles off shore. They had been deathtraps to early sailing vessels because the coast of Bermuda is not even visible from them. Even though the water was quite choppy near shore, out by the reefs the water would be beautifully calm.

The drone of the boat's engine became more and more distinct as the boat plodded on. Since we were in no hurry, the journey took us about an hour. The coast of Bermuda was now out of sight.

We had finally reached the reefs by around one thirty. The sound of the engine was reduced to a growl as the boat slid to a halt. We would probably be able to get in two hours of turtle-riding and then be back on shore by about five-fifteen, which would be perfect.

Slowly and carefully we both put on our diving equipment. At last we were both finished. Now all that we had to do was wait for a half-decent turtle to come along. You can ride almost any type of turtle except for the Hawksbill. Turtle-riding is no joke and a Hawksbill turtle can snap a chain in half with its monstrous snout.

Just about four feet from the boat a green turtle surfaced for air. I made a last minute check of my gear and then jumped, trying to land right on the turtle's back. The hardest part of turtle-riding is just then, because while you're trying to grab both ends of the turtle's shell he's trying to break your hold by wriggling and thrashing around. Finally, as in most cases, the turtle gives in and the ride begins.

Whichever way you point the turtle's head, that is the way it will move. Once you are on the turtle and in control you can dart around freely. Riding a turtle on top of the water can't even compare with riding a turtle underwater. Once you go underwater a whole new world opens in front of your eyes. Andy was on a turtle now also. From what I saw of his, he too had managed to catch a green turtle. A green turtle is not very large but he is quite powerful and can pull you at about eight to twelve miles an hour.

Together Andy and I witnessed the beauty of the undersea world; the multi-colored sea fans swaying in the ocean current. The sunlight filtering through the crystal clear water blinked on and off as clouds went scurrying by overhead.

It was a good thing that I looked at my watch when I did because I had only about seven minutes of air left. I signalled to Andy and made my way to the surface with my turtle. The best way to dismount a turtle is to bring it close to the side of the boat, push its head down and jump into the boat. The reason that you must get into the boat so fast is that sometimes the turtle will get so mad that once you let it go it will turn around and attack.



Although you never notice it until you let go of the turtle, you can get very tired turtle-riding. As I was resting on the boat, Andy and his turtle surfaced about fifty yards away and slowly he maneuvered his turtle in the direction of the boat.

When he got to the side of the boat, all I could hear was a splash and then I saw him scramble over the side. By the time Andy had finally taken off his gear it was 3:30. We started to talk about what we were going to do that night. I told him that I had a date with Kathy. It was then that I could tell that there was something wrong with Andy. His face suddenly went pale. I now know that I shouldn't have mentioned Kathy's name. About a year ago, Andy went out with Kathy and she broke off with him, but he had never been able to adjust to seeing her with other boys.

I quickly suggested that if we wanted to get another hour of riding in we had better hurry up. Just as I was putting on my tank I noticed a gun in Andy's kit bag. I asked him what the gun was for. He said that he used it in case of an emergency. Well, soon enough, turtles came swimming by our boat and once more we challenged the sea.

This time underwater seemed even more beautiful than the first. Down around thirty feet, however, you could tell it was getting late because it was becoming quite dark. The fish are very friendly and some of them will even come and tap on your facemask.

Andy signaled to me that there was something wrong with his air-hose. I pointed to myself as if to ask him if he needed some help. He shook his head. Well, now I was down alone, but it didn't bother me too much. Time went by and then I thought I had better go and see how Andy was coming along. I hadn't realized it, but I had wandered about two or three hundred yards away from the boat on my turtle. As I neared the boat I saw a small cloud of sand. My God — that was the anchor! Could Andy be pulling it up? I released the turtle and raced toward the dark hull.

The prop started to churn just as I reached the surface. I yelled but he didn't answer. Then he shouted back that I would not have the date.

That was everything that happened. I now awoke to the present and to the fact that I was in the water alone twelve miles off shore and night was closing in. I knew that it would be quite useless trying to swim in, because I would probably collapse before I got even two miles. All of the methods that I thought of seemed so futile that I got to the point when I almost threw off my tank and started to swim. Then the idea came. I could ride in.

Suddenly another problem arose. Sharks. This problem somehow troubled me more than the others. I looked at my watch. It was seven p.m. The waters around Bermuda aren't really safe after five. I had to find a turtle. On the reefs is a marker so at least I knew what direction to head in.

I swam slowly towards Bermuda, looking and praying for a turtle. It was still quite light outside and I would be able to spot a turtle if it surfaced. The sea no longer looked beautiful to me. I cursed it and I cursed Andy. I got to the point where I cursed the whole world.

Suddenly, about ten yards away, a turtle surfaced. I could tell by the size of its head

that it was a Leatherback. A Leatherback is quite a massive turtle with flippers growing up to four feet long, and having in excess of fifteen square feet of shell.

Slowly I worked my way over towards the turtle. Then when I felt ready, I jumped onto its back. Never before have I felt a turtle squirm and fight so much to get free. In the end, however, I had won. Keeping my bearing, I pointed the turtle towards Bermuda and plodded on.

Once again I thought about sharks. Just then I saw a boat coming. I started screaming and yelling. As the boat neared, I recognized it. It was mine. Andy was at the wheel. I kept on shouting. Suddenly a shot rang out and I was sprayed with water. It took me a couple of seconds to realize what was happening. I took the turtle down so that I could see the hull of the boat. I looked around to see where I could hide and just then I saw a shark about twenty feet away. All time stopped. I wished that something would happen, but I couldn't move.

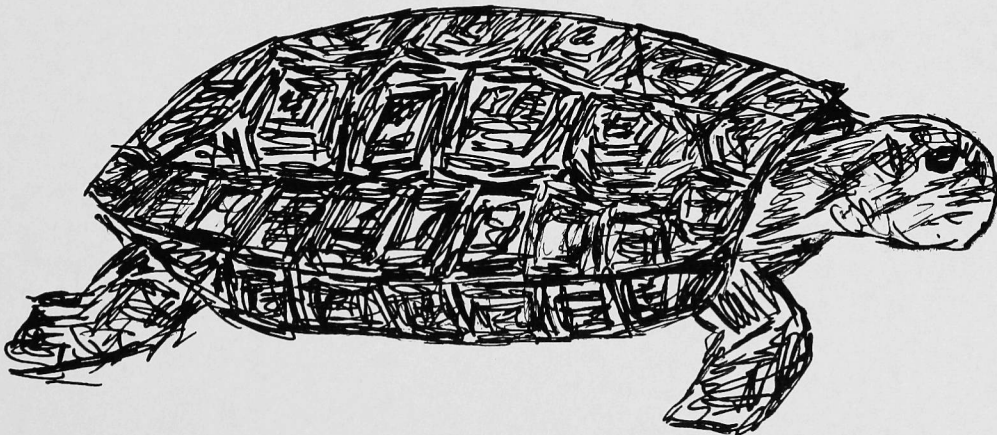
I could either be eaten by the shark or go to the surface and be shot. Suddenly a bullet ripped through the water beside me and the shark whisked away.

I had to think of a plan. At least I still had my turtle. That's it, the turtle! The only way that Andy could picture where I was, was by my tank bubbles. I took a deep breath and looped the strap of my tank harness over the turtle's head. After I let go of the turtle, it scurried away and the boat followed. Just before I reached the surface, the tank fell off

the turtle. The bubbles continued. The boat stopped.

I reached the surface gasping and trying to be quiet. Slowly, I moved towards the boat and quietly pulled myself in. Andy had his foot on the side of the boat. I yelled and threw myself at him. Andy wheeled around. He slipped off the side into the water, and a shot rang out. I ran to the side just in time to see a shark's dorsal fin submerge. All was quiet, except for the shot that was still ringing in my ears.

Aird BARWICK



Lewis





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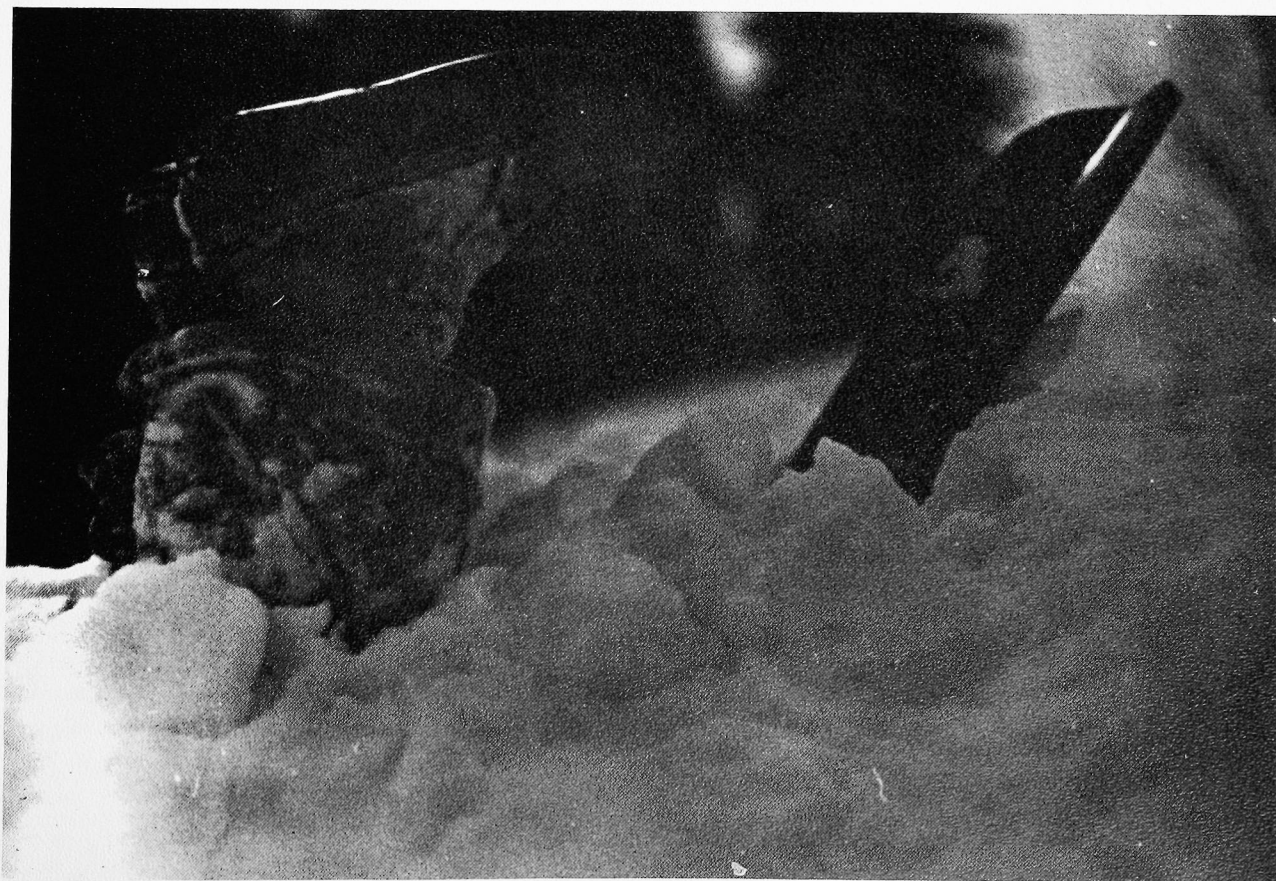
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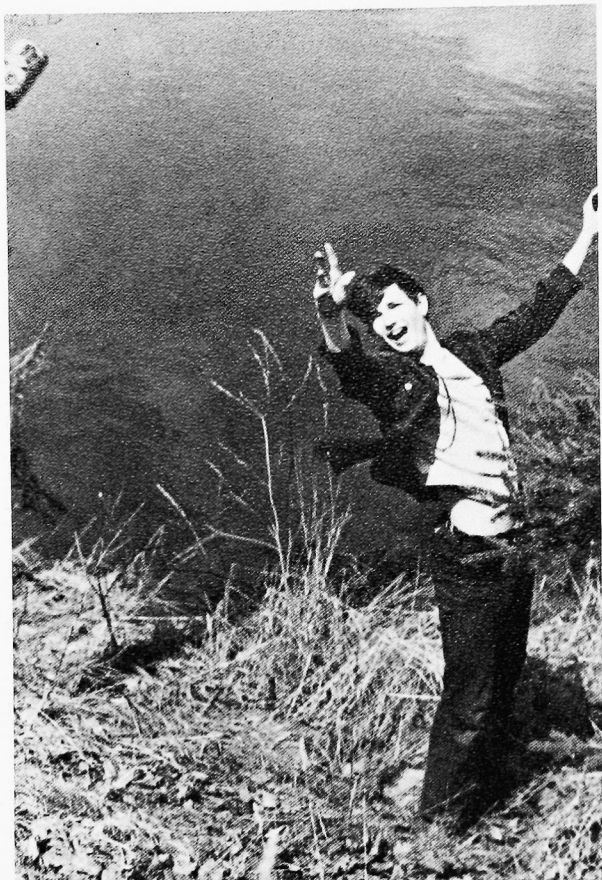
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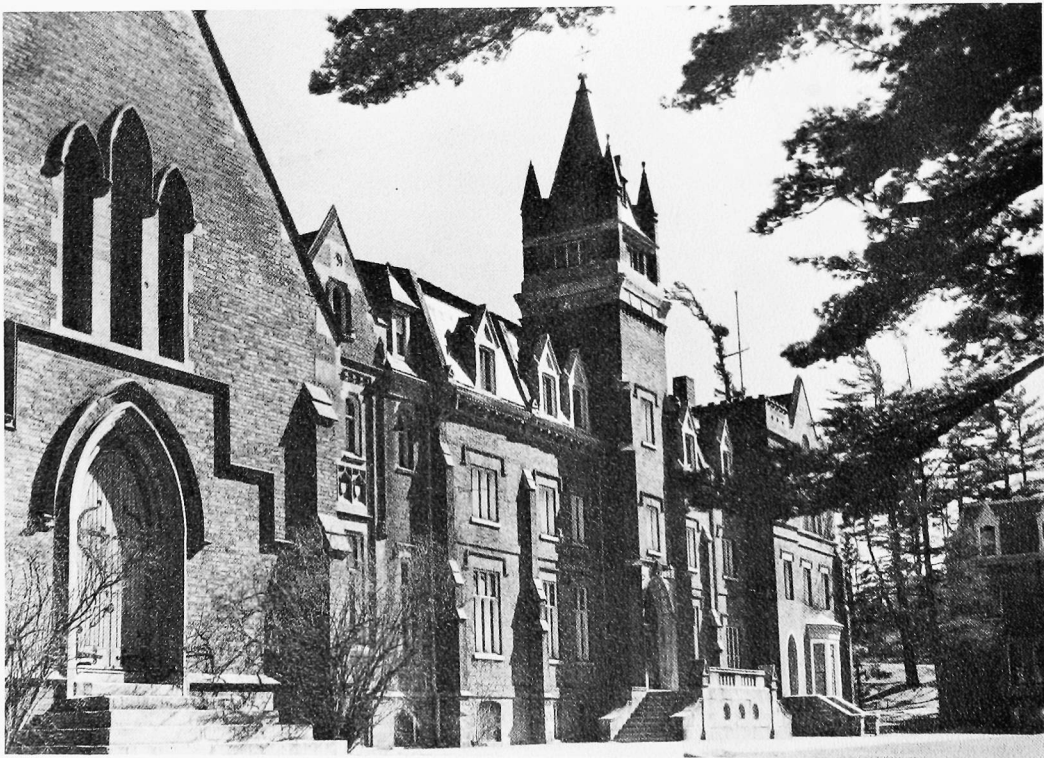
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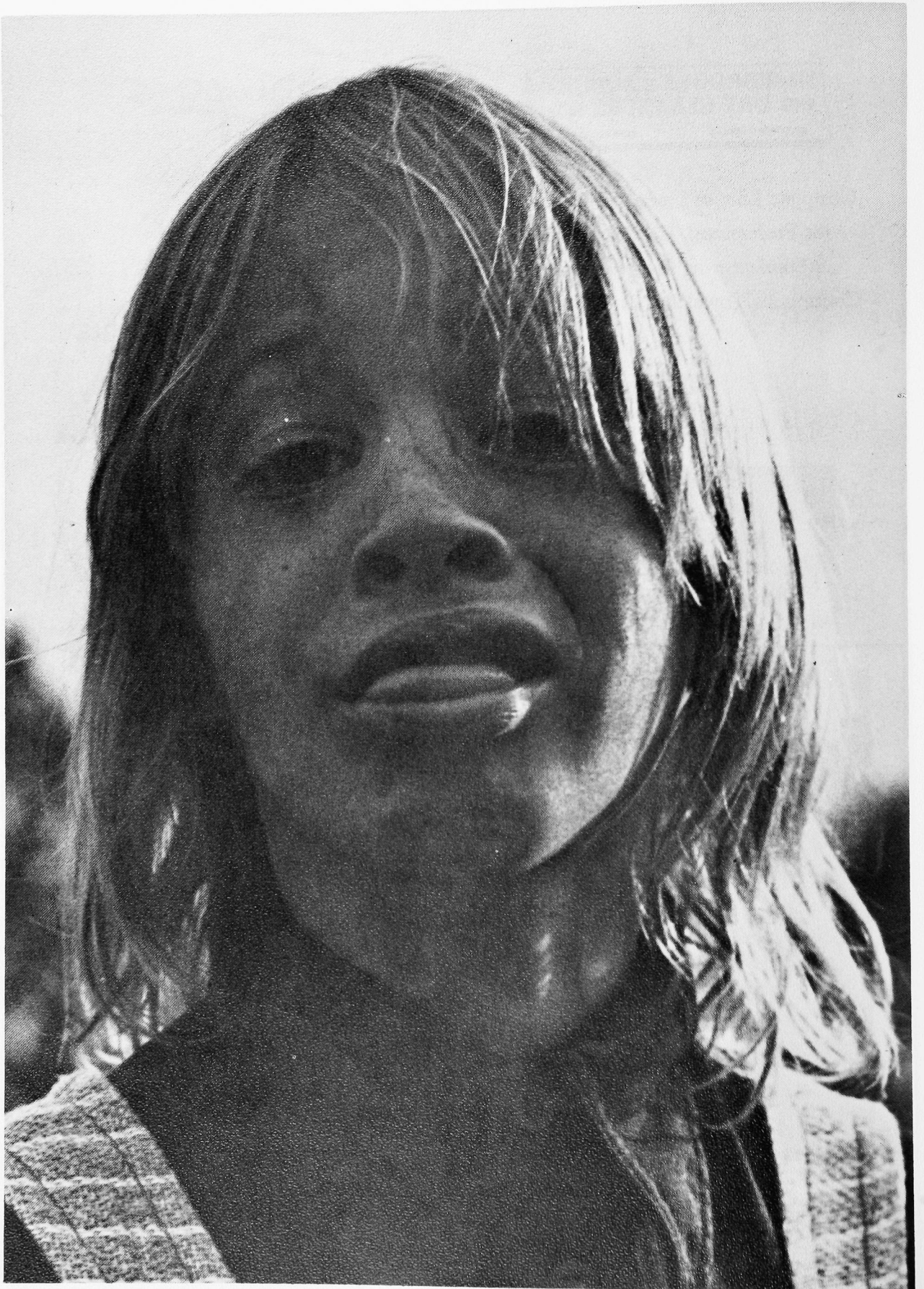
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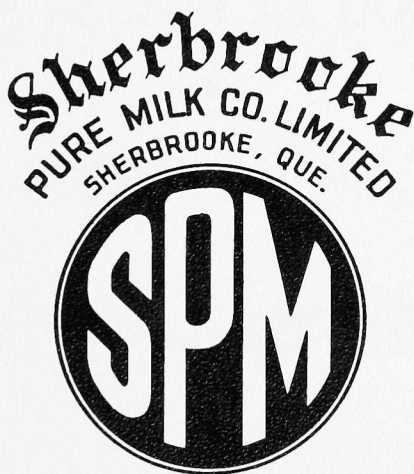
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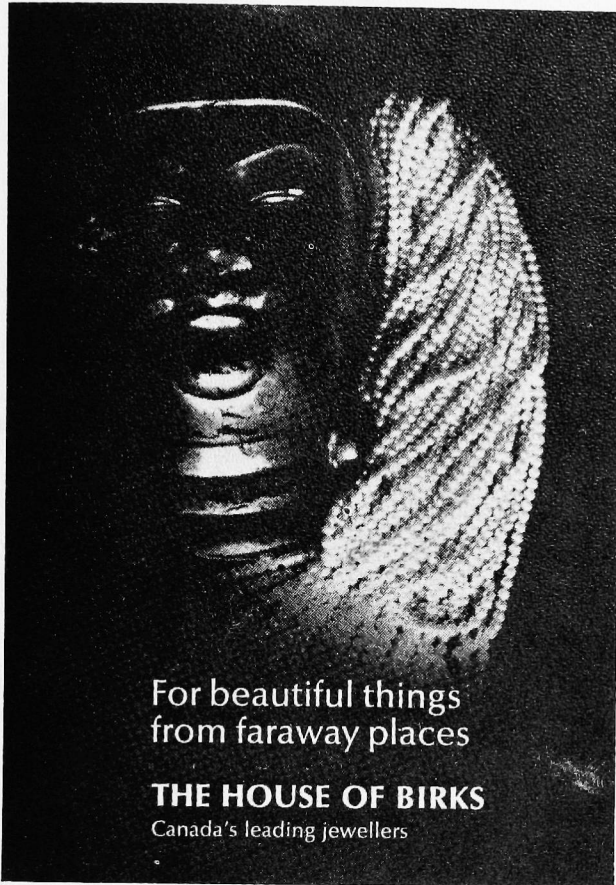
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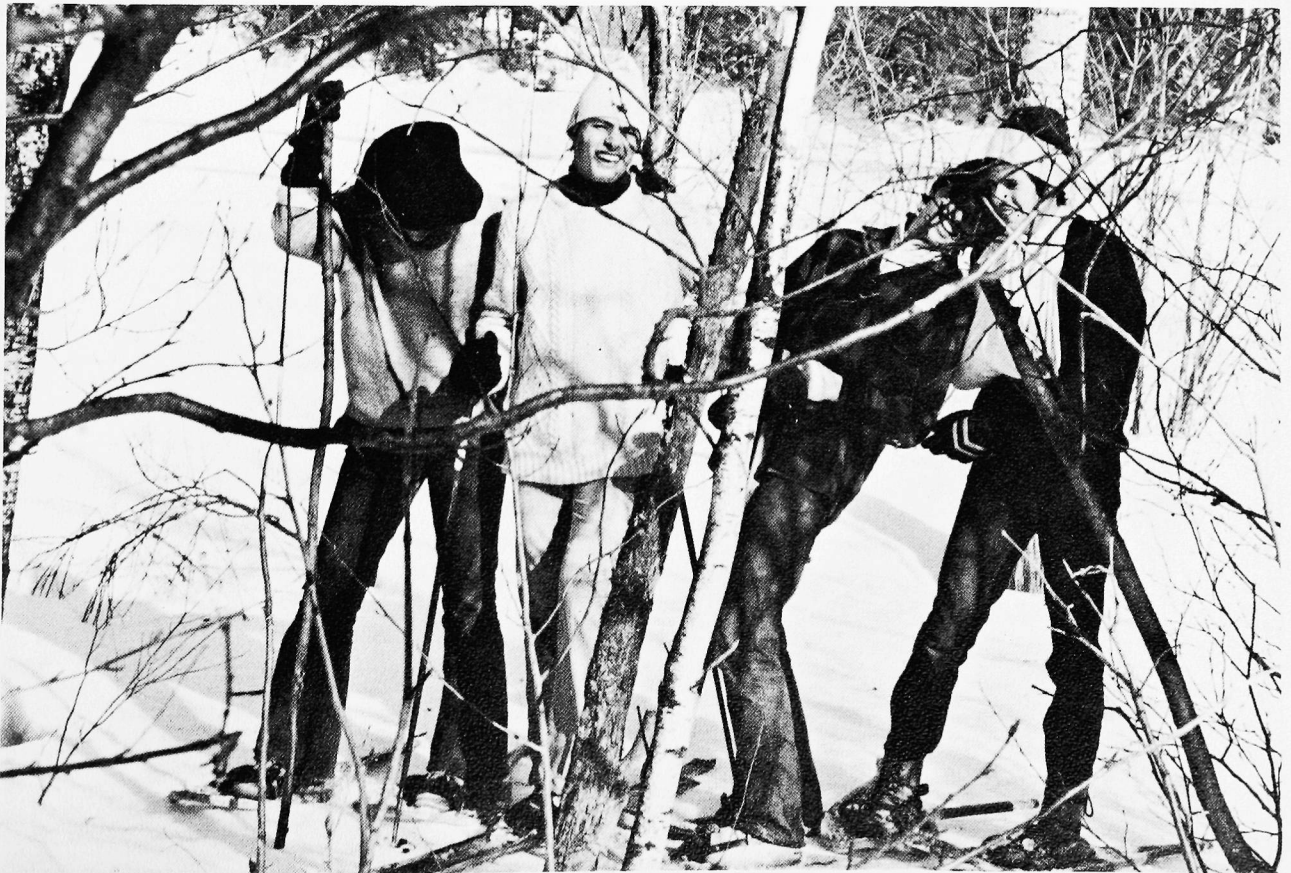
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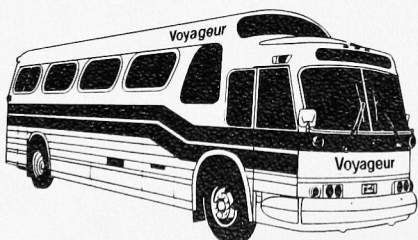


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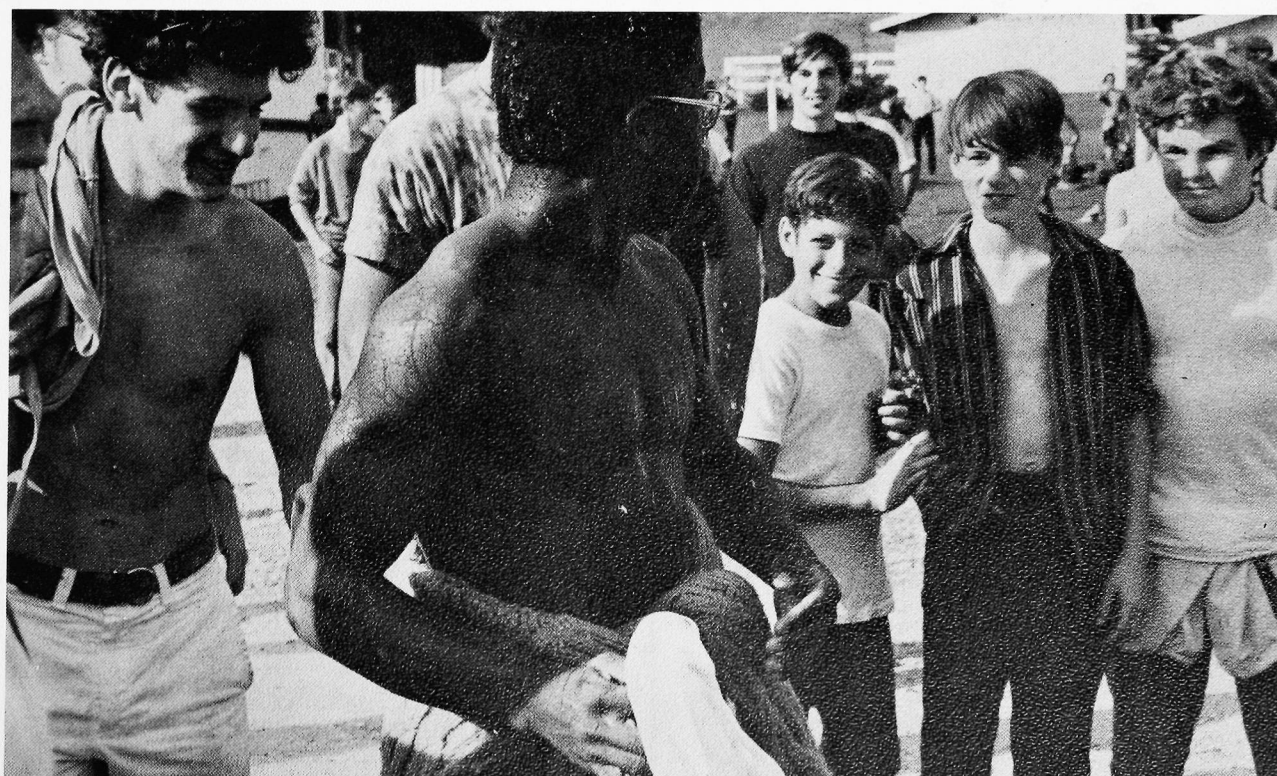
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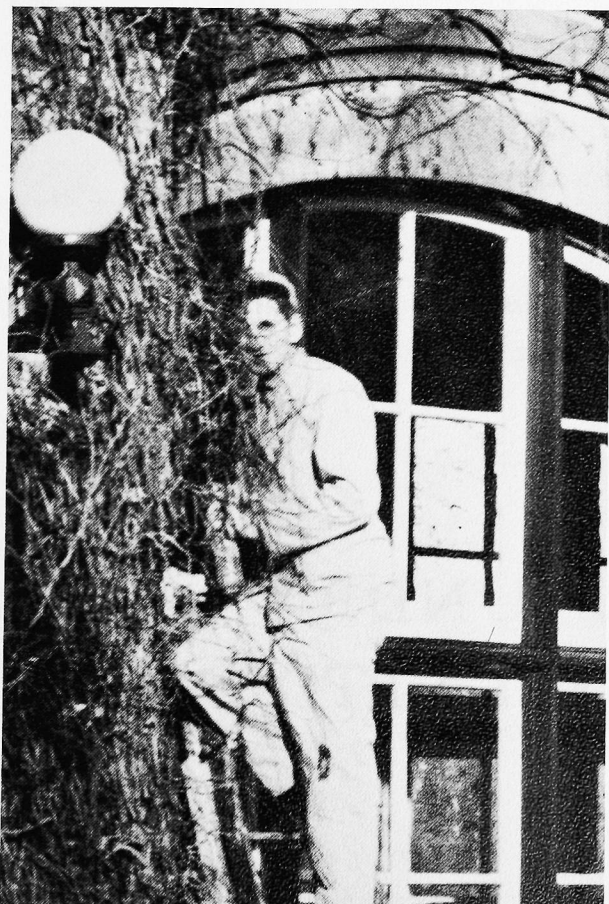
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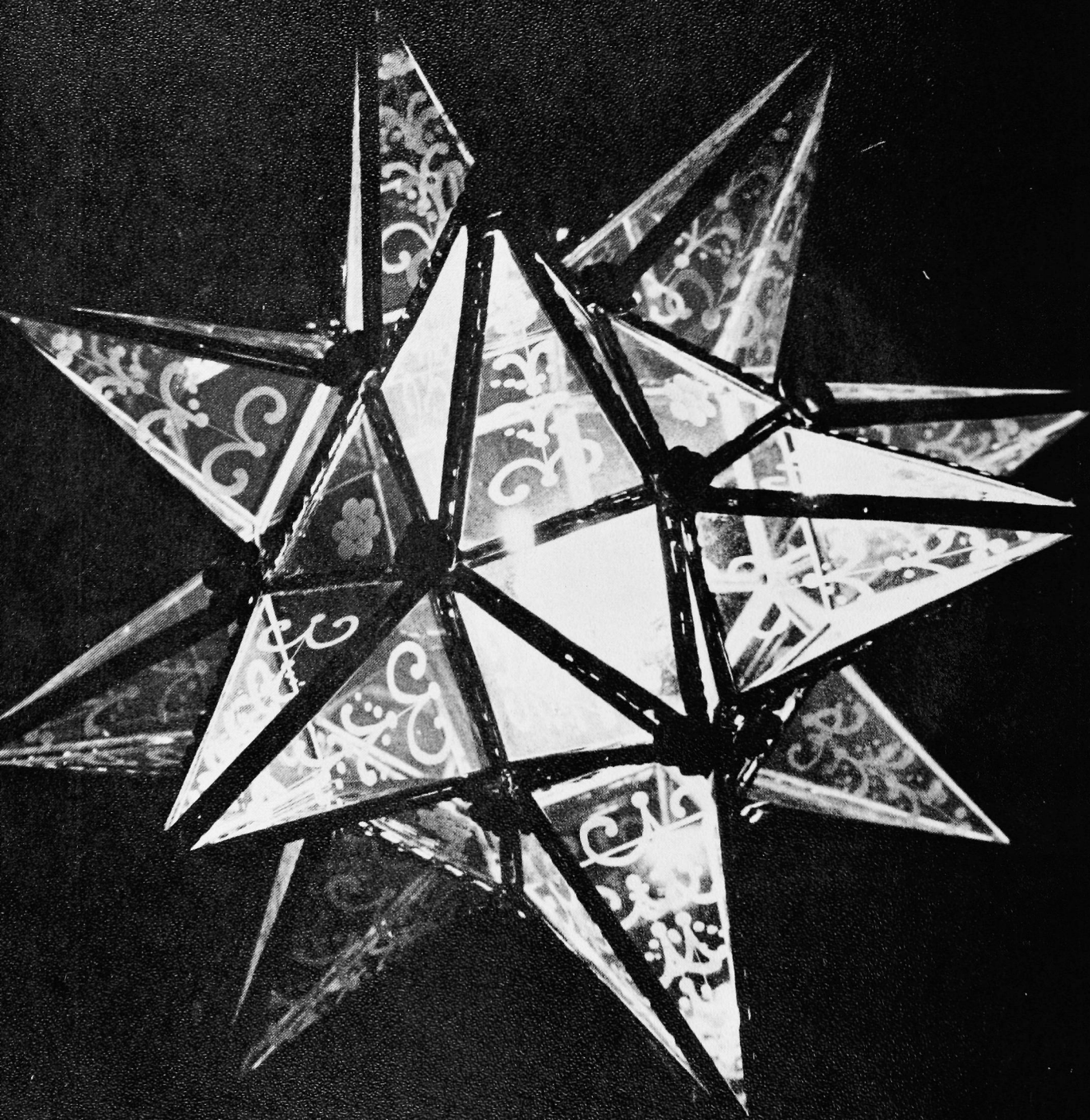
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